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THE
ESSAYS

OF

MICHAEL *Seigneur de* MONTAIGNE,

Translated into ENGLISH.

The SEVENTH EDITION,

With very considerable

AMENDMENTS and IMPROVEMENTS,

From the most accurate and elegant *French* Edition of

ETERCOSTE.

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ESSAYS

ESSAYS

O F

MICHAEL *Seigneur de* MONTAIGNE.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

Of Profit and Honesty.

THERE's no Man but at one Time or other says a silly Thing ; but the worst on't is when he affects it.

*Næ ille magno conatu magnas nugas dixerit. **

The Man in troth with much ado
Has prov'd that one and one make two.

This does not touch me. My Nonsense slips from me with as little Care as it merits, and it is well it does so. I wou'd quit it on a sudden for the little there is in it of Vane, and neither buy nor sell it for more than the Weight. I speak on Paper as I do to the first Man I meet ; and that is true, observe what follows.

Who wou'd not abhor Treachery when Tiberius wou'd not admit of it in a Matter of Importance to him ? He had word sent

A perfidious Action detested by Tiberius.

VOL. III.

B

from

* Terence *Heauton*, Act 3. Scene 9. † Tacit. *Annal.* l. 2. c. 88.

from *Germany* that if he thought fit, they wou'd by P
rid him of *Ariminius*, who was the most powerful Ex
the Romans had, he having treated them very basel
the Time of *Varus*, and being the only Man that hir
the Increase of their Empire in those Countries. The
swer he returned was, That it was the Custom of the
mans to be reveng'd on their Enemies by open F
Sword in Hand ; not clandestinely, nor by Fraud : W
in he preferr'd the Thing that was honourable, to the pi
able. He was (you will say) a Hector. I believe as m
but that's no great Wonder in the Gentlemen of his
fession. But the Acknowledgment of Virtue is no less
lid by its coming from the Lips of him who hates it,
asmuch as Truth forces it from him ; and if he wil
embrace it in his Breast, he puts it on at least by Wa
Ornament.

*Human Policy
so full of Im-
perfection that
it needs Vice to
support it.*

Our Structure, both external and intern
full of Imperfection ; yet there is nothin
Nature but what is of use, not even Inu
itself. There is nothing in this Uni
which has not some proper Place in it.

Being is cemented with certain scurvy Qualities : Am
on, Jealousy, Envy, Revenge, Superstition, Despair,
so natural a Lodgment in us that the Image of them is
cern'd in the brute Beasts ; nay Cruelty itself, a Vi
much out of Nature, for even in the Midst of Comp
on, we feel within us an unaccountable bitter-sweet Ti
tion of ill-natur'd Pleasure in seeing another suffer ;
even Children are sensible of it.

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem *.*

'Tis sweet from Land to see a Storm at Sea,
And others sinking whilst ourselves are free.

Whoever shou'd divest Man of the Seeds of such Qua
wou'd destroy the fundamental Conditions of human
Likewise in all Governments there are necessary Offices

only abject but vicious also. Vices have their Department there, and are employ'd as Cement to connect us together, like Poison that is administer'd for the Preservation of our Health. If they become excusable forasmuch as they are necessary for us, and because the public Necessity disguises their real Qualities, we are to resign this Part to the strongest and boldest Citizens, who sacrifice their Honour and Conscience, as the Ancients sacrific'd their Lives, for the Good of their Country. We that are weaker play those Parts that are more easy and less hazardous. The public Weal requires that a Man shou'd betray, tell Lies, and commit Murder: Let us leave this Commission to Men that are more obedient and more supple.

I have really been often vex'd to see Judges, *Malicious Justice.* by Fraud and false Hopes of Favour or Pardon, draw in a Criminal to confess his Fact; and to observe what Recourse they therein have to Tricking and Impudence. It would be of good Service to Justice, and even to *Plato* himself, who countenances this Manner of Proceeding, to furnish me with other Means more suitable to my Inclination. 'Tis a malicious Kind of Justice, and I think 'tis as much offended by itself as by others. I said not long since, in some Company, that as I shou'd be very sorry to betray any private Man for the Service of my Prince, I shou'd be very loth to betray my Prince to any private Man. And as I have an Aversion to cheat another, so I shou'd hate to be deceiv'd myself, and will not so much as furnish any Pretext or Occasion for it.

In the few Concerns which I have had to negotiate betwixt our Princes, in those Divisions and Subdivisions by which we are at this Time rent, I have nicely avoided leading them into any Mistakes of me, and their deceiving others by my Mask. The People of this Profession are the most reserved, and pretend to be the Men of the greatest Moderation, and the nearest Conformity to the Sentiments of those with whom they have to do. I declare simply what I sincerely think, and in my own Manner; being a tender Negotiator, and but a Learner, who had rather fail of Success, than be wanting to myself. And yet it has hitherto prov'd so lucky

*Montaigne a
very tender con-
scienc'd Negoti-
ator.*

(for surely its chiefly owing to Fortune) that few Things have pass'd from Hand to Hand with less Suspicion, and more Favour and Secrecy. I have an open Manner, which readily insinuates itself, and gains Credit upon the first Acquaintance. Simplicity, and the naked Truth, in what Age soever, make their Way, and find their Account; and moreover the Freedom of Men who treat without any Interest of their own is neither hateful nor suspected: And such may very well make use of the Answer of *Hyparides* to the *Athenians*, when they complain'd of his rough Way of Speaking, 'Gentlemen, Do not regard whether I am free; but whether I am so without a Fee, and without any Advantage from it to my own Affairs *'. My freedom of Speech has also naturally clear'd me of all Suspicion of Dissimulation by its Vehemency (leaving nothing unsaid, how pungent and cutting soever, so that I cou'd not have said worse behind their Backs) and by the full Discovery it made of Simplicity and Indifference. I aim at no other Advantage by my Pleading than to Plead, and tack no long Arguments or Propositions to it. Every Plea plays its own Part, hit or miss. For the rest, I am not sway'd by any Passion either of Love or Hatred to the great Men, nor is my Will hamper'd by the Sense of any particular Injury or Obligation. I honour our Kings with an Affection that is simply loyal and respectful, being neither prompted to, nor restrain'd from it, by private Interest; and for this I value myself. Nor does the general and just Cause attract me otherwise than with Moderation and Coolness. I am not bound by such cogent and penetrating Pre-contracts and Engagements. Anger and Hatred are not within the Sphere of Justice, and are Passions of no use but to those who are not to be kept to their Duty by mere Reason, *Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non potest*, i. e. he that can not be guided by Reason is governed by Passion. All lawful Intentions are temperate in themselves, if otherwise, they become seditious and unlawful. This is what makes me walk every where with my Head erect, a frank Countenance, and an open Heart. 'Tis a Truth, and I fear not to con-

* *Plutarch in his Treatise of the Difference betwixt the Flatterer and the Friend*, c. 24. *

confess it, I cou'd, were it necessary, hold a Candle to St. *Michael*, and another to his Serpent *, after the manner of the old Woman. I will follow the right Side even to the Fire, but will keep out of it if possible. Let *Montaigne* be overwhelm'd in the public Ruin, if it must be so; but if it be not necessary, I shou'd thank my Stars for his Safety, and I make use of all the Length of Line which my Duty allows me for his Preservation. Was it not *Atticus*, who being on the just but losing Side, preserv'd himself by his Moderation in that universal Shipwreck of the World, among so many various Changes and Revolutions? For a private Man as he was, this is more easy; and upon an Occasion of the like Nature I think Men are very excusable for not being ambitious to meddle or make.

For a Man to be wavering and trimming, to keep his Affection unmov'd, and without Inclination, in the Disturbances of his Country, and in a public Division, I think it neither decent nor honest, *Ea non media, sed nulla via*

A Neutrality in the Distractions of one's Country is not handsome nor honest.

est, velut eventum expectantium, quod fortunæ consilia sua applicant, i. e. that is not taking the middle Way, but really no Way at all, like those who wait for the Event of Things in order to take their Resolutions accordingly †. This may be allow'd with respect to the Feuds of our Neighbours; and accordingly *Gelo* the Tyrant of *Syracuse* suspended his Resolution in the *Barbarians* War against the *Grecians*, keeping an Embassy at *Delpbos* with Presents to lie upon the Watch to see to which side Fortune wou'd incline, and to take the critical Minute to make the Victors his Friends ‖. But it wou'd be a sort of Treason to proceed after this Manner in our own domestic Affairs, wherein a Man must necessarily be of one Side or the other; tho' for a Man to sit still, who has no Office nor express Command to urge him to Action, I think it more excusable (and yet this is no Excuse for myself) than to meddle in fo-

B 3

reign

* *Montaigne* means that he shou'd be inclin'd to make his Court to both the opposite Parties, as the old Woman did who offer'd one Wax-candle to St. *Michael* the Archangel, and another to the Dragon, which is represented fighting with St. *Michael*. This Woman's Action has given rise to a sort of Proverb.

† Titus Livy, lib. xxxii. c. 21. ‖ Herodot. lib. vii. p. 408.

reign Broils, to which, however, according to our Laws, no Man is compell'd. And yet even those who wholly engage themselves in such Broils, may act with such Temper and Moderation that the Storm shall fly over their Heads without bursting on them. Had we not Reason to expect as much from *M. de Morvilliers*, the late Bishop of Orleans? And among those who behave valiantly at this Time, I know some of so much Candour and good Nature that they will continue steddly, however injurious may be the Change or Fate which Heaven is preparing for us. I am of Opinion, that it properly belongs to Kings to quarrel with Kings, and laugh at those Bullies who out of mere Wantonness push themselves into Quarrels where the Odds are so great. For a Man has no particular Quarrel with a Prince, because he marches against him publickly and courageously, for his own Honour, and according to his Duty. If he does not love such a Personage, he does better, he esteems him. And the Cause of the Laws, and the Defence of the ancient Government, are always remarkable for this, that such even as for their own private Interest disturb the State, excuse if they do not honour its Defenders.

*Vices disguis'd
under the Name
of Virtues.*

But we ought not, tho' 'tis our daily Practice, to call a Bitterness and Roughness of Temper which spring from private Interest and Passion, by the Name of Duty, nor a treacherous and malicious Conduct, by the Name of Courage. They call their Propension to Mischief and Violence by the Name of Zeal. 'Tis not the Cause by which they are warm'd, but their Interest. They kindle a War, not because 'tis just, but because 'tis War.

*The Moderation
which ought to
be observ'd be-
twixt those
who are at
Variance.*

Nothing hinders but Men may behave commodiously and loyally too among those who are of the adverse Party. Carry yourself, if not with an Affection, always equal, (for it is capable of different Degrees) at least moderate, such as may not so engage you to one Party that it may challenge all that you are able to do; and content yourself also with a moderate Degree of their Favour, and to swim in the troubled Water without attempting to fish in it.

The

The other Way of a Man's offering himself to serve both Parties is much more conscientious than prudent. Does not he to whom you betray another Person with whom you was on good Terms, know that you will do as much by him another Time? He holds you for a Villain, yet he hears what you have to say, draws Intelligence from you, and works his own Ends thro' your Treachery; for double-dealing Men are useful in what they bring, but Care must be taken that they carry away as little as possible.

I say Nothing to one Party that I may not upon a fit Occasion say to the other, with a little Alteration of Accent; and report Nothing but Things either indifferent or known, or what is of common Consequence. I cannot allow myself for any Consideration to tell them a Lye. What is trusted with me as a Secret, I religiously conceal; but I take as few Trusts upon me of that Nature as I can: The Secrets of Princes are a troublesome Burden to those who are not interested in them. I very willingly indente that they trust me with little, but that they rely with Confidence upon what I tell them. I have always known more than I desir'd. One open Way of Speaking introduces another open Way of Speaking, and draws out Discoveries like Wine and Love. In my Opinion *Philippides* answer'd King *Lyfimachus* very discreetly, who asking him what Share of his Estate he should bestow upon him, *What you will*, said he, *provided it be none of your Secrets* *. I see that every one grumbles and is displeas'd if the Bottom of such Affairs as he is concern'd in be conceal'd from him, or that there be any Reservation us'd in the Things: For my Part I am content to know no more of the Matter than what 'tis intended I shou'd be employ'd in, nor do I desire that my Knowledge shou'd exceed or constrain my Promise. If I must serve for an Instrument of Deceit, let it be at least with a Salvo to my Conscience. I am not willing to be reputed a Servant so affectionate or so loyal as to be thought a fit Tool to betray any Man. He that is faithless to himself may well be so to his Sovereign. But Princes don't accept

*Montaigne's
Behaviour a-
mong those of a
different Party.*

of Men by Halves, and despise Services that are limited and conditional. There is no Remedy for it. I tell them frankly how far I can go and no farther; for a Slave I shou'd not be but with Reason, and yet I cou'd hardly submit to that Condition. And they also are to blame who exact from a Freeman the same Subjection and Obligation to their Service as they do from him they have made and bought, or whose Fortune depends particularly and expressly upon them. The Laws have rid me of a great Anxiety; they have chosen me a Fortune, and given me a Guardian. Every other Superiority and Obligation ought to be relative to that Appointment, and to be curtail'd. Not that if my Affection shou'd incline me otherwise, I shou'd consent to it immediately. The Will and the Desire make a Law for themselves, but Actions are to receive theirs from public Authority. All this Procedure of mine is somewhat different from our common Forms; it wou'd not be productive of great Effects, nor wou'd it be of long Duration. Innocence itself cou'd not in this Age of ours either negotiate without Diffimulation, or traffick without Lying: And indeed public Employments do not at all suit my Taste; what my Profession requires I perform in the most private Manner I can. While I was but young I was deeply engag'd in Business, and succeeded; but I took myself off of it in good Time. I have since often avoided meddling in it, rarely accepted, and never ask'd it, turning my Back to Ambition; and if not like the Watermen who advance forward while they look backward, yet so nevertheless that I am not so much oblig'd to my Resolution as to my good Fortune that I was not embark'd in it: For there are Ways less displeasing to my Taste, and more suitable to my Ability, by which if she had heretofore call'd me to the public Service, and my own Advancement in the World's Opinion, I know I shou'd in spite of all my Arguments have pursued them. Such as commonly say in opposition to what I profess, that what I call Freedom, Simplicity and Plainness in my Manners, is Art and Finesse, and rather Prudence than Goodness, Industry than Nature, good Sense than good Luck, do me more Honour than Disgrace, but really they make my Subtility too refin'd: And whoever has

has follow'd me close, and pry'd narrowly into me, I will give him up the Point if he does not confess that there is no Rule in their School that cou'd answer to this natural Motion, and maintain an Appearance of Liberty and Licence so equal and inflexible thro' so many various and crooked Paths, and that all their Care and Ingenuity cou'd not have carry'd them through. The Path of Truth is but one and simple; but that of private Advantage, and of the Convenience of the Business which a Man has upon his Hands, is double, uneven and casual: I have often seen these counterfeit and artificial Liberties taken, but for the most part without Success. They are apt to relish of the Ass in *Æsop's* Fables, which, in Emulation of the Dog, fawningly clap'd his two Fore-feet upon his Master's Shoulders, for which his Master gave him twice the Number of Blows with a Cudgel, as the Dog had Caresses for the like Sort of Complaisance. *Id maxime quemque decet, quod est cuiusque suum maxime* *, i. e. That is most becoming to every Man which is most natural to him. I am not willing to deprive Deceit of its due Rank, that wou'd be mistaking the World. There are Vices that are lawful, as there are many Actions either good or excusable, that are in a strict Sense illegal.

The Justice, which in itself is natural and universal, is otherwise and more nobly regulated than that other particular and national Justice, which is restrain'd to the Necessity of our State Affairs. *Veri juris germanæque justitiæ* *Universal Justice much more perfect than particular and national Justice.*
solidam et expressam effigiem nullam tenemus: Umbrâ et imaginibus utimur †, i. e. We retain no solid and express Model of true Law and perfect Justice; we have only a Shadow and faint Sketch of it; inso-much that the || Sage *Dandamys* hearing the Lives of *Socrates*, *Pythagoras*, and *Diogenes*, read, esteem'd them to be great Personages in every
 ry

* *Cicero de Offic. lib. i. c. 31.* † *Cicero de Offic. lib. iii. c. 17.*

|| He was an Indian Sage who liv'd in the Time of *Alexander*. What *Montaigne* here says of him is reported by *Plutarch*, who calls him *Dandamis*, in the Life of *Alexander*, ch. 20. 'Tis the same in *Strabo*, lib. 15. where this Indian Philosopher is call'd *Mandanis*. I have taken all this from *M. de la Moynoye*.

ry other Respect but in their too great Subjection to the Reverence of the Laws, for the Authority and Support of which, true Virtue must abate very much of its original Vigour; and many vicious Actions are introduc'd, not only by their Permission, but also by their Persuasion. *Ex senatus consultis plebisque scitis scelera exercentur* *, i. e. The Commission of certain Crimes is authoriz'd by the Decrees of the Senate and the common People. I follow the common Phrase, which makes a Distinction betwixt Things profitable and honest, so as to call some natural Actions which are not only useful but necessary, dishonest and obscene.

Useful Treachery But let us proceed in our Instances of Treachery. Two Pretenders to the Kingdom of *Tbrace* fell into a Dispute about their Title. The Emperor hinder'd them from taking Arms; but one of them under Colour of bringing Matters to an amicable Issue by an Interview, having invited his Competitor to an Entertainment at his House, caus'd him to be secur'd, and put to Death †. Justice requir'd that the *Romans* shou'd have Satisfaction for this Offence, but there was a Difficulty in obtaining it by the common Forms. What therefore they cou'd not do lawfully, without a War, and without Danger, they attempted by Treachery, and what they cou'd not do honestly they accomplish'd profitably. For this End one *Pomponius Flaccus* was pitch'd upon as a fit Instrument ‖. This Man, by dissembled Words and Assurances, having drawn the other into his Toil, instead of the Honour and Favour which he had promis'd him, sent him bound Hand and Foot to *Rome*. Here one Traitor betray'd another, contrary to the common Custom; for they are full of Mistrust, and 'tis not easy to over-reach them in their own Art; witness the sad Experience we have lately had of this.

Treachery how fatal to the Man who abandons himself to it. Let who will be *Pomponius Flaccus*, and there are enough that wou'd. For my Part both my Word and my Faith are like all the rest, Parts of this common Body: The best they can do is to serve the Public, and this I take to be presuppos'd: But as, shou'd one command me to take

* *Senec. Ep. 95.* † *Tacit. Annal. lib. ii. c. 65.* ‖ *Id ibid c. 67.*

take charge of the Palace and the Records, or to enter upon the Office of Conductor of Pioneers, I wou'd say, That as to the former, 'tis what I don't understand, and as to the latter, that I am call'd to a more honourable Employment: So likewise, shou'd any one want me to lye, betray, and forswear myself, for some notable Service, much more to assassinate or poison, I wou'd say, if I have robb'd or stolen from any one, send me forthwith to the Gallies. For 'tis justifiable for a Man of Honour to say, as the *Lacedemonians* did, when they were just on the Point of concluding their Agreement after their Defeat by *Antipater*, "You may impose as heavy " and ruinous Burdens upon us as you please, but if you " command us to do Things that are shameful and dishonest, " you will only lose your Time *." Every one to be sure, had taken the same Oath to himself that the Kings of *Egypt* made their Judges swear solemnly; viz. That they wou'd not decree any Thing contrary to their Consciences, tho' they themselves shou'd command it †. In such Commissions there is an evident Mark of Ignominy and Condemnation: And whoever gives you such a Commission does in Fact accuse you, and he gives it you, if you understand it right, for a Burden and a Punishment. As much as the public Affairs are amended by what you do, your own are impair'd by it; and the better you behave for the Public you act so much the worse for yourself: Nor will it be a new Thing, nor perhaps without some Colour of Justice, if the same Person ruin you who set you at work.

If Treachery ought to be excusable in any Case, 'tis only so when 'tis employ'd in chastising and betraying the Traitor. There are Examples enough of Treachery, not only where it was refus'd, but punish'd by those in whose Favour it had been undertaken. Who does not know the Sentence of *Fabrics* against *Pyrrhus's* Physician?

But we find this also recorded, that a Man has given command for an Action which he afterwards severely reveng'd on the Person whom he employ'd in it, rejecting a Credit, and Power so uncontroll'd, and disavowing

Instances of Treachery punish'd by those who gave Orders for it.

* *Plutarch* in his Difference of the Flatterer and the Friend, c. 21.

† *Plutarch* in the remarkable Saying of the ancient Kings, &c. towards the Beginning.

a Servitude and Obedience so sordid and abandon'd. *Jaropelc* Duke of *Russia* tamper'd with a Gentleman of *Hungary* to betray *Boleslaus* King of *Poland* by putting him to Death, or giving the *Russians* an Opportunity to do him some notable Injury. The Gentleman acted very craftily in the Affair; he devoted himself more than ever to the Service of the King, obtain'd to be of his Council, and one of his chief Confidants. With these Advantages, and chusing the critical Opportunity of his Sovereign's Absence, he betray'd to the *Russians* the great and rich City of *Wislicz*, which was intirely plunder'd and burnt by them, with the total Slaughter, not only of its Inhabitants, without Distinction of Sex or Age, but of a great Number of the neighbouring Gentry whom he had conven'd there for his Purpose. *Jaropelc* being glutted with his Revenge, and his Wrath being appeas'd, for which however he had some Pretence (for *Boleslaus* had very much provok'd him, and by a Behaviour too of the like Kind) and being gorg'd with the Fruit of this Treachery, taking into Consideration the Deformity of the Act in a naked abstracted Light, and looking upon it with a calm dispassionate View, conceiv'd such a Remorse and Disgust at it that he caus'd the Eyes of his Agent to be pull'd out, and his Tongue and privy Parts to be cut off.

How Antigonus punish'd the Soldiers of Eumenes, whom they had delivered up to him. *Antigonus* perswaded the Soldiers call'd *Agryaspides* to betray his Adversary *Eumenes* their General into his Hands. But when he had put him to Death, after they had so delivered him up to him, he himself desir'd to be the Commissioner of the divine Justice for the Punishment of so detestable a Crime, and consign'd them over to the Governor of the Province, with exprefs Command by all means to destroy and bring them all to an evil End *. So that of that great Number of Men not one ever return'd to *Macedonia*. The better he had been serv'd by them the more wicked he judg'd the Service to be, and the more deserving of Punishment

The

The Slave who betray'd his Master *P. Sulpicius*, by discovering the Place where he lay conceal'd, was, according to Promise, manumitted from *Sylla's* Proscription, but by virtue of his Edict, tho' he was no longer a Slave, he was instantly thrown headlong from the *Tarpeian Rock* *.

A Slave both rewarded and punish'd by Sylla for betraying his Master.

And our King *Clovis* instead of Armour of Gold, which he had promised them, caus'd three of *Canacro's* Servants to be hang'd after they had betray'd their Master to him, tho' he had set them upon it. They were hang'd with the Purse of their Reward about their Necks. After they had satisfied their second and special Engagement they satisfy the general and first.

Another Example of the like Justice by King Clovis.

Mahomet the Second being resolv'd to rid himself of his Brother out of a Jealousy of his Power, as is the Custom of the *Ottoman Race*, employ'd one of his Officers in the Execution, who choak'd him by pouring too much Water at once into his Throat. When this was done, *Mahomet*, to make Attonement for the Murder, deliver'd the Man who committed it into the Hands of the Deceased's Mother (for they were only Brothers by the Father's Side) who in his Presence ript open the Murderer's Bosom, and in a Fury ran her Hands into his Breast, and rifled it for his Heart, which she tore out, and threw to the Dogs. And even to the vilest of People 'tis a Pleasure, when their End has been serv'd by a criminal Action, to patch it up with some Mixture of Goodness and Justice, as by way of Compensation and Check of Conscience. To which may be added, that they look upon the Instruments of such horrid Crimes, as upon Persons that reproach them therewith, and aim by their Deaths to cancel the Memory and Testimony of such Practices.

Mahomet II caus'd his Brother to be murder'd, and delivers over the Person whom he employ'd to dispatch him, to be punish'd.

Now if peradventure you are rewarded, in order not to frustrate the public Necessity of this extreme and desperate Remedy, he who bestows the Reward cannot for all that, if he

Traitors held accurs'd by those even who reward them.

be

* *Valer. Max. lib. vi. c. 5. in Romanis § 7.*

be not such a one himself, but look upon you as a cursed and execrable Fellow ; and concludes you to be a greater Traitor than he does whom you betray ; for he feels the Malignity of your Courage by your own Hands, being employ'd without Reluctance and without Objection. And he employs you like the most abandon'd Miscreants in the Office of Hangman, an Office as useful as it is dishonourable. Besides the Baseness of such Commissions, there is moreover a Prostitution of Conscience. *Sejanus's* Daughter being a Virgin, and as such being not to be put to Death, according to the Form of Law at *Rome*, she was, in order to conform to the Law, first ravish'd by the Hangman, and then strangled *. Thus not only his Hand but his Soul is a Slave to the public Convenience.

What Montaigne thinks of those who consent to be the Executioners of their own Kindred.

When *Amurath* the First, more severely to punish his Subjects for having supported the Parricide Rebellion of his Son, order'd that the nearest of Kin to them shou'd lend a Hand in their Execution, I think it was very honourable in any of them who chose rather to be unjustly deem'd culpable for another's Parricide, than to be obedient to the Demand of Justice for a Parricide of their own. And whereas, at the taking of some little Forts, I have seen Rascals, who, to save their own Lives, have been glad to hang their Friends and Companions, I have thought them in a worse Condition than those that were hang'd. 'Tis said that *Witbolde*, a Prince of *Lithuania*, introduc'd a Practice, that a Criminal who was condemn'd to die shou'd dispatch himself with his own Hand, for he thought it strange that a third Person, who was innocent of the Crime, shou'd be charg'd with, and employ'd in, Homicide.

In what Case a Prince is excusable for a Breach of his Word.

When some urgent Circumstance, and some impetuous and unforeseen Accident, that very much concerns his Government, compels a Prince to evade his Word and his Engagement, or else throws him out of his ordinary Duty, he ought to ascribe this Necessity to a Scourge of the divine Rod. Vice it is not, for he has given up his own Reason to a more universal and powerful Reason ; but certainly

tainly 'tis a Misfortune : So that if any one shou'd ask me what Remedy ? *None shou'd I say, if he was really rack'd betwixt these two Extremes, (sed videat ne queratur latebra perjurio *, i. e. but let him take care that he does not seek a Pretence to cover his Perjury) he cou'd not do otherwise ;* but if he did it without Regret, if it did not grieve him to do it, 'tis a Sign his Conscience was fear'd. If there be a Person to be found of so tender a Conscience as to think so important a Remedy too good for any Cure whatsoever, I shall not like him at all the worse for it. He cou'd not destroy himself more excusably and decently. We cannot do all we would, so that we are often oblig'd to commit the Protection of our Vessels to the Conduct of Heaven as to a Sheet-Anchor. To what more just Necessity does he reserve himself ? What is less possible for him to do than what he cannot do but at the Expence of his Faith and his Honour ? Things which perhaps ought to be dearer to him than his own Safety, and the Safety of his People. Tho' he shou'd with folded Arms call only upon God for his Assistance, will he not have Reason to hope that the divine Goodness will not refuse the Favour of his extraordinary Arm to a Hand that is so pure and just ? These are dangerous Instances, rare and weak Exceptions to our natural Rules, to which there is a Necessity of submitting, but with great Moderation and Circumspection. No private Utility is of such Importance as to deserve this Effort of our Conscience, tho' the public Good well deserves it when 'tis very apparent and very important.

Timoleon made a proper Attonement for his unnatural Action by the Tears he shed when he recollected that he had kill'd the Tyrant with the Hand of a Brother : And it stung his Conscience that he had been necessitated to purchase the public Utility at so great a Price as the wounding of his own Integrity. Even the Senate, which was by his Means deliver'd from Slavery, durst not determine positively on an Action so considerable, which carry'd two Aspects so important, and so contrary to each other. But the *Syracusans*, having opportunely at that very

On what Condition the Senate of Corinth justify'd Timoleon when he kill'd his own Brother.

Time.

Time, sent to the *Corinthians* to solicit their Protection, and to require of them a General fit to re-establish their City in its former Dignity, and to clear *Sicily* of several petty Tyrants, by whom it was oppress'd, the Senate deputed *Timoleon* for that Service, with this artful Declaration, ' That if he behav'd well in the Government of the *Syracusans*, they wou'd from that Time pronounce by their ' Decree that he had kill'd a Tyrant, and on the contrary ' if he discover'd an avaricious Conduct they wou'd try ' and condemn him for Fratricide, as having kill'd his own ' Brother *.' This whimsical Conclusion carries along with it some Excuse, by reason of the Danger of the Example, and the Importance of so double-fac'd an Action. And they did well to discharge their own Judgment of it, or to support it elsewhere by Considerations that had an imperfect Meaning. Now *Timoleon's* Deportment in this Voyage render'd his Cause still more clear, so worthily and virtuously did he demean himself in all Respects. And the good Fortune which attended him in the Difficulties he had to overcome in this noble Task, seem'd to be put in his Way by the Gods, as favourably combining for his Justification. If any Man's Aim is excusable, this Man's is.

The Senate of Rome inexcusable for having broke a Treaty of its own making. But the Profit by the Increase of the public Revenue which serv'd the *Roman* Senate for a Pretence to the base Conclusion I am going to relate is not sufficient to warrant such Injustice. Certain Citizens had by the Order and Consent of the Senate redeem'd themselves and their Liberty by Money, out of the Hands of *L. Sylla* †. The Affair coming again upon the Carpet, the Senate condemn'd them to be taxable as they were before, and that the Money they had disburs'd for their Redemption shou'd never be repaid them. Civil Wars often produce such vile Examples that we punish private Men for having taken our Words when we were in Power: And one and the same Magistrate makes another Man pay the Penalty of his Change, tho' no Fault of his. The Schoolmaster lashes his Scholar for his Docility, and the Guide beats the blind Man

* *Diiodorus of Sicily*, lib. xvi. c. 19. of *Amyot's* Transf. † *Cic. de Offic. lib. iii. c. 22.*

Man whom he leads by the Hand. A shocking Picture of Justice !

There are some Rules in Philosophy that are both false and pusillanimous. The Example that is propos'd to us for preferring private Benefit before the Obligation due to Faith once given has not weight enough from the Circumstance which they mix with it. Robbers have surpriz'd you, and, after having made you swear to pay them a Sum of Money, give you your Liberty. 'Tis wrong to say that an honest Man may be quit of his Oath without Payment, after he is out of their Clutches. The Case is quite otherwise. What Fear has once prevail'd on me to intend, I am oblig'd to keep the same Purpose when I am no longer in fear. And tho' Fear only forc'd my Tongue, and not my Will, yet am I bound to stand to my Word. For my own Part, when my Tongue has sometimes rashly outrun my Thought, I have however made a Conscience of disowning it, or else by degrees we shall abolish all the Right another claims to our Promises. *Quasi vero forti viro vis possit adbiberi* *, i. e. As if Violence cou'd possibly operate upon a great Heart.

Whether Faith that is pledg'd ought ever to give Way to private Advantage.

The only Condition when private Interest can excuse us for the Non-performance of a Promise is, when we have promis'd a Thing that is wicked, and in itself unjust. For the Claim of Virtue ought to supersede the Force of any Obligation of ours.

In what Case a private Man is authoriz'd to break his Promise.

I have formerly plac'd *Epaminondas* in the first Class of excellent Men, and do not retract it. To what a Pitch did he carry his Regard for his private Obligation, who never kill'd a Man that he had overcome, who for the inestimable Benefit of restoring the Liberty of his Country, made Conscience of killing a Tyrant or his Accomplices, without the Forms of Justice; and who judg'd him to be a wicked Man, was he ever so good a Subject, who amongst his Enemies, and in Battle, spar'd not his Friend and his Host ! His was a Soul of a rich Composi-

How very delicate Epaminondas was in the Article of Justice,

tion ! He match'd good Nature and Humanity, even the most delicate in the School of Philosophy, with the rudest and most violent of all human Actions. Was it Nature or Art that soften'd a Man of his great Courage, high Spirit, and obstinate Constancy, against Pain, Death, and Poverty, to such an extreme Degree of good Nature and Complaisance ? Dreadful, with Fire and Sword, he over-run and subdued a Nation invincible by all others, but himself ; and yet, in the Midst of such an Expedition, he relax'd when he met his Host and his Friend. Verily he was fit to command in War, who cou'd suffer himself to be check'd with the Curb of good Nature, in the greatest Heat of Action, so inflam'd and foaming with Rage and Slaughter. 'Tis miraculous to mix any Idea of Justice with such Actions ; but it was only possible for such Stediness of Mind, as was that of *Epaminondas*, therein to mix good Nature and the Facility of the gentlest Manners and purest Innocence : And whereas one * told the *Mammertines* that Statutes were of no Force against Men in Arms ; another † told the Tribune of the People, that there was a Time for Justice, and a Time for War ; a third, ¶ that the Noise of Arms drown'd the Voice of the Laws. This Man's Ears were always open to hear the Calls of Civility and Courtesy. Did he not borrow from his Enemies the Custom of sacrificing to the Muses, when he went to the Field of Battle, that they might, by their Sweetness and Gaiety of Temper, soften his Severity and martial Fury ? After the Example of so great a Master, let us not make any Sort of Doubt that there is something unlawful, even against an Enemy ; that the common Cause ought not to require all Things of a Man against private Interest : *Manente memoria etiam in dissidio publicorum fœderum privati juris*, i. e. the Remembrance of private Right subsisting even in the Midst of public Quarrels.

et nulla potentia vires

Præstandi, ne quid peccet amicus, habet §.

Nor is there any Pow'r can authorize
The Breach of sacred Friendship's solemn Ties.

* *Percey* ; see *Plutarch's* Life of him, c. 3. † *Cæsar* in *Plutarch* c. 11. ¶ *Marius* in his Life by *Plutarch*, c. 10. || *Lacedæmonia*
§ *Ovid de Ponto*, lib. i. l. p. 7. v. 37.

and that an honest Man is not allow'd to do every Thing for the Service of his King, or of the common Cause, or of the Laws. *Non enim Patria præstat omnibus officiis — et ipsi conducit pios habere cives in parentes **, i. e. For the Obligation to one's Country does not supersede every other Obligation; and 'tis of Importance to itself to have Subjects that have a Veneration for their Parents. This is an Instruction proper for the present Time. We need not harden our Courage with this Steel-Armour: 'Tis enough that our Shoulders are inur'd to it; 'tis enough for us to dip our Pens in Ink, and not in Blood. If it be Magnanimity, and the Effect of an uncommon and singular Valour, to condemn Friendship, private Obligation, a Promise, and Kindred, for the public Weal, and, in Obedience to the Magistrate; 'tis really sufficient to excuse us from it, that this is a Greatness of Soul which cou'd have no Place in the Magnanimity of *Epaminondas*.

I abhor the furious Exhortations of this other ungoe- vernable Soul †.

*Dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago
Ulla, nec adversa conspecti fronte parentes
Commoveant, vultus gladio turbate verendos.*

When Swords are drawn, let no Remains of Love
To Friend, or Kindred, your Compassion move;
Fear not to wound the venerable Face,
Ev'n of your Father, if oppos'd in Place.

Let us deprive those that are naturally mischievous, bloody and treacherous, of this Colour of Reason; let us set aside this wild extravagant Justice, and stick to Institutions that are more humane. How great Things may not be accomplish'd by Time and Example! In an Action of the civil War against *Cinna*, one of *Pompey's* Soldiers having inadvertently kill'd his Brother, who was of the contrary Party, kill'd himself on the Spot, as soon as he ||

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knew

and
rech
ian.
* *Cic. de Offic. lib. iii. c. 23.* † *Julius Cæsar*, who, when in an open War against his Country, with a Design to subvert its Liberty, crys out, *Dum tela raicant, &c. Lucan. lib. vii. v. 320, &c.* || *Tacit. Hist. lib. iii. c. 51.*

knew it, for mere Shame and Sorrow : And some Years afterwards, in another civil War of the same People, a Soldier, who had kill'd his Brother, demanded a Reward for it from his Officers *.

The Utility of an Action does not render it honourable. The Utility of an Action is but a sorry Plea for the Beauty and Honour of it ; and 'tis wrong to infer, that because such a Thing is useful, 'tis therefore incumbent on every one to perform it ; and not only a Duty, but for his Honour.

Omnia non pariter rerum sunt omnibus apta †.

All Things are not alike for all Men fit.

Were we to chuse the most necessary, and the most useful Action of human Society, it wou'd be Marriage ; yet the Saints think Celibacy the more honourable State, excluding the most venerable Order of Men from it, as we set apart those Cattle for Stallions, which are the least in our Estimation.

C H A P. II.

Of Repentance.

The World subject to continual Changes.

OTHERS form Man, I only declare what he is ; and I represent a particular one, very indifferently form'd, and whom, were I to model again, I shou'd certainly make him very different from what he is ; but what is done can not be recall'd. Now, tho' the Features of my Picture alter and vary, there is still a Likeness. The Universe is but one perpetual Motion, in which all Things are incessantly wheel'd about ; the Earth, the Rocks of *Caucasus*, and the Pyramids of *Egypt*, both by the general Motion, and a particular one of their own. Constancy itself is no other than a more languid Motion. I cannot be sure of my Object : 'Tis always disturb'd and staggering by a natural Giddiness. I take it in this Point as it is at the Instant when I

con-

* *Tacit. Hist. lib. iii. c. 51.* † *Propert. l. 3. Eleg. 9. v. 7.*

consider it. I do not paint its Being, I paint its Passage; not a Passage from one Century to another, or, as the People say, from seven Years to another seven; but from Day to Day, from Minute to Minute. I must accommodate my History to the Time. I may soon change not only my Fortune, but also my Intention. 'Tis a true Copy of various and changeable Accidents, and of Imaginations that are wavering, and sometimes contrary. Whether it be that I am not then the Man I was, or that I lay hold on the Subjects with other Circumstances and Considerations, so it is that perhaps I may plainly contradict myself; but, as *Demades* said, I do not contradict the Truth. Could my Soul once take sure Footing, I shou'd not make an Attempt, but wou'd speak definitively and peremptorily; but 'tis always learning and making Trial.

I propose a Life mean, and without Lustre.

'Tis all one; all moral Philosophy is as applicable to a vulgar and private Life as to the most splendid. Every Man carries the intire Form of the human Condition. Authors

Why, and in what manner Montaigne undertakes to speak of himself in this Book.

communicate themselves to the People by some special and extraordinary Work. I, in the first Place, by my universal Being as *Michael de Montaigne*, not as a Grammarian, a Poet, or a Lawyer. If Men complain that I speak too much of myself, I complain that they do not so much as think of themselves. But is it reasonable, that being so particular in my Way of Living, I shou'd pretend to make myself known to the Public? And is it also reasonable that I shou'd introduce into the World, where Workmanship and Art have so much Credit and Authority, the crude and plain Effects of Nature, and of frail Nature too? Is not writing Books without Learning like building a Wall without Stone or Brick? The Fancies of Music are carry'd on by Art, mine by Chance. I have this at least, according to Discipline, that never any Man treated of a Subject, whereof he was more the Master, than I am of that which I have undertaken; and that in this I am the most knowing Man alive. Secondly, that never did any Man penetrate deeper into his Subject, nor more distinctly scrutinize into its Parts and Consequences,

nor ever more exactly and more plainly arriv'd at the End which he propos'd to himself in his Work. To finish it, I need only apply to it with the Fidelity which I have therein display'd with the utmost Sincerity and Purity. I speak the Truth, not as much as I wou'd, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little the more as I grow older; for, methinks, Custom indulges my Age with more Liberty of prating, as well as of Indiscretion in talking of a Man's Self. That cannot fall out here, which I often observe elsewhere, that the Work and the Artificer contradict each other. Has a Man of so elegant a Conversation writ so silly a Treatise? or are such learned Writings the Product of a Man of so mean Conversation, whose Discourse is common, and who but seldom writes; that is to say, whose Capacity is borrow'd, and not his own? A Man of Learning is not learned in every Thing; but the self-sufficient Man is sufficient in every Thing, even in Ignorance. Here my Book and I go hand-in-hand in one even Pace. In other Cases a Work may be recommended and censur'd abstractedly from the Workman, but not in this. He that touches the one, touches the other. He that shall judge of it without knowing him, will injure himself more than me. He who does know him gives me all the Satisfaction I desire. I shall be more happy than I deserve, if I can only obtain thus much from the public Approbation as to make Men of Understanding sensible that I was capable of making Learning turn to my Benefit if I had it, and that I deserv'd to have been assisted by a better Memory. Be pleas'd here to excuse what I often say, that I seldom repent of any Thing, and that my Conscience is satisfy'd with itself, not like the Conscience of an Angel or a Horse, but that of a Man, always adding this Check, not a Check of Ceremony, but, of true and genuine Submission, that I speak by Way of Inquiry, and for better Information, referring myself for Determination purely and simply to the common and authoriz'd Opinions. I do not teach, I only relate.

*The Sorrow
which attends
Vice.*

There is no Vice that is really such which does not offend, and which a sound Judgment does not blame; for there is so manifest a Deformity and Inconvenience in it, that peradventure they are
in

in the right who say, that 'tis chiefly produc'd from Ignorance and Stupidity; so hard is it to imagine that a Man can know it without abhorring it. Malice * sucks in the greatest Part of its own Venom, and itself is therewith poison'd. Vice leaves a Repentance in the Mind, which, like an Ulcer in the Flesh, is always scratch'd till it bleeds; for Reason effaces all other Sorrows and Grievs, but it begets this of Repentance, which is the more grievous because it springs from within, as the internal Cold and Heat of Agues and Fevers is more intense and severe than what we feel from without. I not only hold those for Vices (tho' not equally such) which both Reason and Nature condemn, but those also which have been made such in the Opinion of Men, however false and erroneous, if it is authoriz'd by the Laws and Custom.

Nor is there any Virtue the Practice of which does not give Joy to a well-dispos'd Mind. There is really an inconceivable Joy in a Man's own Breast upon his doing Good, and a generous Boldness that accompanies a good Conscience. A Soul that is daringly vicious may perhaps arm itself with Security, but cannot supply itself with this Complacency and Satisfaction. 'Tis no slight Pleasure to a Man to be preserv'd from the Contagion of so corrupt an Age, and to say to himself, whoever shall look into my Soul will not find me guilty of any Man's Ruin or Affliction, nor of Revenge or Envy, nor of the publick Violation of the Laws, nor of Innovation, nor Disturbance, nor of the Breach of a Promise: And tho' the Licentiousness of the Age has not only tolerated, but taught it to every Man; yet I have not seiz'd the Estate or Purse of any *French* Man whatsoever, but have liv'd only upon what is my own, both in War and in Peace; nor have I set any Man to work without paying him his Hire. These are pleasing Testimonies of a good Conscience; and this natural Gladness is a great Benefit to us, and the only Reward that never fails us.

C 4

To

* This Thought is taken from *Seneca's* Ep. 81, where he mentions it as a common Saying of his Countryman *Attalus*.

According to
Montaigne,
every Man
ought to fit in
Judgment upon
himself.

To found the Recompence of virtuous Actions on the Approbation of others is laying it on a Foundation too uncertain and embarrassing, especially in so corrupt and ignorant an Age as the present, wherein the good Opinion of the Vulgar is a Scandal. Upon whom do you rely for the Discovery of what's commendable? God forbid that I shou'd be an honest Man according to the honourable Definition which I daily see every one gives of it, *Quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt* *, i. e. The Things that were formerly reckon'd Vices are the Manners of the present Age. Certain Friends of mine have at Times school'd and reprimanded me very frankly of their own Accord, or, at my Instigation, thereby performing an Office which, to a Mind that is rightly form'd, surpasses all the Offices of Friendship, not only in Utility but in Kindness. I have always receiv'd them with the most open Arms of Courtesy and Gratitude. But to speak conscientiously, I have often discover'd, both in their Reproaches and their Praises, so much false measure, that I had not done much amiss, rather to have acted wrong than right, according to their Standard. We, especially who lead a private Life, not expos'd to any other View than our own, ought to have a Tribunal establish'd in our Breasts, whereby to try our Actions; and, according to that, sometimes to censure, and at other times to correct ourselves. I have my Laws and my Court of Justice to judge myself by, and apply myself to those more than to any other Rules. I do indeed restrain my Actions by those of other Men, but don't extend them by any other Rule except my own. 'Tis only known to yourself whether you are cowardly, and cruel, or loyal and devout. Others see you not, and only form uncertain Conjectures of you. They don't perceive your Nature so plainly as your Art; rely not therefore upon their Verdict, but stick to your own: *Tuo tibi judicio est utendum*——*Virtutis et Vitiorum grave ipsius conscientie pondus est; quâ sublatâ jacent omnia* †, i. e. Make use of your own Judgment——Conscience plainly shews the Weight of Virtues and Vices; take away that, all falls to the Ground. But the Saying, that Repentance

* *Sæc. Ep. 39. at the End.* † *Cic. de Natura Deorum, lib. iii. c. 35.*

penitance follows close at the Heels of Sin, seems not to have regard to Sin in its richest Attire, which is lodg'd in us as in its own proper Habitation. 'Tis possible to disavow and retract the Vices that surprize us, and towards which our Passions hurry us; but those which by a long Habit are rooted and anchor'd in a strong and a vigorous Will, are not liable to be gainsay'd. Repentance is no other than a recanting of our Will; and an Opposition to our Fancies, that follows us close which Way soever we take. It makes another Person disown his former Virtue and Continency.

* *Quæ mens est, hodie cur eadem non puero fuit ?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ † ?*

Ah ! whilst I was a vig'rous Boy
Why did I not this Mind enjoy ?
Or why does not my rosy Hue
Return to paint my Cheeks anew ?

That is an exquisite Life wherein a due Regularity is maintain'd within Doors. Every one may play a Part in the Puppet-Shew, and represent an honest Man upon the Stage; but within his own Breast, where he may do what he list, and where nobody sees us; for a Man to be regular there, that's the Point. The next Degree is for a Man to be so at his own House in his ordinary Actions, for which we are accountable to nobody, and wherein there is no Study, no Artifice; and therefore *Bias*, representing the excellent State of a Family, says, the Master of it was the same within Doors, when by himself, as he was abroad, and by the Laws, and by the Report of Men ||. And it was a worthy Saying of § *Julius Drusus* to the Builders, when they offer'd for 3000 Crowns

*The Excellency
of a private
Life which
is regular.*

* *Horace* here characterises *Ligurinus*, who repented when he came to be an old Man that he had not made an ill use of his Beauty while he had it. † *Hor.* lib. iv. Ode 10. v. 7, 8. || *Plutarch* in the Banquet of the wise Men, c. 23. § Or rather *Marcus Livius Drusus*, the famous Tribune of the People, who died Anno 662 at Rome after having, by his Ambition, fomented a dangerous War in Italy, of which *Florus* treats, lib. iii. c. 17 and 18. As to what *Montaigne* says here of *Livius Drusus*, he

Crowns to raise his House so high that his Neighbours shou'd not overlook him so much as before,—I will give you, says he *, 6000 to make it so that it may be look'd into on all Sides. 'Tis mention'd to the Honour of *Agessilaus*, that when he travell'd he us'd to take up his Quarters in the Churches, to the End that the People, and the Gods themselves, might be Spectators of his private Actions. Such a one has been the Miracle of the World, in whom neither his Wife nor Servant have never seen any one Thing remarkable †. Few Men have been admir'd by their Domesticcs. We find in History, that *No Man a Prophet in his own Country.* a Prophet hath no Honour, not only in his own Family, but in his own Country. 'Tis the same in Things of Nought : And in this mean Example the Image of greater is to be seen. In my Country of *Gascoigne* they look upon it as Drollery to see me in print. The farther off I am read from my own Home the better I am esteem'd. I am fain to purchase Printers in *Guienne*, elsewhere they purchase me. Upon this Foundation they go who conceal themselves living and present to obtain a Name when they are absent and dead. I had rather have less of it ; and do not publish myself to the World for more than my Share of it ; when I leave it, I quit all farther Claim. The People re-conduct such a one by a public Act with Amazement to his very Door. He puts off this Pageantry with his Robe, and falls so much the lower from it by how much the higher he was exalted. In his House there is nothing but Tumult and Disorder ; and was there a Regularity in it, it will require a quick and well try'd Judgment to perceive it in these low and private Actions : To which may be added, that Order is a dull melancholy Virtue.

he took it from a *Treatise of Plutarch*, intituled, *Instructions to those who manage the Affairs of State*, c. 4. where this *Drusus* is called *Julius Drusus*, a Tribune of the People. If *Montaigne* had consulted *Paterculus* on this Article he might have perceiv'd this small Mistake of *Plutarch*. * 'Tis *Plutarch* that makes him speak thus ; but, according to *Paterculus*, *Drusus* being about to build a House, and having an Offer made him by the Architect to contrive it after such a Model that none of his Neighbours might look into it, *Drusus* said, *If you know how, make me such a House rather that what I do in it may be seen by every body.* † A Man must be a Hero indeed, said Marshal *Catinat*, if his Footman thinks it.

Virtue. To enter a Breach, to conduct an Embassy, to govern a People, are Actions of Renown; to reprove, laugh, sell, pay, love, hate, and converse pleasantly and rationally with a Man's own Family, and with himself, not to relax nor to recant, are Things more rare, more difficult, and less remarkable. By this Means, they who lead a retired Life do, whatever is said to the contrary, undergo Offices of a greater Difficulty and Extent than others do. And private Men, says *Aristotle*, serve Virtue with more Difficulty and Eminence than they do who are in the Magistracy. We prepare ourselves for eminent Occasions more out of Vanity than Conscience. The shortest Way to arrive at Glory wou'd be to do that for Conscience which we do for Glory. And the Virtue of *Alexander* appears to me with far less Vigour in his Theatre than does that of *Socrates* in his mean and obscure Employment. I can easily conceive *Socrates* in the place of *Alexander*, but *Alexander* in that of *Socrates* I cannot. Ask the one what he can do, he will answer, *Conquer the World*; ask the other the same Question, he will say, *Conduct human Life conformably to its natural Condition*; a Science much more general, weighty, and more lawful.

The Soul is to be valued not for its high *Wherein con-* Flight, but for its Regularity. Its Great- *sists Magnani-* ness is not exercis'd in Grandeur but a Me- *mity.* diocrity. As they who judge and try us internally, make no great account of the Lustre of our public Actions, and see that they are only Threads and Rays of clear Water springing from a slimy and muddy Bottom; so likewise they who judge of us by this fine outward Appearance make the same Conclusion from our internal Constitution, and cannot couple Faculties that are common and like their own, with those other Faculties that astonish them, and are so far out of their Sight. Therefore it is that we give savage Forms to Demons; and who does not give *Tamer-* large large Eye-brows, wide Nostrils, a dreadful Face, and a Stature beyond measure, according to the Conception he has form'd from the Report of his Name? Had any one heretofore shew'd me *Erasmus*, I shou'd hardly have believ'd but that every Thing he spoke to his Man or his Land-

Landlady was Adage and Apophthemg. We have a more suitable Idea of an Artificer upon his Close-stool, or upon his Wife, than of a great President venerable for his Carriage and Abilities. We fancy that they do not stoop so low from their high Tribunals as to live. As vicious Souls are often incited to do well by some strange Impulse, so are virtuous Souls to do ill. They are therefore to be judg'd by their settled State, when they are compos'd, if they ever are so; or at least when they are nearer to Repose, and in their native Situation.

Natural Inclinations fortified by Education, but not chang'd and extirpated.

Natural Inclinations are assisted and fortified by Education, but are scarce ever alter'd or subdued by it. A thousand Souls in my Time have shifted towards Virtue or Vice in spite of a contrary Discipline.

*Sic ubi desuetæ sylvis in carcere clausæ
Mansuevere feræ, et vultus posuere minaces,
Atq; hominem didicere pati, si torrida parvus
Venit in ora cruor, redeunt rabiesque furorque,
Admonitæque tament gustato sanguine fauces,
Fervet, et a trepido vix abstinet ira magistro *.*

So Beasts of Prey, imprison'd in a Cage,
Grow tame, abandoning their native Rage
And threat'ning Looks, and do themselves inure
The Government of Mankind to indure.
But if again a little Blood they taste
Their savage Fury then returns fast;
They thirst for more, grow fierce, and wildly stare,
As if their trembling Keepers they wou'd tear.

Thus do Men palliate and conceal their original Qualities, but don't extirpate them. The Latin Tongue is as it were natural to me; I understand it better than the *French*, but I have not us'd to speak it, nor hardly to write it these 40 Years; and yet, upon some sudden Agitations, which I have fallen into twice or thrice in my Life (and once upon seeing my Father, in perfect Health, fall upon me in a fainting Fit.) I always vented my first Outcries in *Latin*; Nature starting and forcibly expressing itself, notwithstanding

ing so long a Discontinuance ; and of this there are many other Instances.

They who in my Time have taken a Re-
view of the Manners of the Age do, by no-
vel Opinions, reform seeming Vices ; but as
for real Vices they leave them as they were if

*The Reformati-
ons of Mankind
only relate to
Externals.*

they don't augment them ; the latter of which, 'tis to be
fear'd, is the Case. We choose to disregard all other good
Actions on account of these external Reformations of less
Cost and greater Merit, and thereby make a cheap Attone-
ment for the other natural consubstantial and internal Vices.
Look back a little on our own Experience. There is no
Man, if he listen to himself, who does not find in himself
a particular and governing Method of his own, which
struggles with Instruction, and with the Tempest of Passi-
ons that are contrary to it. For my Part, I seldom feel
myself agitated by any Shock. I find myself, as it were,
always in my Place like heavy unweildy Bodies. If I am
not at home I am always near it. My Debauches don't
carry me very far off. There is nothing strange nor ex-
treme in the Case, and yet I have healthy and vigorous Rap-
tures. The true Condemnation, and that
which affects Mens common Practice, is that
their State of Retirement is full of Filth and
Corruption, the Idea of their Reformation

*The Repentance
of Men com-
monly very cor-
rupt.*

blurr'd, their Repentance weak, and as much to blame al-
most as their Sin. Some either for having been link'd to
Vice, by a natural Propension, or by a long Habit in it,
cannot see any Deformity in it. Others (of which Class I
am) do indeed weigh Vice, but they put Pleasure, or some
other Occasion, in the other Ballance, and suffer and yield
to it for a certain Price, but viciously and basely ; yet there
might perhaps be imagin'd so vast a Disproportion of Mea-
sure, wherein with Justice, the Pleasure wou'd excuse
the Sin, as we say of Profit, not only if it were
accidental, and out of Sin ; as Larceny, but in the very
Exercise of Sin as in the Enjoyment of a Woman,
wherein the Temptation is violent, and 'tis said sometimes
to be invincible. Being the other Day in Armagnac, at a
Seat which belongs to a Kinsman of mine, I saw a Coun-
try Fellow, that was by every one call'd the Robber, who

gave

gave this Narrative of his Life; That being born a Beggar, and finding that he shou'd never be able to get enough by his Labour to support himself against Want, he resolv'd to turn Robber; and, being a strong Man, had follow'd this Trade all the Time of his Youth with Safety; for he gather'd in his Corn and Wine from other Mens Lands, but at a great Distance, and in such great Loads, that it was not to be imagin'd how one Man cou'd carry off so much upon his Shoulders in one Night as he did; and moreover, he was so careful not to do one Man more Damage than another, that every particular Man's Loss therefore was of the less Importance. He is now grown old and rich for a Man of his Rank, thanks to the Trade he drove, which he makes no scruple to confess to every body; and to make his Peace with God for his ill-got Wealth, he says that he is daily ready, by his Bounty, to make Satisfaction to the Successors of those he robb'd; and if he does not to every one (which 'tis impossible for him to do at once) he will then leave it in Charge to his Heirs to perform the rest proportionably to the Wrong he has done to every one, which is what he himself only knows. By this Account, whether true or false, this Man looks upon Robbery as a dishonest Action, and he hates it, but not so much as Poverty. He does barely repent of it, but so far as it was in this manner counterballanc'd and compensated, he repents not of it. This is not that Habit which incorporates us with Vice, and conforms our very Understanding to it; nor is it that impetuous Wind which, by its Gusts, disturbs and blinds our Faculties, and for the Time hurries us, Judgment and all, into the Power of Vice.

Montaigne's
Judgment was
the common
Guide of his
Actions.

'Tis my Way to do what I do thoroughly; and all of a-piece. I scarce make a Motion clandestinely and by Stealth from my Reason, and that is not conducted in a manner by the Consent of all my Faculties without Division; without any inward Struggles. My Judgment has all the Blame or all the Praise of it; and the Blame it once has, it has always; for I have had, almost from my Infancy, the same Inclination, the same Turn, and the same Spirit; And as to universal Opinions, I fix'd myself from my Child-

Childhood in the same Place where I was to stick. There are some Sins that are impetuous, prompt, and sudden; let us set them aside; but as for those other Sins so oft repeated, deliberated, and contriv'd, whether constitutional Sins, or Sins of Profession and Vocation, I can't conceive that they have so long been settled in the same Resolution, without the constant Concurrence of the Will and Understanding with the Reason and Conscience of the Person who is guilty of them: And the Repentance which he boasts to be inspir'd with on a sudden is very hard for me to imagine. I am not of the Opinion of the *Pythagorean* Sect, that Men assume a new Soul when they approach the Images of the Gods to receive their Oracles, unless they mean that it must be foreign, new, and lent for the Time, our own shewing so little a Sign of the Purification and Cleanness fit for that Office.

They act quite contrary to the Stoical Precepts, who indeed command us to correct the Imperfections and Vices which we know ourselves guilty of, but forbid us thereby to disturb the Tranquility of our Minds. These make us believe that they have great Vexation and Remorse within, but as for Amendment and Correction, or Discontinuance, they give no Sign of it; yet it cannot be a Cure till the Evil be purg'd away. If Repentance were to be put into one Scale of the Ballance it wou'd out-weigh Sin. I don't know of any Quality so easy to counterfeit as Devotion, if the Life and Manners do not conform to it. The Essence of it is abstruse and occult, the Appearances easy and pompous.

As for my Part, I may desire in the general to be what I am not; I may condemn and be out of Humour with my whole Frame, and pray to God for an intire Reformation, and to excuse my natural Infirmary; but this is what I ought not to call Repentance methinks, no more than a Disgust that I am not an Angel, nor a *Cato*. My Actions are regulated by, and conformable to what I am, and to my Condition. I cannot do better; and Repentance does not properly concern Things that are not in our Power. 'Tis rather Re-

*True Repen-
tance ought to
be follow'd
with real
Amendment.*

*A Man cannot
repent of his
universal Form.*

gret.

gret. I conceive an infinite Number of Natures, more sublime and regular than mine ; yet I do not amend my Faculties, forasmuch as neither my Arm nor my Mind will become a whit the more vigorous by conceiving another's to be so. If to imagine and wish a more noble Way of Acting than we have shou'd produce a Repentance in us, we shou'd then repent of our most innocent Operations, forasmuch as we well suppose that in a more excellent Nature they wou'd be conducted with greater Perfection and Dignity ; and we shou'd wish to do the same. When I consider my Demeanor in my Youth, and that of my old Age, I find that I have in the general behav'd with Regularity as far as I know. This is all that my Resistance can avail. I do not flatter myself ; in the like Circumstances I shou'd be always the same. 'Tis not a Spot, but rather an universal Tincture, with which I am stain'd. I have no Notion of a Repentance that is superficial, moderate, or ceremonious. It must sting me throughout before I can give it that Name, and it must pierce my Heart as deeply and universally as God sees into me.

Why Montaigne did not repent of the Management of his Affairs.

In Matters of Trade many good Opportunities have escap'd me for want of successful Management, and yet I made a right Choice according as Occurrences presented themselves. 'Tis my Method to chuse always the easiest and the surest Course. I find that in my past Deliberations I have, according to my own Rule, proceeded with Discretion according to the State of the Subject propos'd to me, and shou'd do the same, were it a thousand Years hence, on the like Occasions. I do not consider the Thing as it is now, but what it was when I deliberated on it. The Force of all Counsel lies in the Time. Opportunities and Affairs incessantly fluctuate and change. I have, in my Life, fallen into some gross and important Errors, not for want of good Judgment, but for want of good Luck. There are, in the Affairs that we have to do with, some secret Circumstances not to be guess'd at, particularly in the human Natures certain silent Conditions that make no Shew, and are unknown sometimes even to the Possessor, which start and spring up from incidental Causes. If my Prudence cou'd
not

not penetrate into, or foretel them, I am not disgusted with it : 'Tis confin'd to its own Limits. If the Event be against me, and favours that Side which I have refus'd, there is no Remedy ; I don't blame myself for it ; I accuse my Luck, and not my Performance. This is not what we call Repentance.

Phocion had given certain Advice to the *Athenians*, which was not follow'd ; and the Affair succeeding happily contrary to his Opinion, somebody said, Well, *Phocion*, art thou pleas'd that this Affair turns out so well ? I am very glad, *said he*, that it has so happen'd ; yet I do not repent that I advis'd otherwise *. When my Friends apply to me for my Opinion, I give it freely and plainly, without considering, as almost all Mankind do, that the Thing being hazardous it may fall out contrary to my Opinion, and then perhaps they may reproach me for my Advice ; but this is what I am very indifferent about ; for they will be to blame for desiring that Office which I cou'd not justify myself to refuse them.

I scarce ever lay any Mistakes or Misfortunes of mine to the Charge of another Person : For the Truth is, I seldom make use of another's Advice, but only for the Sake of Civility and Ceremony, unless it be where I have need of Instruction in any Science, or Information of any Fact. For in Things where I have only my Judgment to make use of, other Mens Reasons may be of some Credit to support me, but of little Force to dissuade me. I hear every Thing favourably and decently ; but I don't remember that to this Hour I ever made use of any Reason but my own. With me they are but Flies or Atoms that hover about my Will. I lay no great Stress upon my own Opinions, and as little upon those of other Men. Fortune rewards me justly. As I do not receive Advice, I give as little. I am seldom ask'd for it, and more seldom trusted to ; and know not of any Undertaking, either public or private, that has been the better

Montaigne seldom took another's Advice in the Management of his Affairs, and seldom gave his to other Persons.

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for

* *Plutarch* in his notable Sayings of ancient Kings, Princes, &c. under the article *Phocion*.

for my Advice : Even the Persons, whom Fortune had in any manner engag'd to follow my Direction, have chose more willingly to be guided by any other Head-piece than mine : And as I am a Man altogether as vigilant against the Disturbance of my Tranquility as the Diminution of my Authority, I like it the better. By thus neglecting me they humour me in what I profess, which is to settle and wholly contain myself within myself. 'Tis a Pleasure to me to be disinterested in other Mens Affairs, and not to be any Way responsible for them.

Was little troubled for Events that fell out contrary to his Wishes ; and why. All Affairs when they are over, happen as they will, give me little Concern ; for the Imagination, that so it ought to be, puts me out of my Pain. They are roll'd about in the great Revolution of the Universe, and link'd in the Chain of stoical Causes. Your Fancy cannot, by Wish or Imagination, move an Jota, either past or to come, which the Order of Things will not totally overturn.

Made little account of the Repentance owing purely to old Age. As to the rest, I hate that accidental Repentance which old Age brings with it. He of old Times * who said he was obliged to his Years for stripping him of Pleasure, was of a different Opinion from me. I can never think myself beholden to Impotency for any good that it does me. *Nec tam averſa unquam videbitur ab opere ſuo providentia, ut debilitet inter optime inventa ſit.* Nor can Providence ever be thought ſo averſe to its own Work that Debility ſhou'd be found among the beſt Things. Our Appetites are rare in old Age. A profound Satiety comes upon us after the Act. I diſcern nothing of Conſcience in this. 'Tis Chagrin and Weakneſs that imprint on us a languid phlegmatic Quality. We muſt not ſuffer ourſelves to be wholly carry'd away by the Alterations of Nature ſo as to debaſe our Judgment. Youth and Pleaſure did not here-

* This was *Sophocles*, who being ask'd if he ſtill enjoy'd the Pleaſures of Love, made answer, *Dii meliora : libenter vero iſtinc, tanquam a Domino agreſti ac furioſo profugi*, i. e. The Gods have done better for me ; and glad I am that I have liv'd to eſcape from the wild and furious Tyranny of Love, *Cic. de Senectute*, c. 14.

heretofore so far blind me that I did not discern the Face of Vice in Pleasure ; nor does that Disgust which Years have now brought upon me, hinder me from discerning the Face of Pleasure in Vice. Now that my Days of Pleasure are over, I judge of it as if they were not. I, who strictly and attentively ransack my Reason, find it the very same it was in my most licentious Age, if it be not perhaps a little weaken'd and impair'd by being grown old ; and I am of Opinion, that as it does not permit me to embark in Pleasure, for the Sake of my bodily Health, it wou'd not give me more Allowance now than heretofore for the Sake of my Soul's Health. I do not reckon my Reason the more vigorous because it has nothing to combat. My Temptations are so shatter'd and mortify'd that they are not worth its Opposition, for with only stretching out my Hands I overcome them. Shou'd my former Concupiscence be replac'd in its View, I fear it wou'd not have so much Strength to resist it as it had heretofore. I do not find that it has any other Notion of Pleasure now than it had then, not that it has requir'd any new Light ; wherefore if there be a Recovery 'tis a scurvy one. Miserable kind of Remedy where Health is not to be obtain'd without a Malady. 'Tis not for our Misfortune to perform this Office, but for the good Fortune of our Judgment. I am not influenc'd by Injuries and Afflictions to do any Thing but to curse them. This is for People who are not to be rouz'd till they feel the Scourge. My Reason indeed acts with more Freedom in Prosperity, but is more distracted and harder put to it, to digest Misfortunes than Pleasures. I see best in a clear Sky ; Health premonishes me with more Alacrity and more Benefit than Sickness. I did all that I cou'd to repair and regulate myself when I had Health to enjoy them. I shou'd be asham'd and vex'd that the Misery and Misfortune of my old Age shou'd be preferr'd before my good, healthful, spritely, and vigorous Years ; and that Men shou'd judge of me, not by what I have been, but by what I am now that I have as it were ceas'd to be.

In my Opinion 'tis in happy living, and not in dying happily, as *Antisthenes* said, that human Felicity consists. I have not aim'd to make a monstrous Addition of a Philosopher's

Wherein human Felicity consists, according to Montaigne.

Tail to the Head and Body of a Libertine, nor that this wretched Remainder of Life shou'd contradict and give the Lye to the pleasantest, soundest, and longest Part of it. I wou'd fain represent myself uniform throughout. Were I to lead my Life over again, I shou'd live just as I have done. I neither complain of the past, nor do I fear the future; and, if I do not deceive myself, I have been much the same within as without. I am principally oblig'd to my Fortune, that the Course of my bodily Estate has been carry'd on in every Thing in its Season. I have seen it in its Bud, Blossoms, and Fruit, and now see it wither'd; happily however because naturally. I bear the Ailments I have the better forasmuch as they are at their Crisis, and also because they give me the more pleasing Remembrance of the long Felicity of my past Life: Also my Wisdom may, peradventure, have been of the same pitch in both Ages, but it was more active, and graceful, when young, spritely, and natural, than now that it is broken, peevish, and painful. I therefore renounce those casual and dolorous Reformatations. God must touch our Hearts, and our Consciences must amend of themselves by the Aid of our Reason, and not by the Decay of our Appetites.

What is the Pleasure is in itself neither pale nor dis-
Wisdom of old our'd for being discern'd by Eyes that are dim
Men. and distemper'd. We ought to love Tempe-
 rance for its own Sake, and in Respect to God, who has commanded both that and Chastity. What we derive from Catarrhs, and what I am oblig'd for to my Cholic, is neither Chastity nor Temperance. A Man cannot boast that he despises and resists Pleasure, if he does not see it, and if he does not know it, together with its Charms, Power, and most alluring Beauty. I know both the one and the other; I have a Right to say it: But it seems to me that in old Age our Minds are subject to more troublesome Maladies and Imperfections than they are in Youth. I said the same when I was young, and when I was reproach'd with the Want of a Beard; and I say the same now that my grey Hairs gain me Authority. We call the Crabbedness of our Tempers, and the Disrelish of present Things, Wisdom; but in Truth we do not so much forsake Vices

as change them, and in my Opinion for worse. Besides a foolish groundless Pride, nauseous Babble, froward and unfociable Humours, Superstition, and a ridiculous Thirst after Riches, when the Use of them is lost, I find in old Age more Envy, Injustice, and Malignity. It furrows the Mind with more Wrinkles than the Face; and we never, or very rarely, see People who, in growing old, do not grow sour and musty. The whole Man moves, both towards his Perfection and his Decay. In considering the Wisdom of *Socrates*, and many Circumstances of his * Condemnation, I dare believe that he indulg'd himself by Prevarication, in some measure, for the Purpose, seeing that at 70 Years of Age he suffer'd such a rich Genius as his was to be almost totally cramped, and his wonted Brightness offuscated. What Metamorphoses do I every Day see made by Age in several of my Acquaintance! 'Tis a powerful Malady, which creeps upon us naturally, and imperceptibly. Deep Study and great Precaution are absolutely necessary to avoid the Imperfections it loads us with, or at least to slacken their Progress. I find that, notwithstanding all my Intrenchments, it steals upon me one Foot after another; I bear up against it as well as I can, but I know not what it will bring me to at last; but, happen what will, I am content to have it known what I was before I fell.

C H A P. III.

Of three Commerces, i. e. Familiarities with Men, Women, and Books.

WE must not rivet ourselves so fast to our Humours and Complexions. Our chief Sufficiency is to know how to apply ourselves to various Customs. For a Man to

The chief Ability of the human Understanding.

D 3

keep

* If this be a Conjecture only founded on *Montaigne's* Sagacity, it does him very great Honour, for *Xenophon* tells us expressly, that in truth.

keep himself ty'd and bound, by Necessity, to one only Course, is but bare Existence, not living. Those are the most amiable Tempers, which are more variable and flexible. It was an honourable Character of the elder *Cato*, *Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceret, quod cumque ageret* *, i. e. He had Parts so flexible to every Thing, that whatsoever he took in Hand, a Man wou'd be apt to say he was form'd by Nature for that very Thing only. Were I to chuse for myself, there is no Fashion so good that I shou'd care to be so wedded to it, as not to have it in my Power to disengage myself from it. Life is a Motion uneven, irregular, and multiform. A Man is not his own Friend, much less his own Master, but rather a Slave to himself, who is eternally pursuing his own Humour, and such a Bigot to his Inclinations, that he is not able to turn aside from them. I speak it now at this Time of Life, wherein I find it hard to disengage myself from the uneasiness of my Mind, by reason that it cannot amuse itself generally, but in Things wherein it is embarrass'd, nor employ itself because 'tis so cramp'd and inflexible. 'Tis apt to magnify a slight Subject, and stretches it to such a Degree, as to require the Application of all its Strength to it. Its Inactivity is therefore to me a painful Labour, and prejudicial to my Health. The Minds of most Men require foreign Matter to quicken and exercise them; mine has need of it to compose it rather, and settle it, *Vitia otii negotia discutienda sunt* †, i. e. The Vices owing to Sloth are to be shaken off by Business; for my most painful, as well as principal Study, is to study myself. Books are one of that Sort of Employments that divert me from that Study. Upon the first Thoughts, which come into my Mind, it bustles and makes Trial of its Vigour in every Respect; exercises its feeling Quality, sometimes towards Force, at other Times towards Order and

truth *Socrates* defended himself with so much Haughtiness before his Judges, only from a Consideration that at his Age Death wou'd be better for him than Life. This is the Subject of the intire Preface to that Defence made by *Socrates* before his Judges. * *Tit. Liv. lib. xxxix. c. 40.* † *Senec. Ep. 56.*

and Beauty, and then ranges, moderates, and fortifies itself. It has in itself wherewith to rouse its Faculties. Nature has given to it, as to all other Mens, Matter enough of its own for its Benefit, and Subjects proper enough both for its Invention and Judgment.

Meditation, for a Man who can inspect and exert himself with Vigour, is a powerful and copious Study. I had rather frame my Mind than furnish it. There is no Employment, either more weak or more strong, than that of entertaining a Man's Thoughts according to the State of his Mind. The greatest Men make it their Profession, *Quibus vivere est cogitare* *, i. e. To whom to live and to think, are one and the same Thing. Nature has also favour'd Man with this Privilege, that there is nothing we can hold out in so long, nor any Action to which we more commonly, and more readily incline to. 'Tis the Business of the Gods, says *Aristotle*, and that from which proceeds both their Bliss and ours.

The principal Use of Reading to me is that, by the Variety of Subjects, it keeps my Reason awake, and employs my Judgment, not my Memory. Few Conversations therefore take with me, if there be not Life and Power in them. 'Tis true, that the Gracefulness and Elegance of a Speech captivate and ingross my Attention as much, or more than the Importance or Weight of the Subject: And forasmuch as I am apt to be sleepy in all other Conversation, and give but little Attention thereto, it often happens that in such poor, low Discourse, and insipid Chat, I either make drowsy, stupid, and ridiculous Answers, unbecoming a Child, or else more indiscreetly and rudely maintain an obstinate Silence. I am on the one Hand of a pensive Temper, which makes me absent from all but myself, and on the other hand a stupid and childish ignorance of many common Things. By these two Qualities I have obtain'd that five or six as silly Stories may as truly be reported of me as of any other Person whatsoever.

Meditation an important Employment.

Montaigne was inattentive to frivolous Conversation.

Too delicate in his Conversation with the Generality of Mankind.

But to pursue my Subject, this difficult Temper of mine renders me very delicate of what Company I keep, whom I am oblig'd to examine nicely, and am therefore unfit for common Society. We live and trade with the Commonalty. If their Conversation be troublesome to us, if we disdain to apply ourselves to mean and vulgar Souls (and such are often as regular as the most delicate, and all Wisdom is insipid that does not accommodate itself to the Stupidity of the Vulgar) we must no longer intermeddle either with our own Affairs, or those of other Men; for those, both of a public and private Nature, are dispatch'd with those People. The Motions of the Soul, that are the least forc'd and the most natural, are the most beautiful. Good God! What a vast Service Wisdom does to those whose Desires it reduces to their Power! There is no Part of Knowledge more profitable. *As much as lies in our Power*, was the favourite Maxim and Motto of Socrates. A Phrase of great Moment this; for we must adapt and divert our Desires to Things that are the nearest, and most easy to be acquir'd. Is it not a silly Humour of mine to separate from a thousand, to whom Fortune has join'd me, and without whom I cannot live, and stick to one or two that are out of the Sphere of my Correspondence? Or rather is it not a fantastical Desire of a Thing which I can never recover? My gentle Behaviour, an Enemy to all Bitterness and Moroseness, may easily have secur'd me from all Envy and Animosity; for never Man gave more Occasion, to be lov'd I will not say, but not to be hated; yet the Coldness of my Conversation has justly depriv'd me of the good Will of many, who are not to be blam'd tho' they shou'd put another, and a worse Construction upon it.

Montaigne passionately fond of exquisite Friendships, but not qualify'd to cultivate common Friendships.

I am very capable of acquiring, and maintaining Friendships that are exquisite and uncommon; for as I am eager to close in with such Acquaintance as suit my Taste, I throw myself without Reserve into their Arms with such Rapture that I can hardly fail to stick to them, and to make an Impression where I fasten;

1; and this I have often found by happy Experience. common Friendships I am in some measure cold and indifferent, for my Course is not natural if it be not with a ll Sail; besides my Fortune having train'd me from my youth, and tempted me to love one single and perfect friendship, it has indeed, in some measure, put me out

Conceit with others; and too much imprinted it on my fancy that, as one of the Ancients said, such vulgar Commissions are the Beasts of the Company, tho' not of the herd. And also I have a natural Aversion to communicate myself by Halves, and with that Modification, servile and jealous Prudence, which are prescrib'd to us in the case of numerous and imperfect Friendships. And this is join'd upon us chiefly in this Age of ours, when 'tis impossible to speak of Mankind without Danger or Mistake.

Yet I plainly see, that he who has the Conveniencies (I mean the essential Conveniencies of Life) for his End, as I have, ought to surmount these Difficulties and Delicacies of Humour as much as the Plague. I shou'd commend a Mind of various Qualities, which

How useful it is to know how to treat all manner of Persons with Familiarity.

allows both to strain and slacken its Vigour, that finds itself at Ease in all Stages of Fortune, a Man that can discourse with his Neighbour about his Building, Hunting, or Warrel, and that takes Pleasure in chatting with a Cartner, or a Gardener. I envy those who can condescend to a Familiarity with the meanest of their Servants, and to hold a Conversation with their Train of Followers: And I like the Advice of *Plato*, That Men shou'd always speak with a magisterial Strain to their Servants, whether Male or female, without being ever facetious or familiar*. For besides what my Reason tells me, 'tis both inhuman and unjust to set so great a Value upon that same Prerogative of Fortune; and those Governments, wherein there is not so great a Disparity admitted betwixt Masters and their Vassals, seem to me the most equitable. Other Men study how

* Magisterial Language to Servants censur'd, *De Legibus*, lib. vi. § 72. Edit. *Francfort* 1602.

how to elevate and exalt their Minds; I to render
humble and lowly. 'Tis only blameable in being too dil

*Narras, et genus Æaci,
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:
Quo Cbium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum, et quotâ
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces *.*

Old *Æacus* you derive from *Jove*,
And tell what mighty Kin he had above;
You all the *Trojan Wars* recite;
But not what *Cbian Wine* will cost,
Who make a Bath, and who invite,
And who a Fire prepares at Night,
Now Winter sheds its hoary Frost.

*'Tis necessary to
put ourselves on
an Equality
with those we
converse with.*

Thus, as the *Lacedemonians* Valour sto
need of Moderation, and of the sweet
harmonious Sound of Flutes to mollify
in Battle, lest they shou'd be guilty of T
rity and Fury; whereas all other Na
commonly make use of strong and shrill Sounds and V
which excite and inflame the Soldiers Courage to the las
gree; so methinks that, contrary to the usual Form, i
Exercise of our Minds we have more need of Ballast
Sail, of Coldness and Calmness than of Heat and H
Above all Things, 'tis in my Opinion egregiously to
the Fool, to make a Parade of Wit in Company of
who have none; to talk always as it were in Print, a
use a stiff quaint stile; or, on the other Hand, *Favel*
punta di Forcetta, i. e. to affect a finical one like the
dies. You must let yourself down to the Level of
you converse withal, and sometimes too affect Ignor
You must lay aside Strength and Subtlety of Argum
'Tis enough to preserve Decency and Order in con
Conversation; and as for the rest, crawl upon the G
if they desire it. The Learned are apt to stumble at
St

III. Of Familiarities with Men, &c. 43

; they always make a Parade of their superior Talent and scatter their Books every where ; so that in these they have so pester'd the Closets and Ears of the Ladies with them, that if they have not retain'd the Substance of them, they have at the least the Shew of them, so that let the Subject of their Discourse be what it will, they speak and write in a Manner that is new and learned.

Whether Women ought to be learned.

*de sermone pavent ; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
de cunctata effundunt animi secreta, et quid ultrâ ?
incumbunt dorkè **

the same Language they express their Fears, their Anger and their Joys, their Grievs and Cares, and vent the Secrets of their Souls ; what more ? the same learned Phrase they play the Whore.

they quote *Plato* and *St. Thomas* in Things for which the first Person they meet wou'd be as good Authority. The thing that cannot penetrate their Souls hangs on their eyes. If those of Quality will believe me, they wou'd content with their own natural Treasures. They conceal and cover their own Beauties under others that are foreign. 'Tis a great Weakness to put out their own Light by a borrow'd Lustre. They are interr'd and embalm'd alive by Art †, *De capsula tota*, i. e. being painted and perfum'd from Head to Foot. 'Tis because they know themselves sufficiently. The World has no fairer than they are. This is their doing Honour to Art and Painting, even Paint itself. What need have we of any Thing but to live belov'd and honour'd ? For they not only have, but know too much. They need only

Sat. 6. v. 199. † This is an Expression of *Seneca*, which he borrows from the *Petits Maîtres* of his Time, *Noſti complures juvenes barbâ ridas de capsulâ totos*, *Epist. 95.* He tells us elsewhere of one Fops who, being carry'd by his Slaves from the Bath in a Chair, ask to ask them whether or no he was seated ; as if it was a dishonour to his Honour to know what he did himself without asking. *de Brevit. vitæ, c. 12.* I have not yet heard that any of our *Petits Maîtres* have come up to this *Roman Fop*.

only rouse a little, and give fresh Warmth to their inferior Faculties. When I see them studying Rhetoric, Logic, and the like, which are so insignificant Trifles necessary for their Occasions, I begin to fear that those who advise them to it, do it that they may thereby have Authority to be their Masters. For what other I shou'd I find for them. 'Tis enough that they can, out our Instruction, give the Charms of their Eyes: that is brisk, stern, or languishing; that they can make a Denial with Severity, Suspence, and Favour, and that they are not at a Loss for an Interpreter of the Speech made for their Service. With this Knowledge they govern with a high Hand, and rule both the Regents and Scholars.

*What Branches
of Knowledge
are fittest for
the Women.*

If nevertheless they think much to place to us in any Thing whatsoever, and have a Curiosity to be Book learned, Poetry and Amusement proper for their Occasions, being a wanton, witty, dissembling, and prattling all Pleasure and all Shew, like themselves. They will reap many Advantages from History. In Moral Philosophy they will be furnish'd with Lessons that will enable them to judge of our Humours and Conditions, to free themselves from our Treacheries, to regulate the Intemperance of their own Desires, to make good use of their Liberty, to lengthen the Pleasures of Life, and mildly to cure the Inconstancy of an humble Servant, the Roughness of a Husband, and the Disagreeableness of Age, Wretchedness, and the like. This is the utmost Share that I wou'd give them in the Sciences.

*The good Use of
Retirement.*

There are some particular Temperaments that are retired and reclusive. I am naturally fond of Retirement for Communication and Production. I am open and undisguis'd, born for Society and Friendship. My Solitude which I am fond of myself, and recommend to others, is chiefly with no other View than to withdraw my Affections and Thoughts into myself; to restrain and regulate my Proceedings, but my Desires and Cares, resist all Solitude that is foreign, with a mortal Aversion to Servitude and Obligation; and not so much to the

pany of Men as to the Multiplicity of Business. To say the Truth, Local Solitude rather expands and sets me at large. I the more willingly embark in Affairs of State and the World when I am alone. At the Louvre, and in the Crowd of the Court, I keep within my own Sphere: The Throng makes me retire to myself, and I never entertain myself so wantonly, so licentiously, and so singularly, as in Places of Respect and ceremonious Prudence. Our Follies don't provoke me to Laughter, but our Wisdom. I am constitutionally no Enemy to the Bustle of Court. I have spent Part of my Life there, and am capable of behaving chearfully in great Companies, provided it be now and then, and at my own Time. But that Effeminacy of Judgment, of which I have been speaking, attaches me by Force to Solitude; nay at my own House, in the midst of a numerous Family, and a House as much frequented as any, I see People enough, but seldom such as I am fond of conversing with. And I there reserve, both for myself and others, an unusual Liberty. There is in my House no such Thing as Ceremony, Attendance, Conducting, and the like fatiguing Rules of our Courtesy. (Oh! servile and troublesome Custom!) Every one there governs himself in his own Way, let who will speak his Thoughts; while I am mute in deep Meditation, and shut up in my Closet, without any Offence to my Guests.

The Men, whose Society and Familiarity I covet, are those they call honest and ingenious Men; and the Idea of these puts me out of Conceit with others. This, if rightly considered, is the rarest of our Characters, and a Character which is chiefly owing to Nature. The End of this Commerce is simply private Friendship, frequent Visits and Conference, the Correspondence of Souls without other Advantage. In our Discourse all Subjects are alike to me. I care not whether there be Weight or Depth in it. There is still a Grace and Pertinence in it. The whole is tinctur'd with a Judgment mature and steady, and mix'd with good nature, Frankness, Chearfulness, and Friendship. 'Tis sign only in discoursing on the Affairs of Kings and States, that our Understanding displays its Beauty and Force, but

*Character of
the Men whose
Familiarity is
worth seeking.*

it shows it as much in private Confabulation. I know what my People mean, even by their Silence and Smiles, and discover them better perhaps at Table than at the Council. *Hippomachus* said justly, that he knew good Wits by only seeing them walk in the Streets. If Learning will please to bear a Part in our Conference, it will not be rejected; not the magisterial, imperious, and impertinent Kind, as is generally us'd, but that which is subordinate and docile in itself. All we intend by it is to pass away the Time, for at the Hour of being instructed and preach'd to, we will go seek it in its Throne. May it condescend to favour us for this once if it please; for as useful and desirable as it is, I presuppose that tho' we might want it we cou'd well enough dispense with it, and do our Business without it. A Person of good Breeding, and us'd to converse with Mankind, will naturally be agreeable to every body. Art is nothing but the Counter-part and Register of what such Souls produce.

Commerce with Women.

The Conversation of fine, well-bred Women is also to me a sweet Enjoyment. *Nam nos quoque oculos eruditos habemus* *, i. e. for we also are vers'd in the Art of Ogling. If the Soul has not so much Enjoyment in this as in the first, the bodily Senses, which likewise have the greatest Share of this, reduce it to a Proportion near to the other, but in my Opinion not quite. 'Tis a Commerce however, wherein a Man had need be a little upon his Guard, and especially those of a vigorous Constitution, as mine is. In my Youth I got a Scald by it, and suffer'd all the Torments which the Poets say will happen to those who run into this Commerce without Order and Judgment. 'Tis true this Scourge taught me more Wit.

*Quicumque Argolicâ de class: Capharea fugit,
Sensum ac Bubois vela retorquet aquis* †.

The Ship that wou'd not on *Capharea* run,
Always is sure th' *Euboean* Straight to shun.

'Tis Madness to fix a Man's Thoughts wholly upon it, and to engage in it with a furious and indiscreet Affection; but

* *Paradox. v. c. 2.* † *Od. T. lib. 1. El. 1.*

but on the other Hand, to be concern'd in it without true Love, and without the Attachment of the Will, like Comedians, to play a Part that is made common by Time and Custom, without contributing any Thing of his own to it but Words; 'tis indeed providing for his Safety, but withal in as scandalous a Manner as he that abandons his Honour or his Profit, or his Pleasure, for fear of Danger. For 'tis certain that from such a Proceeding no Fruit can be expected to satisfy an honest Soul. A Man cannot take a real Pleasure in the Enjoyment of what he has not in good earnest desir'd; and this I say, tho' Fortune shou'd be so unjust as to favour their Diffimulation, which often happens, because there is none of the Sex, tho' as ugly as the Devil, who does not think herself very amiable, who does not think herself preferable, either for her Youth, her Hair, or her Gait (for with the ugly Women it is universally the same as with those that are handsome) and the Brachman Virgins, who have no other Recommendation, but that of the common Cryer, who calls the People together, come forth into the Square to expose their matrimonial Parts, to try if these at least are not tempting enough to procure them Husbands. Consequently there is not one who does not easily suffer herself to be engag'd by the first Vow that is made to serve her. Now, from this Treachery so common in the Men of this Age, it must needs happen, as we have already seen by Experience, viz. that the Women rally and re-unite themselves on Purpose to avoid us, or else form their Ranks by the Example we give them, play their Part of the Farce, and give Way to this Negotiation without Passion, Care, or Love. *Neque affectui suo aut alieno obnoxia* *, i. e.

Neither Slaves to their own Passion, nor to that of another Person; believing, according to the Persuasion of *Lyfias* in *Plato*, that they may with the more Advantage and Convenience surrender themselves up to us the less we love 'em. The Result will be as it is in Comedies, where the Audience has as much, or more Pleasure than the Actors. For my

FOOTNOTE: * Tacitus's Annal. lib. xiii. c. 45. where the Historian speaks only of the famous *Poppea*, the Wife of *Nero*, the perfect Model of Coquetry.

my part, I have no more notion of a Venus without a Cupid, than of a Mother without a Child. They are what mutually lend and owe their Existence to one another. Therefore this Cheat rebounds upon the Person that commits it; to whom indeed 'tis of little or no Expence, nor on the other Hand does he get any Thing by it of Value. They who have made Venus a Goddeſs, have taken notice that her chief Beauty was incorporeal and ſpiritual; but the Venus whom theſe People court is not ſo much as human, nor even brutal, but ſo very groſs and terreſtrial, that the very Beaſts will not accept her. We ſee that Imagination and Deſire often heats and ſtimulates them before the Body does: We ſee in both the Sexes, that in the Herd, they make Choice and Trial of their Affections, and that they have among themſelves an Acquaintance of old good Will. Even thoſe which old Age has depriv'd of bodily Strength, do yet tremble, neigh, and twitter for Love. We ſee them before the Fact, full of Hope and Heat; and when the Body has play'd its Part, ſtill tickled with the ſweet Remembrance of it; and we ſee ſome Animals that ſwell with Pride after the Performance, and being tired and ſatiated, do yet, by Vociferation, expreſs a triumphant Joy. He that has nothing to do, but only to diſcharge his Body of a natural Neceſſity, need not find Employment for another by ſuch curious Preparations. This is not Food for a coarſe hoggish Appetite.

Montaigne's *Taſte in his Amours.* As one who does not deſire to be thought better than I am, I ſhall now tell of the Follies of my Youth. I have ſeldom been addiſted to mercenary and common Embraces, not only for my Health's Sake (and yet with all my Care I had two Miſchances, tho' they were ſlight Forerunners) but alſo from a Contempt of what was vulgar and venal. I choſe to heighten this Pleaſure by Difficulty, by Deſire, and a certain kind of Vanity: And I was of the Emperor *Tiberius's* * Mind, who, in his Amours, was as much ſmitten with Modeſty and an honourable Extraction, as with any other Quality; and of the Taſte of *Flora*, the Courtezan †, who never

* *Tacit. Annal. lib. vi. c. 1.* † After having turn'd over many Books in ſearch of Montaigne's Authority for this Story, I found in *Bayle's Dictionary*

never prostituted herself to less than a Dictator, a Consul, or a Censor; and solac'd herself in the Dignity of her Lovers. Certainly Pearl and Tissue, Titles and Attendants, add something to the Pleasure.

As for the rest, I had a great liking to Wit, provided the Body was not exceptionable. For to confess the Truth, if either of these two Beauties must of Necessity be wanting, I shou'd prefer the Personal before the Rational. The

Personal Beauties preferable in Amours to those of the Mind.

latter is of use in better Things; but in the Subject of Love, a Subject in which the Senses of Seeing and Feeling are chiefly concern'd, something may be done without the Charms of the Mind, but without those of the Body nothing. Beauty is the true Advantage of the Women, and so peculiarly theirs, that what we have, tho' it requires other Features to render it such, is only in its best State when 'tis puerile and beardless, and blended with theirs. 'Tis said that those prefer'd to the Service of the Grand Signior, on the Score of their Beauty, who are of an infinite Number, are dismiss'd at 22 Years of Age at the farthest. Reason, Prudence, and the Offices of Friendship, are more commonly found among the Men; and therefore they govern the Affairs of the World.

The two sorts of Commerce, or Conversation, which we have mention'd, viz. that with Men by a free and familiar Conversation, and that with Women by Love, are accidental, and dependent on another. The one does not occur so often as it were to be wish'd; the other decays with Age; so that they cou'd never have been sufficient for the Necessities of my Life. That with Books, which is the third, is much more sure, and more within our Power. It yields to the former in the other Advantages but has Constancy and Readiness of Service for its sole Share. It accompanies me, and is assisting

Of Reading, or the third sort of Conversation.

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E

to

Dictionary that 'tis *Brantome*, who in his *Lives, Des Femmes Galantes*, tom. i. p. 313, &c. says that the Courtezan *Flora* was of a good Family and Lineage; and that, whereas *Lais* was a common Prostitute to all Mankind, *Flora* only oblig'd the GREAT, inasmuch that she had this Inscription over her Door, 'Ye KINGS, PRINCES, Dictators, Consuls, Censors, Pontiffs, Questors, Ambassadors, and other great Men, enter and welcome; but no others.'

to me wherever I go : It comforts me in old Age and Solitude ; it eases me of the Weight of idle Time, and delivers me at any Hour from disagreeable Company ; and it blunts the Edge of Pain, if it be not extreme, and has not the intire Possession of me. To divert myself from an uneasy Thought, 'tis but to run to my Books ; they presently drive it out of my Mind, by turning its Attention to them : And tho' they see that I only have Recourse to them for want of other more real, natural, and lively Benefits, they do not reflect on me for it, but always receive me with the same Countenance. *He may well go on Foot*, they say, *who leads his Horse in his Hand*. And our *James*, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, who, while handsome, young, and healthy, caus'd himself to be carry'd up and down in a Hand-barrow, upon a sorry Mattrafs, dress'd in a Vest of grey Cloth, and a Cap of the same ; yet attended in great Royal Pomp with Horse-Litters, led Horses of all sorts, Gentlemen and Officers ; put on an Austerity that was effeminate and unsteady. The sick Man is not to be pity'd who has his Cure in his Pocket. In the Experience and Practice of this, which is a very true Sentence, consists all the Benefit which I receive from Books ; and yet in fact I make as little use of 'em, in a manner, as they who know them not. I enjoy them as Misers do their Hoards, by knowing that I have them to use when I please. With this Right of Possession my Mind is satisfy'd, and at rest. I never travel without my Books, be it in Time of War or of Peace ; yet sometimes, for several Days or Months, I don't look into them. I will read by and by, I say to myself, or to-morrow when I am in the Humour. Mean while the Time runs away without any Inconvenience to me ; for 'tis impossible to say how tranquil and easy I am in this Consideration, that I have them by me, to divert myself with them whenever I please ; and in the Thought of what an Assistance they are to me in Life.—This is the best Viaticum I have yet known for this mortal Pilgrimage, and I extremely pity those Men of Understanding who are unprovided with it ; and yet I rather accept of any other Kind of every other Amusement, be it ever so light, because this cannot fail me.

When

When I am at home I the oftner visit my Library, from which I at once survey all the Operations of my Family. 'Tis over the Entrance into my House, from whence I have a View under me of my Court-Yards and Garden, and of most of the Offices of my House. There I turn over one Book, then another, on various Subjects, without Order, and without Design. One while I ruminate, another while I copy and dictate, as I walk to and fro, such Whimsies as these in my Essays. 'Tis in the third Story of a Tower, of which the first is my Chapel, the second a Chamber with its Closets, where I often lye to be retired; above it is a great Wardrobe. This was formerly the most useless Part of my House. I there pass away the most of the Days of my Life, and most of the Hours in the Day, but am never there at Night. At the End of it there is a very neat Closet, with pleasant Window-Lights, and a Fire-place. And was I not more afraid of the Trouble than of the Expence, the Trouble, which drives me from all Application to Business, I cou'd easily join to it on each Side, and on the same Floor, a Gallery of 100 Paces in Length, and 12 in Breadth; there being Walls already rais'd, tho' for another Design, to the Height that is requisite. Every retired Place shou'd have a Walk in it. For if I sit still my Thoughts sleep. My Fancy does not operate so well as when 'tis put in Motion by that of my Legs. They who study without a Book are all in the same Condition. The Form of my Study is round, and has no more Level than what is taken up by my Table and Chair; so that the Curb presents me with a View of all my Books in 5 Rows of Shelves, quite round me. It has 3 noble and free Prospects, and is 16 Paces in the Diameter. I am not so continually there in the Winter, for my House is perch'd upon an Eminence, as its Name imports, and this Part of it is most expos'd to the Wind, which pleases me the better, for not being so easy of Access, and a little remote, as well for the Benefit of Exercise as for being more retir'd. 'Tis there that I am in my Kingdom, as we say; and there I endeavour to render myself sole Monarch, and to sequester this Corner from all Society, conjugal, filial, and civil. Every where else I

have but a verbal Authority, and of a confused Effence. Miserable is that Man, in my Opinion, who has no Place at home where to be by himself, where to entertain himself alone, or to conceal himself from others. Ambition sufficiently plagues its Profelytes by keeping them always in Shew, like a Statue in a Market-place, *Magna servitus est magna Fortuna* *, i. e. A great Fortune is a great Slavery. They have scarce a Retirement for the Necessities of Nature. I have thought nothing so severe, in the Austerity of Life which our Friars affect, as what I see in some of their Fraternities; namely, to have a perpetual Society of Place by Rule, and numerous Assistants among them in every Action whatever; and I think it somewhat more tolerable to be always alone, than never to be so.

The Muses are the Sport, and Pastime of the Mind. If any one shall tell me, that 'tis undervaluing the Muses to make use of them only for Mirth and Pastime, I shall say he does not know the Value of Pleasure, Play, and

Pastime, so well as I do; I live from Hand to Mouth, and, with Reverence be it spoken, I only live for myself; in That all my Designs terminate. I study'd, when young, for the Sake of Ostentation, afterwards for Wisdom, and now for my Recreation, but never for Gain. A vain and prodigal Longing I had for this Sort of Furniture, to supply my own Necessity, and moreover to dress and adorn myself with it; but I have long since wean'd myself of it.

The Inconveniencies attach'd to the Pleasure which Books give.

Books have many charming Qualities to such as know how to chuse them; but there's no Good without its Evil. This is a Pleasure, not more pure and untainted than others; it has its Inconveniencies, and great ones too. The Soul is exercis'd in it, but the Body, the Care of which I ought not to forget, remains in the mean Time without Action, grows heavy and stupid. I know of no Excess more prejudicial to me, or more to be avoided in this my declining Age. Thus have I given you my three favourite, and particular Occupations. I speak not of the Duties I owe to Mankind by civil Obligation.

C H A P.

* *Senec. Consolatio ad Polybium, c. 26.*

C H A P. IV.

Of Diversion.

I Was once employ'd to console a Lady, who was truly afflicted ; for most of their Mournings are affected and ceremonious.

*Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis,
In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo *.*

They always have a Dam for present use,
Ready prepar'd whene're they draw the Sluice,
On least Pretence of Joys, or Griefs, or Fears,
To sally out in false dissembling Tears.

'Tis going the wrong way to work to oppose this Passion, for Opposition does but irritate it, and make them more sorrowful. The Evil is exasperated by the Warmth of Argument. We see in common Discourse, that what slips unguardedly from a Man, if another goes to controvert it, the former takes it in Dudgeon, and justifies what he had said ; especially if it be a Matter wherein he is interested. And besides, in so doing, you enter upon your Work in a rough Manner ; whereas the first Visits of a Physician, to his Patient, ought to be gentle, gay, and pleasant. Never did any ill-look'd, sullen Physician do any Thing to Purpose. On the contrary therefore a Man must, in order to make his Way, soothe the Patients Complaints, and express some Approbation and Excuse for them. By this Discretion you gain Credit to proceed farther ; and, by an easy and insensible Gradation, you fall into a Reasoning that is more solid and proper for their Cure. I, whose chief Aim it was to deceive those By-standers who had their Eyes fix'd upon me, thought fit to palliate the Disease ; tho' indeed I find, by Experience, that

*The Usefulness
of administering
Diversion by
way of Com-
fort.*

I have an awkward and unlucky Hand at Persuasion. My Arguments are either too poignant, too dry, or too blunt, and lifeless. After I had for a while apply'd myself to her Grievance, I did not attempt to cure it by strong and lively Arguments, either because I had them not to use, or because I thought to gain my Point better another Way; neither did I set about the Choice of the various Methods of Consolation prescrib'd by Philosophy; as that what we complain of is no Evil, according to *Cleanthes* *; that 'tis a slight Evil, as the *Peripatetics* say; that to complain thus is neither just nor laudable, according to *Chrysippus*; nor the Method prescrib'd by *Epicurus*, more suitable to my Taste viz. shifting the Thought from Things that are afflicting to those that are pleasant; nor like *Cicero*, to make a Collection of all these together, in order to dispense them occasionally: But, by softly weakening the Force of my Arguments, and turning them by Degrees sometimes to Subjects nearer to the present Case, and at other Times to those that were a little more remote; according as she attended the more to me, I insensibly depriv'd her of her Sorrow, and kept her calm and quite compos'd as long as I was with her. I diverted the Complaint; but they who succeeded me in the same Service found no Amendment in her, for I had not gone to the Root.

The Method of diverting the Enemy, employ'd successfully in War and in Negotiations.

Peradventure I may have glanc'd elsewhere on some Kind of public Diversions: And the Practice of military Diversions, which *Pericles* made use of in the *Peloponnesian* War, and of a thousand more such in other Places, for drawing off the Enemy's Forces from a Country, is too frequent in History. 'Twas an ingenious Stratagem by which the *Sieur de Himbercourt* † sav'd both himself and others, in the City of *Liege*, when the Duke of *Burgundy*, who besieg'd it, made him enter into it to execute the Articles that were agreed to for the Surrender of it. The Towns-people, who assembled in the Night for that Purpose, began to mutiny against the Agreement, and many of them resolv'd to fall foul upon the Negotiators of it,

* *Cicer. Tusc. Quest. lib. iii. c. 31.* † You will find this Story at full Length in the *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, lib. ii. c. 3.

it, whom they had in their Power. He feeling the Gust of this first Storm of the People, who were about rushing in- to his Quarters to kill him suddenly, sent out two of the In- habitants of the City to them (for he had some of them then present with him) to make an Offer to the Town-Council of fresh, and more favourable Terms, which he had fram'd on the Spot for the present Occasion. These two Men diverted the first Storm, by the Repair of the enrag'd Rabble to the Town-House, to hear and consider of the Subject of their Commission. The Deliberation was short, and so a second Storm arose with as much Fury as the other; whereupon he dispatch'd four fresh Mediators, of the same Quality, to them, protesting that they had now better Conditions to offer to them, and such as wou'd give them intire Content and Satisfaction; by which Means the People were again repress'd. In short, by thus diverting their Fury with such a Contrivance of Amusements, as made them spend it in vain Consultations, by which it was at last laid asleep; he spun out the Affair to another Day, which was the principal Thing he wanted.

This other Story is also of the same Stamp. *How Atalanta* *was diverted,* *and thereby de-*
feated in a Race.
Atalanta, a Virgin of excelling Beauty, and admirable Texture of Body, in order to disen- gage herself from a thousand, or more Suit- ors, who courted her in Marriage, she propos'd this Con- dition to them, that she wou'd accept of him for a Hus- band that shou'd equal her in running, provided * that they who came short of her shou'd be put to Death. There were enough who thought the Prize very well worth such a Risque, and who suffer'd the Penalty of this cruel Bar- gain. *Hippomanes*, being to make Trial after the others, invok'd the tutelar Goddess of his amorous Passion, and implor'd her Assistance, who, hearing his Petition, fur- nish'd him with three golden Apples, and an Instruction how to use them. The Field on which they ran being quite open, as soon as *Hippomanes* perceiv'd his Mistress

E 4

close

* *Præmia veloci conjux thalamique dabuntur ;
 Mors pretium tardis : ea lex certaminis esto.*

Ovid Met. lib. x. fab. 11. v. 12, 13.

close at his Heels, he, as if by Inadvertency, let fall one of the Apples, the Beauty of which was so tempting to the Virgin, that she fail'd not to turn out of the Way to take it up.

*Obstupuit virgo, nitidique cupidine pomi
Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit *.*

The nimble Virgin, dazzled to behold
The shining Apple rolling on the Mold,
Stopp'd her Career to seize the tempting Gold.

He did the same, when he saw himself hard press'd, by the 2d and 3d Apples, till, by thus diverting her, and making her go often out of her Way, he won the Race.

The Diversion of the Mind to other Objects a useful Method for the Cure of its Disorders. When Physicians cannot purge off a Catarrh, they divert and turn it to some other less dangerous Part. And I find also that this is the most ordinary Practice for Diseases of the Mind. The Mind, says *Cicero*, is sometimes to be drawn off to other Thoughts, Pursuits, Cares, and Occupations, and must often be cured, like sick Persons, by the change of Place †. It gives a little Jostle to a Man's Disorders; it neither makes him sustain, nor diminish their Attack, and only makes him decline and turn out of the Way from it.

It belongs only to a Socrates to be familiar with Death. This other Lesson is too sublime and too difficult. 'Tis for Men of the first Class to pause upon, consider, and judge of it. It belongs only to a *Socrates*, not to change Countenance when he looks at Death, but to grow familiar, and to sport with it. He seeks for no Comfort but what he expects from that. To die appears to him a natural and indifferent Accident. 'Tis thereon that he fixes his Sight and Resolution, without looking elsewhere.

What induc'd the Disciples of Hegesias to deprive themselves of Life. The Disciples of *Hegesias*, who actually starv'd themselves to Death, and were animated to it by the fine Language of his Instructions, which was so powerful that King *Ptolomey* forbid him to entertain his Followers any

* *Ovid Metam. Id. ibid. v. 107, &c.* † *Cic. Tusc. Quest. lib. iv. c. 35.*

any more with ſuch homicide Doctrines *; thoſe Diſciples, I ſay, do not conſider Death in itſelf, nor do they judge of it. 'Tis not on that they fix their Thoughts; they run towards, and aim at a new Being.

Thoſe poor Wretches that we ſee brought upon a Scaffold, full of ardent Devotion; and therein employing all their Senſes as far as poſſible, their Ears to the Inſtructions given them, their Eyes and Hands lifted up to Heaven, and their Voices employ'd in loud Prayers, with a vehement and continual Emotion, do Things doubtleſs which are laudable and proper for ſuch a Neceſſity. We ought to commend them for their Devotion, but not properly for their Conſtancy. They ſhun the Encounter, they turn Death out of their Thoughts, and amuſe themſelves with ſome Trifle or other, as Children are amuſ'd when a Surgeon goes to prick them with the Lancet. I have ſeen ſome who, when they have happen'd to look down upon thoſe dreadful Inſtruments of Death that are near them, have fainted, and furiouſly turn'd their Thoughts another Way. Thoſe who are to be caſt from a frightful Precipice, are advis'd either to ſhut their Eyes, or turn them to another Side.

Whether 'tis owing to a Firmneſs of Soul that thoſe who are going to die on a Scaffold give way to violent Fits of Devotion.

Subrius Flavius, the General, being, by *Nero's* Command, to be put to Death, and by the Hands of *Niger*, another General, when they led him to the Place of Execution, *Flavius* perceiving the Hollow that *Niger* had cauſ'd to be made for his Neck, to be too badly contriv'd, ſaid, to the Souldiers, who were preſent, *Neither is this according to military Diſcipline.* And when *Niger* exhorted him to keep his Head ſteddy, *Do you but ſtrike*, ſaid he, *as ſteddily* †. And he was right in his Gueſs, for *Niger's* Arm trembled, ſo that he made ſeveral Strokes at his Neck before he cut off his Head. This Man indeed ſeems to have had his Thoughts ſteddily fix'd on the Subject.

The Conſtancy of Subrius Flavius, juſt as he was going to be executed.

He

* Valer. Max. lib. viii. c. 9. Cic. Tuſc. Queſt. lib. i. c. 34 † Tacit. Annal. lib. xv. c. 67.

*Whether Men
think much of
Death in a Bat-
tle or a Duel.*

He that dies in a Battle, Sword in Hand neither thinks, apprehends, nor considers of Death, being diverted from the Idea of it by the Heat of the Battle. An honest Man of my Acquaintance falling down by a Thrust in a Combat, and receiving 9 or 10 Stabs from his Adversary as he lay stretch'd on the Ground, every one present call'd out to him to examine his Conscience; but he told me afterwards that tho' he heard what they said, it nothing mov'd him, and that he thought of nothing but how to disengage himself, and be reveng'd. He kill'd his Man in that same Rencounter. He who brought *L. Syllanus* *, the Sentence of his Death did him very great Service, forasmuch as that having heard his Answer †, *That he was well prepar'd to die, but not by the Hand of an Executioner*, he rush'd upon him with his Soldiers, when he, being quite unarm'd, defended himself obstinately with his Fists and Feet, till he receiv'd so many Wounds that he was kill'd, after having, by this sudden Frenzy, dissipated the painful Apprehension of the lingering Death for which he was design'd.

*The different
Considerations
which hinder us
from thinking
directly of
Death.*

We always think of something else; either the Expectation of a better Life lays hold of us, and supports us, or the Hopes of the Valour of our Children, or of the Honour that will be hereafter done to our Names, or the Flight from the Evils of this World, or the Vengeance that threatens those who are the Authors of our Death. Poor *Dido* says,

*Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
Supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido
Sæpe vocaturum.*

* * * * *
Audiam: et hæc manes veniet mihi fama sub imos ||.

Sure if the Gods have any Pow'r at all,
Split on the Rocks, thou wilt on *Dido* call;
But call in vain: Thy Shipwreck I shall know
By Fame convey'd me to the Shades below.

Xenophon

* *Tacitus* calls him *Lucius Silanus*, *Annal. lib. 16. c. 7.* † *Tacit. Annal. lib. xvi. c. 9.* || *Virgil Æneid. lib. iv. v. 382, &c.*

Xenophon was sacrificing, with a Crown upon his Head, when News was brought to him of the Death of his Son *Gryllus*, slain at the Battle of *Mantineæ* *. At the first Intelligence of it he took off his Crown, and threw it on the Ground; but hearing, in the Sequel of the Narrative, how valiantly he fell, he took it up, and replac'd it on his Head. *Epicurus* himself, at his Death, comforts himself by the Consideration of the Utility and Eternity of his Writings. *Omnes clari et nobilitati labores, sunt tolerabiles*, † i. e. All Works that are illustrious and renowned are to be born with. And the same Wound, the same Fatigue are not equally intolerable, as *Xenophon* says, to a General of an Army and a common Soldier. *Epaminondas* died with much more Chearfulness when he was inform'd that Victory had declar'd for him. *Hæc sunt solatia, hæc fomenta summorum dolorum* ||. These are the Lenitives, these the Fomentations of the greatest Sorrows. And other Circumstances of the like Kind amuse and entertain us, and turn off our Consideration of the Thing in itself. Even the Arguments of Philosophy are always edging and glancing on the Subject, without scarce touching the exterior Part. The greatest Man of the chief School of Philosophy, which superintended the others, I mean the great *Zeno*, forms these Syllogisms with respect to Death and Drunkenness. *Nullum malum gloriosum est; mors autem gloriosa est; mors ergo non est malum* §, i. e. No Evil is honourable; but Death is honourable; therefore Death is not an Evil. Nobody trusts a drunken Man with a Secret, but any one will trust a wise Man; therefore no wise Man is a Drunkard. Is this hitting the Mark? I am pleas'd to see that these first-rate *Geniuses* cannot divest themselves of their Fellowship with us. With all their pretended Perfections they are still but stupid Mortals.

Revenge is a sweet Passion, and strongly imprinted in Nature. I see it plainly, tho' I have no Experience of it. To divert a young Prince from it lately, I did not offer to say,

The Way to dissipate a violent Longing for Revenge.

that

* *Valer. Max. lib. v. § 10.* † *Cic. Tusc. Quest. lib. ii. c. 25* || *Cic. Tusc. Quest. lib. ii. c. 24.* § *Senec. Epist. 82, 83.*

that, to the Man who had smote him on one Cheek, he shou'd turn the other also, in Obedience to Charity; nor did I endeavour to set before him the tragical Events which Poetry ascribes to this Passion. I did not meddle with his Passion, but try'd, for a Fancy, to give him a Relish of the Beauty of a contrary Quality; and, by representing the Honour, Favour, and good Will, which he wou'd acquire by good Nature, I gave his Mind a Turn to Ambition. Thus I carry'd my Point.

The Usefulness of making such a Diversion in the Passion of Love. If your Affection in the Article of Love be too strong, disperse it, say they; and they are perfectly right, for I myself have often try'd it with Advantage. Break it into Desires of various Kinds, of which, if you please, there may be one Regent and Paramount; but, for fear lest it shou'd tyrannize and domineer over you, weaken, and give it some Pause, by dividing and diverting it.

*Cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena *.*

Conjicio humorem collectum in corpora quæque †.

When one Amour engrosses all thy Mind
Discharge thy Loins on all the leaky Kind:
For that's a wiser Way than to restrain
Within thy swelling Nerves, that Hoard of Pain.

And look to't in Time, lest it prove too troublesome to deal with when it has once got Possession of you.

*Si non prima novis conturbes vulnera plagis,
Volgivaque vagus Venere ante recentia cures.*

Unless you fancy ev'ry one you view,
Ramble in Love, and cure old Wounds by new.

'Tis possible to be disengag'd from one Passion by the Means of another.

I was once disturb'd by a strong Passion, according to my natural Temper, tho' not so vehement as just; and peradventure had been undone by it if I had merely trusted to my own Strength.

Strength. Having need of a powerful Diversion to draw me out of it, I grew amorous by Art and by Study, wherein I was assisted by my Youth. Love reliev'd me and rescued me from the Evil, which was brought upon me by Friendship. 'Tis the same in every other Case. If a violent Imagination possesses me, I think it the shorter Way to change than to conquer it. I depute one at least different from it, if not contrary to it. Variation does always relieve, dissolve, and dissipate. If I cannot encounter with it, I escape from it, and, in avoiding it, I slip out of the Way, and use Craft. By shifting of Places, Business, and Company, I hide myself in the Crowd of other Amusements and Sentiments, where it loses the Trace of me, and wanders out of my Way.

In this manner Nature proceeds, by the Aid of Inconstancy; for the Time she has given us for the sovereign Cure of our Passions, gains its Effects chiefly by reason that supplying our Imagination with a superfoetation of Objects, it loosens and dissolves the first Apprehension how strong soever. A wise Man visits his dying Friend almost as much at the End of 25 Years as in the first Year; and, according to *Epicurus*, altogether as much, for he did not think the Foresight of Troubles, or their Antiquity, an Alleviation of them. But so many other Thoughts run across this that it languishes, and is at length weary'd out.

Alcibiades *, in order to take off the Fondness of the People for common Reports, cut off the Ears and Tail of his beautiful Dog, and turn'd him out of Doors, on Purpose to give them a Subject for Discourse, instead of prating of his other Actions. For this same Purpose of misleading the Opinions, Conjectures, and Conversation of the People, I have also seen some Women conceal their real Affections by such as were counterfeit. Nay, I have seen one who has counterfeited so long that she has in good earnest dropp'd the real and original Love, and been captivated by the feign'd one :

* *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Alcibiades*, says, this Dog cost him 700 Crowns, and that his Tail was his greatest Beauty.

one: And by her I found that they who know their Affections well plac'd, are Fools to consent to such a Disguise. The public Reception, and Entertainments being reserv'd for such pretended humble Servants, a Man may conclude him to be no Conjuror if he does not in the End put himself into your Place, and send you to his. This is properly to cut out, and make a Shoe for another to wear.

A small Matter A little Thing disengages and puts us aside;
either engages, for a small Matter engages us. We do not
or disengages consider Subjects, in the Gross, and Single in
the Mind. themselves: We are smitten with minute and superficial Circumstances, or Images, and with the insignificant Parings of Subjects.

Folliculos ut nunc teretes æstate cicadæ
*Linquunt *.*

Such as the hollow Husks or Bags we find
 That Butterflies in Summer leave behind.

Plutarch himself † laments his Daughter for the Monkey-tricks she play'd in her Infancy. The Remembrance of a Farewel, a particular Action or Favour, or of a final Recommendation, afflicts us. The Sight of *Cæsar's* Robe troubled all *Rome*, which was more than his Death had done. The very sound of Names ringing in our Ears, as, *My poor Master; my very good Friend; alas! my dear Father; or my sweet Daughter*, affect us. When those Repetitions torment me, and I examine them closely, I find 'tis no other than a grammatical Complaint. The Word and Tone affect me, as the Exclamations of Preachers often work more upon their Auditories than their Arguments, and as we are mov'd at the pitiful Cries of a Beast that is kill'd for our Service, without my weighing or penetrating, in the mean while, into the true and solid Essence of my Subject.

—— *his se stimulis dolor ipse laceffit* ||.

With these Incitements Grief doth itself provoke.

These are the Grounds of our Mourning.

The

* *Lucret. lib. v. v. 801, &c.* † In a Treatise, intitul'd, *A Word of Comfort to his Wife, on the Death of her Daughter*, c. 1. || *Lucan. lib. ii. v. 42.*

The obstinate Continuance of the Stone, especially those in my Bladder, has sometimes been attended with so long a Suppression of Urine, even for 3 or 4 Days together, and brought me so near Death that it wou'd have been a Folly to have hop'd to escape it, or even so much as to have desir'd to escape it, considering what I suffer from its cruel Attacks. What a Monster of Cruelty was that Emperor, who, among other Tortures, which he invented for his Criminals *, suffer'd them to drink as much Wine as they cou'd swallow, and then caus'd their Privy Members to be ty'd up so hard that their Urine might stop and kill them. Finding myself in that State, I consider'd by what trifling Causes and Objects Imagination fed my Desire of Life, of what Atoms the Weight and Difficulty of parting with it was compos'd in my Soul, and to how many frivolous Thoughts we give Way in so great an Affair. A Dog, a Horse, a Book, a Glass, and what not, were reckon'd in my Loss: And others with no less Folly, in my Opinion, reckon'd up in theirs their ambitious Hopes, their Money and their Science. I look upon Death with Indifference when I consider it, as the End of Life, universally. I insult over it in the Gross, but, when it comes to Particulars, it harrows my Soul. The Tears of a Footman, the Disposal of my old Cloaths, the Touch of a friendly Hand, a common Consolation, discourage me, and sink my Spirits. Thus are our Souls troubled by the Complaints in Romance: And the Regrets of *Dido* and *Ariadne* in *Virgil* and *Catullus*, raise a Compassion even in those who don't believe them. 'Tis a Proof of an obstinate hard Heart, never to perceive it mov'd; as they tell a wonderful Story of *Polemon*, who is said to have not so much as turn'd pale at the Bite of a mad Dog, tho' it tore away the Calf of his Leg †. Nor is it within the Extent of human Wisdom, to have so lively and intire a Conception of the Cause of Sorrow, by Judgment, as not to be increased by its Presence, when the Eyes and Ears are Witnesses of it,

By what trifling Objects the Desire of Life is kept up.

The Privities of Criminals tied up so stop their Urine.

* *Suetonius* in the Life of *Tiberius*, c. 62. † In his Life by *Diogenes Laertius*, lib. iv. § 17.

it, the Parts which are only to be agitated by trifling Accidents.

*The Orator and
the Comedian
touch'd to the
Quick by acting
their Parts,
tho' in Fiction.*

Is it Reason that even the Arts themselves shou'd make an Advantage of our natural Stupidity and Weakness? An Orator, says Rhetoric, during the Farce of his Pleading, shall be mov'd by the Sound of his own Voice, and his feign'd Agitations, and suffer himself to be captivated by the Passion which he represents. He will imprint on himself a true and real Grief, by Means of the Part he plays, for the Sake of transferring it to the Audience, who are yet less affected than himself; like those Persons who are hir'd at Funerals, to assist in the Ceremony of Mourning, who sell their Tears, and their Sadness by Weight and Measure. For, tho' they act in a borrow'd Shape, yet, by adjusting and habituating their Countenance to the Occasion, 'tis certain that they are often intirely swallow'd up by it, and immerg'd in real Melancholy. I was one, among many other of his Friends, who attended the Corpse of *M. de Grammont* to *Soissons*, from the Siege of *la Fere*, where he was kill'd. I observ'd that in all the Places, thro' which we pass'd, we set the People a weeping and lamenting by only the solemn Parade of our Convoy, for the Name of the Deceased was not so much as known by them. *Quintilian* * says he had seen Comedians so deeply engag'd in a mourning Scene that they cou'd not help weeping when they went off of the Stage; and that, having himself undertaken to stir up a Passion in another Person, he espous'd it himself to such a Degree that he not only shed Tears, but wax'd pale, and behav'd like a Man truly overwhelm'd with Grief †.

*A pleasant Me-
thod of divert-
ing one's Grief.*

In a Country, near our Mountains, the Women act both the Priest and the Clerk; for as they magnify the Loss of the deceased Husband by the Remembrance of what good and agreeable Qualities he had, they, at the very same Time, make a Collection and Proclamation of his Imperfections, as if they wou'd make themselves some Amends, and so divert their Compassion to Contempt; and yet, with a much bet-
ter

* *Instit. Orat. lib. vi. c. 2. at the End.* † *Ibid.*

ter Grace than we do, who, at the Loss of a prime Acquaintance, strive to give him new and false Praise, and to make him quite another Man, when we have lost Sight of him than he appear'd to be when we saw him, as if Regret was a Matter of Instruction, or that Tears, by washing our Understanding, clear'd it. For my Part, I henceforth quit Claim to all favourable Characters the World shall be dispos'd to give of me; not because I shall be worthy of them, but because I shall be dead.

If any one asks another, What Concern have you in this Siege? 'The Interest of Example, he'll say, and of the common Obedience due to my Prince; I aim at no Profit from it whatsoever; and for Honour, I know what a small Share of it can redound to such a private Man as I am: I have in this neither Passion nor Quarrel.' See him however but the next Day, and you'll find him quite another Man, chafing, and red hot with Rage, in his Line of the Battle, for the Assault. 'Tis the glittering of so much Steel, the Fire and Noise of our Cannon and Drums that has infus'd this fresh Rancor and Hatred into his Veins. A frivolous Cause you will say: How is it a Cause? There needs none to put the Mind in Agitation. A mere Whimsy, without Body and without Subject, governs and puts it in Motion. Let me think of building Castles in *Spain*, my Imagination suggests to me Conveniencies and Pleasures, with which my Soul is really pleas'd and delighted. How often do we torment our Minds with Anger or Sorrow by such Shadows, and plunge ourselves in fantastic Passions, which alter us both Body and Soul? What astonish'd, fleeing, and confus'd Grimaces, do such idle Notions excite in our Countenances? What Sallies and Agitations do they create, both of the Members and the Voice? Does it not seem that this individual Man has false Notions from a Crowd of others, with whom he has Dealings, or some Devil within him that persecutes him? Inquire of yourself where is the Object of this Change? Is there any Thing in Nature, Man excepted, which Nothing sustains, over which Nothing

*Vain Objects
of mere Imagination, without Reality,
strike and determine the human Mind.*

has any Power? * *Cambyfes*, for only having dreamt in his Sleep that his Brother was to be one Day King of *Persia*, put him to Death, tho' he was a Brother that he lov'd, and always confided in †. *Aristodemus*, King of the *Messenians*, kill'd himself, out of a Fancy that a certain Howling of his Dogs was an ill Omen ‖. And King *Midas* did the same, because he had dreamt some disagreeable Dream ¶. 'Tis taking Life at its just Value to abandon it for a Dream. Hear nevertheless how the Soul triumphs over the Wretchedness and Weakness of the Body, and its being liable to all Injuries and Alterations : And truly it has reason to speak thus of it.

O prima infelix fingenti terra Prometheo !

Ille parùm cauti pectoris egit opus.

Corpora disponens, mentem non vidit in arte

Recta animi primum debuit esse via §.

Oh ! 'twas for a Man a most unhappy Day
When rash *Prometheus* form'd him out of Clay !
In his Attempt, the heedless Architect,
Did indiscreetly the main Thing neglect.
In framing Bodies, he had not the Art,
To form the Mind, the first and noblest Part.

CHAP. V.

On some Verses of Virgil.

USEFUL Meditation is the more embarrassing and burdensome by being copious and solid. Vice, Death, Poverty, and

*Gay Reflections
necessary in all
Ages.*

Dis-

* The *English* Translator, (Mr. Cotton) for want of having seen *Voltaire's* Edition of *Montaigne* in 4to, Anno 1588, has mistaken the Sense of this Passage, by Wording it thus, *Is there any Thing but us in Nature but subsisting Nullity, over which it has Power?* A Phrase unintelligible and only quoted lest many of his Readers shou'd be led into the same Mistake. † *Herodot.* lib. iii. p. 196. ‖ *Plutarch's Treatise of Superstition*, c. 9. ¶ *Id* *ibid.* § *Proper* lib. iii. El. 5. v. 7.

Distempers, are Subjects that are both grave and grievous. 'Tis necessary for the Mind to be well furnish'd with the Means of sustaining and combating with Evils, and instructed in the Rules of a good Life, and a right Belief; and it shou'd be often rouz'd and exercis'd in this noble Study. But, in an ordinary Soul, this must be by Relaxing sometimes, and with Moderation; for, if continually bent to it, 'twill grow stupid. In my Youth I found it necessary to put myself in Mind, and to solicit myself to keep to my Duty. Gaiety and Health, they say, do not agree quite so well with these serious and wise Discourses. I am at this present in another State. The Terms of old Age only give me too much Warning, preach to me, and make me grow wiser. From an excessive Sprightliness, I am sunk into excessive Gravity, which is worse. For that Reason I now suffer my Fancy to run wild for the Purpose, and sometimes employ my Mind in wanton and juvenile Thoughts, with which it diverts itself. I am of late but too reserv'd, too grave, and too sedate. Every Day, at these Years, admonishes me to be cool and temperate. This Body of mine avoids Irregularity, and dreads it. 'Tis now its Turn to guide my Mind towards a Reformation. This too governs in its Turn, and more roughly and imperiously than the other. It does not let me rest an Hour, either sleeping or waking, from some Instruction concerning Death, Patience, and Repentance. I now deny myself Temperance, as I did formerly Pleasure; for it draws me too far back, and even to a Degree of Stupidity. Now I wou'd fain be my own Master in every Respect. Even Wisdom has its Excess, and has as much need of Moderation as Folly; therefore lest I shou'd wither, dry up, and over-burden myself with Prudence, in the Intervals, which my Infirmities allow me,

*Mens intenta suis ne fiet usque matis *.*

Lest that my Mind shou'd evermore be bent,
And fix'd on Subjects full of Discontent.

I gently decline it, and turn away my Eyes from the stormy and cloudy Sky that I have before me; which, Thanks be to God, I consider without Fear, but not without Meditation and Debate; and amuse myself with the Remembrance of the Days of my Youth.

—— *animus quod perdidit, optat,
Atque in præteritâ se totus imagine versat* *.

The Mind longs to regain what it has lost,
And by Things past is totally ingross'd.

Was it not the Meaning of *Janus's* double Face, to signify that Childhood shou'd look forward, and old Age backward? Let Years drag me on as they may, but it shall be backward. As long as my Eyes are able to review that beautiful Season, which is expir'd, I now and then turn them that Way. Tho' 'tis gone out of my Blood-vessels, yet I am not willing to root the Image of it out of my Memory.

———— *boc est,
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui* †.

He liveth twice, who can the Gift retain
Of Mem'ry, to enjoy past Life again.

Old Men shou'd be present at the Pastimes and Exercises of the Youth. *Plato* prescribes to old Men to be present at the Exercises, Dancings, and Sports of Youth, that they may be pleas'd to see in others that Activity and Beauty of the Body, which in themselves is no more; and that they may recal to mind the Gracefulness and Bloom of that flourishing Stage of Life: And he requires that, in those Recreations, they ascribe the Honour of the Victory to the young Man who has given the best, and the most Diversion and Joy to the Company. I us'd formerly to mark dull gloomy Days as extraordinary; those are now my ordinary ones, and the extraordinary are the serene, bright Days. I am ready

* *Petronius*, p. 90. of the *Paris* Edition, 1587. † *Martial* lib. x. Epig. 23, v. 7.

to leap out of my Skin for Joy, as much as if I had receiv'd a new Favour when I had not a Right to one. With whatever vain Fancies I please myself, I cannot sometimes force one poor Smile from this wretched Body of mine. I am only merry in Conceit, and, as in a Dream, to divert by Stratagem the Chagrin of old Age: But surely it wou'd require another Remedy than a Dream. A weak Struggle of Art against Nature. 'Tis a great Folly to lengthen and anticipate human Inconveniencies, as every body does. I had rather be old, tho' it be for a less Time, than to be old before I am really so *. I seize on even the least Occasions of Pleasure that come in my Way. I know well, by Hear-say, several Sorts of Pleasures, which are prudent, manly, and honourable; but Opinion has not power enough over me to give me an Appetite for them. I covet not so much to have them gallant, magnificent and pompous, as I do to have them delightful, easy to come at, and ready at Hand. *A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono autori* †, i. e. We abandon Nature to follow the popular Taste, from which no Good comes. My Philosophy is, in Action, in natural and present Practice, very little in Fancy. What a Pleasure shou'd I take in playing at Cob-nut, or whipping a Top!

Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem ||.

—— He was too wise
Idle Reports before his Health to prize.

Pleasure is a Quality of very little Ambition. It thinks itself rich enough, without any Mixture of Reputation with it, and is best pleas'd in Obscurity. That young Man who shou'd pretend to a Palate for Wine and Sauces, ought to be whipp'd. There was nothing which I less knew

F 3

* Cicero's Treatise of old Age, c. 10. † Senec. Epist. 99. || This is a very pleasant Application of a grave Verse, quoted out of Ennius by Cicero de Offic. lib. 1. c. 24. where that Poet, speaking of Fabius Maximus, says, that while he was acting for the public Good, he was indifferent to every Thing that was said at Rome to run down his Conduct.

and valued, but now I learn it. I am very much ashamed of it, but what shou'd I do? I am more ashamed and vex'd at the Occasions that prompt me to it. 'Tis for us to doat and tell old Wives Stories, but young Men must mind their Reputation, and make a genteel Figure. Youth is advancing into the World, and into Credit. We are going out of it. *Sibi arma, sibi equos, sibi bastas, sibi pilam, sibi natationes, et cursus habeant; nobis senibus, ex lusionibus multis, talos relinquunt et tesseras* *, i. e. Let them reserve to themselves Arms, Horses, Spears; Clubs, Tennis, Swimming, and Racing; and, of the many Sports, leave Dice and Draughts, and the Chessboard, to us old Men. The Laws themselves send us to our Houses. I can do no less in favour of this wretched State into which I am push'd by my Age, than to furnish it with Play-things and Amusements, as they do Children, into whose Class we are also relaps'd. Both Wisdom and Folly will have enough to do to support and relieve me, by alternate Offices, in this Calamity of Age.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem †.

Short Folly mix with graver Cares.

I also avoid the slightest Attacks, for what wou'd not have scratch'd me formerly, do now pierce me through and through. My Constitution begins naturally to be so crazy; *In fragili corpore odiosa omnis offensio est*, i. e. To a weak Constitution every Injury is hateful.

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil ‖.

And a sick Mind nothing that's harsh can bear.

I was always of so delicate a Constitution that the least Injury wou'd hurt me; and I am now become more tender, and more expos'd on all Sides.

Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent §.

A crack'd Pitcher is soon broke.

My

* Cic. de Senectute, c. 16. † Hor. lib. iv. Ode 12. v. 27. ‖ Ovid de Ponto, lib. i. Eleg. 5. v. 18. § Ovid Trist. l 3. El. 11. v. 22.

My Judgment restrains me from repining and grumbling at the Inconveniencies I suffer by the Law of Nature; but it does not take away my Feeling. Having no other View but a merry Life, I wou'd run from one End of the World to the other, in quest of one Year of pleasant and jocund Tranquility. I have enough of that Sort which is gloomy and stupid, but it makes me sleepy and brainsick. I am not satisfy'd with it. If there be any Person, any good Company in Country or City, in *France* or elsewhere, resident or travelling, who can like my Humour, and whose Humours I can like, let them but give a Whistle, and I will go and furnish them with Essays fat and lean.

Since 'tis the Prerogative of the Mind to rescue itself from old Age, I advise mine by all means to do it. Mean time let it wax green and flourish like Mistletoe upon a dead Tree. I fear however 'tis a Traitor, because it has contracted so close a Fraternity with the Body that it leaves me at every Turn to follow the Call of that. I flatter it, and deal with it apart, but in vain. I try, to no Purpose, to break the Connection, by laying *Seneca* and *Catullus* before it, and the Representation of Court Ladies and Royal Masks. If its Companion has the Cholic, the Mind seems also to be afflicted with it. Even the Faculties that are peculiarly and properly its own, cannot then lift themselves up, but plainly find themselves cramp'd. There is no Sprightliness in its Productions, if there be none at the same Time in the Body.

Our Teachers are in the Wrong who, while they are in quest of the Causes of the extraordinary Transports of the Mind, attribute it to a divine Extasy, to Love, to a martial Fierceness, Poetry and Wine, have deny'd the Share of it due to Health. A boiling, vigorous, full, and idle State of Health, such as formerly the verdure of Youth and Indolence furnish'd me withal by Fits; that Fire of Gaiety raises lively clear Flashes in the Mind, beyond our natural Light, and are accompanied with the most fantastical, if not the most desperate Enthusiasm. Now 'tis no wonder if a contrary State of the

The Mind, too closely attach'd to the Body.

The Health and Vigour of the Body is the Cause of the extraordinary Sallies of the Mind.

Body sink and clog my Spirits, and produce a contrary Effect.

Ad nullum confurgit opus cum corpore languet * :

The Man whose Body languishing doth ly
Cannot to any Work himself apply.

And yet wou'd have me oblig'd to it, as it pretends, for my opposing this Agreement much more than is common with Mankind to do ; at least, while we have a Truce, let us banish Difficulties and Mischiefs from our Commerce.

† *Dum licet, obduētā solvatur fronte senectus* ॥.

Let even the Wrinkles of old Age be smooth'd.

Montaigne's
Character of
Wisdom.

§ *Tetrica sunt amēnanda jocularibus*, i. e. Sour Chagrin must be sweeten'd with Jocularity. I like Wisdom that is gay and courteous, and fly from all Crabbedness and Austerity, having a Suspicion of every grim Countenance. *Tristemque vultus tetrici arrogantiam*.

Et habet tristis quoque turba cynēdos ¶.

Under a dismal Countenance oft lurks a vicious Heart.

I am sincerely of *Plato's* Opinion, who says that good or ill Tempers are a great Indication of the Goodness or Badness of the Heart. *Socrates* had one settled Countenance, but it was serene and smiling ; not a settled Gloominess, like that of old *Crassus*, who was never seen to laugh. Virtue is a Quality pleasant and gay.

Montaigne's
Opinion of those
who shall condemn the Freedom of his Writings.

I know very well that few will quarrel with the Freedom of my Writings, who have not more reason to quarrel with the Freedom of their own Thoughts. 'Tis very humourous to play the severe Critic on the Writings of *Plato*, and to pass slightly over his pretended Con-

Con-

* *Corn. Gall. Eleg. 2. v. 125.* † In the Original 'tis *Et decet*. ॥ *Hor. Epod. lib. Ode 13. v. 7.* § *Sidonius Apollinaris, lib. i. Ep. 9.* *Heronio, towards the End.* ¶ *Mart. lib. vii. v. 9.*

Connections with *Pbædo*, *Dion*, *Stella*, and *Archeanassa*. *Non pudeat dicere, quod non pudet sentire*, i. e. Let no Man be ashamed to speak what he is not ashamed to think. I hate a froward pensive Temper, which skims over the Pleasures of Life, and seizes and feeds upon its Misfortunes, like the Flies that cannot stick to a Body that's well polish'd and sleek, but fasten and settle upon such as are rough and knotty; and like to the Cupping-glasses that only suck and draw the bad Blood.

As for the rest, I have made it a Rule to myself to dare to say all that I dare to do, and I am even displeas'd at Thoughts that will not bear the Light. The worst of my Actions and Qualities do not appear to me so foul as I find it foul and base not to dare to own them. Every one is discreet in the Confession, and Men ought to be so in the Action. The Boldness of doing Ill is in some measure recompenc'd and restrain'd by the Boldness of confessing it. Whoever will oblige himself to tell the Whole, shou'd oblige himself to do nothing that he must be forc'd to conceal. God grant that this excessive Liberty I take may draw Men to a Freedom superior to those sneaking squeamish Virtues that are sprung from our Imperfections; and that they may be brought to the Standard of Reason at the Expence of my Intemperance. A Man must see and study his Vice in order to reveal it: They who conceal it from others commonly conceal it from themselves, and do not think they commit Sin secretly enough, if they themselves see it. They withdraw and disguise it from their own Consciences. *Quare vitia sua nemo confitetur? Quia etiam nunc in illis est: Somnium narrare vigilantis est* *, i. e. Why does no Man confess his Vices? Because he yet continues in them: 'Tis for a Man who is awake to tell his Dream. The Diseases of the Body are the better known by being increas'd. We find that to be the Gout, which we call'd a Rheum, or a Strain. The Distempers of the Soul, the stronger they are, keep themselves the more obscure; and the most diseas'd have the least Feeling of them. Therefore we must often

* *Seneca, Epist. 53.*

often bring them to the Light with an unrelenting Hand, and open and tear them from the Bottom of our Hearts. As in doing Good, so in doing Evil, the mere Confession of it is sometimes a Satisfaction. Is there any Deformity in doing amiss that can excuse us from confessing it? 'Tis so great a Pain to me to dissemble that I avoid being trusted with another Person's Secrets, for I have not the Courage to disavow my Knowledge of them. I can conceal it, but deny it I cannot, without great Pains and Vexation. To be very secret, a Man must be so by Nature, not by Obligation. 'Tis of little Worth, in the Service of a Prince, to be secret, if a Man be not also a Liar. If he, who ask'd *Thales*, the *Milesian*, whether he ought solemnly to deny that he had committed Unclean-ness, had apply'd himself to me, I shou'd have told him that he ought not; for I take Lying to be a worse Crime than the other. *Thales* advis'd him to the quite contrary, bidding him swear *, in order to shield the greater Crime by the less: Nevertheless this Counsel was not so much a Choice, as a Multiplication of Vice; upon which let us say this, by the by, that we deal well with a conscientious Man, when we propose to him some Difficulty to counter-balance a Vice; but when we shut him up betwixt two Vices he is put to a hard Choice, as was the Case of *Origen*, *The hard Choice* when it was put to his Choice, either to turn *put to Origen*. Idolater, or to suffer himself to be carnally abus'd by a great *Aethiopian* Slave that was brought to him.

He

* Here *Montaigne* makes *Thales* say the very contrary to what he really said; and this, by mistaking the Sense of *Diogenes' Laertius*, the Author, whom he must have consulted for the Answer, *A Man, says Diogenes, who had committed Adultery, having ask'd Thales whether he might not deny it upon Oath. Thales made Answer, But is not Perjury even a worse Crime than Adultery?* See *Diogenes' Life of Thales*, lib. i. Sect. 36. Perhaps *Montaigne* was deceiv'd by some Edition of this Author, where the Note of Interrogation was omitted after the last Word, which indeed is an Omission that I find in *Henry Wetstein's* Edition, which, excepting that, is very correct. But I am more inclin'd to think that *Montaigne's* Memory, so wonderfully apt to fail him, as he himself confesses, has here play'd him a scurvy Trick; for whatever Construction he puts upon the Words of *Diogenes' Laertius*, it cannot be thence inferr'd that *Thales* advis'd the Man to take an Oath for the Sake of shielding the greater Evil by the less.

He submitted to the first Condition, and, as 'tis said, virtuously. Yet those Women of our Time, who protest that they had rather burden their Consciences with ten Men than one Mass, wou'd be allow'd to be Women of Taste considering their Error. If it be an Indiscretion so to publish Errors, there's no great Danger of its being made a Precedent and Practice. For *Aristo* said that the Winds, which Men most fear'd, were those that expose them. We must tuck up this ridiculous Rag, which hides our Manners: They send their Consciences to the Stews, and at the same Time keep a starch'd Countenance. They espouse the Laws of Ceremony, and there fix their Duty; so that neither can Injustice complain of Incivility, nor Malice of Indiscretion. 'Tis pity that every bad Man is not also a Fool; and that Decency shou'd be a Cloak for his Vice. Such Plaisterings are only proper for a good substantial Wall, which 'tis worth while to preserve and white-wash.

In Complaisance to the *Hugonots*, who condemn our Auricular private Confession, I confess myself in public religiously and purely. *Wby Montaigne chose to be confess'd in public.* As *St. Augustin*, *Origen* and *Hippocrates*, publish'd the Errors of their Opinions, I also discover those of my Manners. I am all agog to make myself known, and care not to how many, provided it be truly; or, to say better, I long for nothing; but I can't bear to be taken for what I am not by those who happen to know my Name. He that does every Thing for Honour and Glory, what does he think to gain by shewing himself to the Public under a Vizor, and by concealing what he really is from the Knowledge of the People? Commend a crooked Fellow for his fine Stature, he has reason to take it for an Affront. If you are a Coward, and yet honour'd for being a Man of Valour, is it you whom they mean? They take you for another Person. I shou'd be as fond of that Man, who pleases himself with the Compliments and Congees that are made to him, as if he were the Head of the Company, when he is one of the meanest in the Train. *Archelaus*, King of *Macedonia*, walking along the Street, a Person threw Water on him, for which his Attendants said he ought to punish him. *Nay but*, said the King, *he did*

did not throw the Water upon me, but on the Man he took me to be. Socrates said to one, who inform'd him that the People spoke ill of him, *Not at all*, said he, *for there is nothing in me of what they say.* As for my Part, whoever shou'd commend me for being a good Pilot, or very modest, or very chaste, I shou'd owe him no Thanks. And in like manner, whoever shou'd call me Traitor, Robber, or Drunkard, I shou'd be as little offended. They, who don't know themselves, may feed their Vanity with false Applause; but not I, who see myself, and look into the very Bottom of my Heart, and very well know what belongs to me. I am content to be less commended, provided I am better known. I might be reckon'd a wise Man in such a Sort of Wisdom as I take to be Folly. I am chagrin'd that my *Essays* serve the Ladies only as a common Moveable, or Furniture for the Hall. This Chapter will advance me to the Closet. I love a little private Conversation with them, for that which is public, is without Favour and without Savour. In Farewells we are warm'd with a more than ordinary Affection for the Things we take leave of. I take my final Leave of this World's Joys. These are our last Embraces.

Why the Action which brings us into the World, is excluded from serious and regular Discourses?

But, to come to my Subject, what is the Reason that the Act of Generation, an Action so natural, so necessary, and so justly the Mens Prerogative, what has it done that People dare not speak of it without a Blush, and that it shou'd be excluded from all serious and regular Discourse? We boldly pronounce the Words, *kill, rob, betray*, but the other we dare not mention so as to be heard. Does it mean that the less we exhale of the Fact in Speech, we have the more Authority to swell it in Thought? For 'tis happy that the Words which are least spoken or written, and most kept in, are the best understood, and the most generally known. Every Age, all Ranks, know them as well as they do Bread. They are imprinted in every one, without being express'd, and without Voice and Form. And the Sex that is bound to say least of it, does it most. 'Tis an Action which we have lodg'd in the Sanctuary of Silence, out of which 'tis ~~not~~ Crime

Crime to force it, instead of accusing and judging it; neither dare we to lash it, but by Periphrasis, and in Picture. A great Favour to a Criminal to be so detestable that Justice reckons it unjust to touch and see him, and to be obliged to the Severity of his Condemnation for his Liberty and Security. Is it not the Case here as 'tis with Books, which sell and spread the more for being suppress'd? For my Part, I am ready to take *Aristotle* at his Word, who says that Bashfulness is an Ornament to Youth, but a Reproach to old Age. These Verses are the Doctrine of the old School, to which I adhere much rather than to the Modern, as its Virtues appear to me greater, and its Vices less.

** Ceux qui par trop fuyant Venus estrivent
Faillant autant que ceux qui trop la suivent.*

They err as much, who *Venus* too much shun,
As they who to her Altars always run.

*Tu Dea, tu rerum Naturam sola gubernas,
Nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit lætum, nec amabile quicquam †.*

Thou Deity, by whom all Nature's sway'd,
Without whose Power nothing can spring to Light,
Or beautiful, or lovely to the Sight,

I cannot imagine who cou'd set *Pallas* and the Muses at Variance with *Venus*, and make them cold towards Love, for I know no Deities that tally better; or are more indebted to one another. He who will not own that the Muses have amorous Imaginations, will rob them of the best Entertainment they have, and of the noblest Subject of their Composition; and whoever shall deprive Love of the Communication and Service of Poetry, will disarm it of its best Weapons. By this Means they charge *Pallas*, the God

*Pallas and the
Muses are in a
great Connexion
with Venus.*

* Verses in *Amyot's Translation of Plutarch*, c. 5. † *Lucret. lib. i.*
v. 22.

God of Familiarity and Benevolence, and the Muses, who are the tutelar Deities of Humanity and Justice, with the Vice of Ingratitude and Disrespect. I have not been so long cashier'd from the Suit and Service of that Deity, but my Memory still retains its Strength and Power.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ *.

Of my old Flame there yet remain some Sparks.

Nec mihi deficiat calor hic hyemantibus annis.

I have some Heat left in my winter Age.

*Qual l'alto Egeo, perche Aquilone o Noto
Cessi, che tutto prima il volse e scosse,
Non s'achetta ei però, ma'l sono e'l moto
Ritien de l'onde anco agitate e grosse* †.

As *Ægean* Seas, when Storms are calm'd again
That roll'd their tumbling Waves with roaring Blasts,
Do yet of Tempests past some Shews retain,
And here and there their foaming Billows cast.

But, as far as I understand of the Matter, the Abilities and Valour of this God are more lively and animated, by the Painting of Poetry, than in their own Essence.

Et versus digitos habet ‖.

And there's Harmony in Verse to charm a *Venus*.

Poetry represents a Kind of Air more amorous than Love itself. *Venus* is not so beautiful, stark-naked, alive and panting, as she is here in *Virgil*.

*Dixerat, et niveis hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunstantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
Intravit calor, et labefacta per ossa cucurrit,*

Non

* *Virg. Æneid. lib. iv. v. 23.* † *Tasso's Gierusalem liber. Cant. 12, Stanza 63.* ‖ *Juv. Sat. 6. v. 197.*

*Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
Ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos,*

————— *ea verbaloquutus,*

*Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem *.*

She said, and round him threw her snow white Arms,
And warm'd him, wav'ring, with a soft Embrace.
He quickly felt the wonted Flame, which pierc'd
Swift to his Marrow thro' his melting Bones;
As when in Thunder, lanc'd along the Sky,
A Streak of Fire runs streaming thro' the Clouds.

* * * * *

————— This having said,
After the wish'd Embrace, he sunk to rest,
Softly reclin'd, on his fair Consort's Breast.

All the Fault I find in these Lines, is that he has represented her a little too much in Rap-
ture for a marry'd *Venus*. In this discreet Part-
nership the Appetites are not usually so want-
on, but more grave and dull. Love hates that its Votaries
shou'd be sway'd by any Motive foreign to itself, and is
but cool in such Familiarities as are form'd and maintain'd
under any other Title, as Marriage is, wherein 'tis reason-
able to think that Kindred and the Dowry shou'd have as
much, or more Weight than Comeliness and Beauty. Men,
say what they will, do not marry for themselves; they
marry as much, or more, for the Sake of Posterity and
their Families. The Interest and Usefulness of Marriage
concerns our Descendants far beyond our Time; and
therefore I like the Way of negotiating it rather by a third
Hand, and by the Judgment of others, rather than by
that of the Parties that are to be marry'd: And how op-
posite is all this to the Conventions of Love! And 'tis a
Kind of Incest, as I think I have said elsewhere, to exert
the Efforts and Extravagancies of an amorous Licentious-
ness in that venerable, and sacred Alliance. A Man, says
Aristotle, shou'd accost his Wife with Prudence and Mo-
desty,

*The Transports
of Love banish'd
from Marri-
age; and why.*

* *Æneid*, lib. viii. v. 387, 392, 404, 405, 406.

deftly, for fear left, by dealing with her too wantonly, the Pleasure shou'd make her exceed the Bounds of Reason. What he fays with regard to Conscience, the Physicians fay with regard to Health, that a Pleasure exceffively hot, lascivious and frequent, corrupts the Seed, and hinders Conception. But 'tis faid, on the contrary, that to fupply a languifhing Congress as that is naturally, with a due and prolific Heat, a Man shou'd offer at it but feldom, and at notable Intervals.

* *Quò rapiat fitiens Venerem interiusque recondat †.*

I fee no Marriages that fooner miscarry, or are disturb'd, than thofe which are fcurr'd on by Beauty and amorous Defires. The Foundations shou'd be more folid and confiant, and they shou'd be proceeded in with Circumfpection. This furious Ardour in them is good for nothing.

They, who think to do Honour to the marry'd State, by joining Love to it, are more to be found in the marry'd State than Virtue in Nobility. They think like thofe who, in Favour of Virtue, hold that Nobility is nothing elfe but Virtue. They are indeed fomewhat a-kin, but they differ very much; and therefore to confound their Names and Titles is doing wrong to both. Nobility is a fine Quality, and with Reason introduc'd; but, forasmuch as 'tis a Quality dependent on another, and which may fall to a Man who is vicious and good for nothing, 'tis far below Virtue in Eftimation. If it be Virtue, 'tis a Virtue that is artificial and apparent, depending on Time and Chance, differing in Form according to the various Countries, living and mortal, without any Source more than the River Nile, genealogical and common, of Succeffion and Semblance, drawn by a Confequence that is a very weak one. Knowledge, Power, Bounty, Beauty, Riches, and all other Qualities, fall into Communication and Commerce, but this is consummated in itfelf, and of no Ufe to the Service of another. There was propos'd to one of our Kings the Choice of two Competitors for a certain Office,

of

* Montaigne has explain'd this Verfe enough before he quoted it.

† *Virg. Geo. lib. iii. v. 137.*

of whom the one was a Gentleman, and the other was not. The King order'd that, without Respect to Quality, they shou'd chuse him who had the most Merit; but that when the Worth of the Competitors shou'd appear to be intirely equal, then they shou'd have Respect to Nobility. This was justly to give it its due Rank. A young Man unknown coming to *Antigonus*, to solicit that he might succeed to the Post of his deceased Father, a Person of Worth; he said to him, *In such Preferments as these, my Friend, I do not so much regard the noble Extraction of my Soldiers as their Prowess* *. And indeed it ought not to fare with Soldiers as it did with the King of *Sparta's* Officers, Trumpets, Minstrels, Cooks, &c. who were succeeded in their Offices by their Children, how ignorant soever, in Preference to those who had more Experience in the Business.

The People of *Calicut* exalt their Nobility above the human Species. They are prohibited Marriage, and every Employment, but what is Military. They may have as many Concubines as they desire, and the Women as many Cock-bawds, without being jealous of one another: But 'tis a capital, and unpardonable Crime to couple with a Person of a meaner Condition than themselves: Nay, they think themselves polluted if they are but touch'd by one passing along; and, as if their Nobility was strangely injur'd and wounded by it, they kill such as do but come a little too near them; insomuch that those who are not Noble are oblig'd to call out as they go, like the *Gondoliers* of *Venice*, at the Turnings of Streets, for fear of running foul of one another; and the Nobility command them to step aside to what Part they please. By this means the Nobility avoid what they reckon a perpetual Ignominy, and the others certain Death. No Length of Time, no Favour of the Prince, no Office, or Virtue, or Riches, can make a *Plebeian* become noble; to which this Custom contributes, that Marriages are prohibited betwixt Families of different Trades, insomuch that one descended from a Shoemaker may not marry a Carpenter; and the Parents are oblig'd to train up their Children exactly to the Father's Business, and to no other; by which

To what Rank the Nobility are promoted in the Kingdom of Calicut.

Means the Distinction and Continuation of their Fortune is kept up.

The Idea of a good Marriage. A good Marriage, if there be such, rejects the Company and Conditions of Love : It endeavours to display those of Friendship. 'Tis a sweet Society of Life, full of Constancy, Trust, and an infinite Number of useful and solid Offices, and mutual Obligations. No Woman that has a true Taste of it, or

——— *Optato quam junxit lumine tæda* *.

who is marry'd to her Liking, wou'd be willing to be in the Stead of a Mistress to her Husband. If she be lodg'd in his Affection, as a Wife, she is then lodg'd much more honourably and securely. When his Love is set upon, and importunate for another Object, let any one but then ask him on which he had rather a Disgrace shou'd fall, on his Wife or on his Mistress, whose Misfortune wou'd trouble him most, and to which of them he wishes most Grandeur ; such Questions admit of no Doubt in a good Marriage.

A good Marriage, the most happy State in human Society.

That we see so few good Marriages is the greater Token of their Value ; if well form'd and adjusted, there's not a more beautiful Scene in human Society. We cannot do without it, and yet we are continually running it down. Just so it is in the Cages, where the Birds that are within are mad to get out, and those that are without wou'd fain get in. *Socrates*, being ask'd whether was most commodious, to take a Wife or not, made Answer, *Let a Man do which he will, he will repent of it* †. 'Tis a Contract, to which the common Saying, *Homo homini, aut Deus, aut Lupus*, i. e. *Man to Man is either a God, or a Devil*, may very fitly be apply'd. There must be a Concurrence of a great many Qualities to constitute it. 'Tis in this Age fitter for mean and vulgar Souls, which are not so much disturb'd by Delights, Curiosity, and Idleness.

Such

* *Catull.* de Coma Berenices Carm. 64. v. 79. † *Diog. Laert.* lib. ii. §. 33.

Such wild Humours as mine, which hates all Sorts of Connexion and Restraint, are not so proper for it,

*Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo *.*

For Liberty to me is far more sweet
Than all the Pleasures of the nuptial Sheet.

Might I have had my Will, I wou'd not have marry'd even Wisdom itself, if she wou'd have had me. But we may say what we please; we are carry'd away by Custom, and the common Practice of Life. Most of my Actions are govern'd by Example, not by Choice: And yet I did not comply with it properly. I was led and carry'd to it by strange Occasions. For not only Things that are most inconvenient, but the most deformed, the most vicious, and those to which we have the greatest Aversion, may become acceptable by certain Conditions and Accidents: So vain is any human State. And really I was persuaded to Marriage at a Time when I was worse prepar'd for it, and more averse to it than I am now, that I have try'd it. And as great a Libertine as I am taken to be, I have in truth observ'd the Marriage-articles more strictly than I either promis'd or expected. 'Tis in vain to kick when a Man is once fetter'd. A Man ought to use his Liberty sparingly; but after he has submitted to the Marriage Tye he must confine himself within the Laws of the common Duty, at least endeavour it all he can.

Why Montaigne marry'd tho' very ill dispos'd for it.

They who enter into this Contract with a View to behave in it with Hatred and Contempt, act unjustly, as well as unhandsomely: And equally harsh and injurious is that fine Rule which I find passes from Hand to Hand among the Women, like a sacred Oracle.

Marriage ought to be exempt from Hatred and Contempt.

*Sers ton mary comme ton maitre,
Et t'en garde comme d' un traistre.*

Serve thy Husband like a Waiter,
But guard thyself as from a Traitor.

Which is as much as to say, behave to him with a constrain'd, inimical, and distrustful Reverence, which is a Stile of War and Defiance. I am too mild for such rugged Designs. To say the Truth, I am not yet arriv'd to that Perfection of Cunning and Complaisance, as to confound Reason with Injustice, and to ridicule every Rule and Order that does not agree with my Appetite. Because I hate Superstition I do not immediately run into Irreligion. If a Man does not always perform his Duty, he ought at least always to love and acknowledge it. There's Treachery in the Marriage Contract, if the Affection of the Parties be not mutual. We will now proceed.

*How Virgil
cou'd think a
Marriage of
free Choice to
be without Fi-
delity.*

Our Poet represents a Marriage full of Harmony and good Agreement, in which however there is not much Fidelity. Did he mean to say that 'tis not impossible for a Person to yield to the Importunities of Love, and yet reserve some Duty towards Marriage; and that it may be injur'd without being totally broken? A Footman may happen to ride in his Master's Boots, and yet not hate him. Beauty, Opportunity, and Destiny; (for Destiny has also a Hand in it)

*— fatum est in partibus illis
Quas sinus abscondit : Nam si tibi sidera cessent
Nil faciet longi mensura incognita nervi *.*

Fate, which the whole World rules, exerts its Spite,
Ev'n in the Parts conceal'd from common Sight :
And if the Stars to favour you shou'd fail,
Your Furniture of Lust will not avail.

may have attach'd her to a Stranger ; yet not so intirely perhaps but she may have some Link of Love that still holds her to her Husband. They are two Designs, which have distinct Paths without being confounded. A Woman may yield to a Man, whom she wou'd by no means chuse to marry ; I do not say from a Dislike to his Circumstances, but even to his Person. Few Men have made a Wife of a Mistress, but they have repented it : And, even in the other World, what an unhappy Life does *Jupiter* lead with his,

Ch. V. *On some Verses of Virgil.*

his, whom he at first intrigu'd with, and enjoy'd as a Mistress ? This is what they call disgracing, or undervaluing a Thing, in order the sooner to obtain it. I have, in my Time, known an Instance where Love has been shamefully and dishonestly cur'd by Marriage. The Considerations are too widely different. We love two Things, which are not only different, but contrary, without any Impediment. *Isocrates* said, that the City of *Athens* was lik'd just in the same manner as the Ladies of Pleasure are. Every body lov'd to take a Turn thither, and to pass away his Time, but no body lik'd it so well as to be wedded to it ; that is to say, to settle there, and make it his Home. I have been vex'd to see Husbands hate their Wives, only because they do them wrong. We shou'd not however love them the less for our own Faults ; they shou'd at least, upon the Score of Repentance and Compassion, be dearer to us.

They are Ends that are different, and yet somewhat compatible. Marriage has for its Share, Profit, Justice, Honour, and Constancy ; a flat, but more universal Pleasure. Love is founded on Pleasure only, and has it in truth more ticklish, lively, and acute ; a Pleasure inflam'd by the Difficulty of attaining it. There must needs be a Sting and Smart in it. 'Tis no longer Love if it be without Darts and Fire. The Bounty of the Ladies is too profuse in the marry'd State, and blunts the Point of Affection and Desire : To escape which Inconvenience, do but see what Pains *Lycurgus* and *Plato* take in their Laws.

The Women are not at all to blame, when they refuse the Rules of Life that are introduc'd into the World, forasmuch as they were made by the Men, without their Consent. There is naturally a Contention and Brawling betwixt them and us. The strictest Agreement we have with them is even mix'd with Tumult and Tempest. In the Opinion of our Author we deal inconsiderately with them in this. After we have discover'd that they are, without comparison, more capable and ardent in the Feats of Love than we are, and that the Priest of old

*The severe
Laws impos'd
by the Men up-
on the Women
before the latter
gave their Con-
sent to them.*



testify'd as much, who had been one while a Man, and then a Woman.

Venus buic erat utraque nota *.

Tiresias had both Sexes try'd.

And moreover, after we have learnt from their own Mouths the Proof that was given of the Truth of this by an Emperor and an Empress of *Rome*, who liv'd at different Times, and were both famous for their superior Atchievements upon this Occasion; he for deflowering in one Night ten *Sarmatian* Virgins, that were his Captives; and she for having really had 25 Bouts in one Night, changing her Man according to her Necessity and her Fancy.

—— *adhuic ardens rigida tentigine vulvæ,
Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit* †.

Still burning with the Rage of furious Lust,
Tir'd with Enjoyment, but unquench'd her Thirst.

And, considering the Quarrel that happen'd once in *Catalonia* betwixt a Man and his Wife, wherein the latter complaining of his too frequent Addresses to her (not that I think so many as made her uneasy, (for I believe no Miracles except religious ones) as, under that Pretext, to curtail and curb in this which is the very fundamental Act of Marriage, the Authority of the Husbands over their Wives, and to shew that their Frowardness and Ill-nature go beyond the nuptial Bed, and spurn under Foot the very Charms and Pleasures of *Venus*) the Husband made answer, like an unnatural Brute as he was, that on Fast-days he cou'd not content himself with less than 10 Courses: And upon this came out a remarkable Decree of the Queen of *Arragon*; by which, after the mature Deliberation of Council, this good Queen, to give a Rule and Example to all future Times of the Moderation and Modesty requir'd in lawful Marriage, appointed the Number of six in any one Day to be a legal and necessary Stint; releasing and quitting

* *Ovid Metam. lib. iii. fab. 3. v. 23.* † *Juv. Sat. 6. v. 135.*

ing very much of the Necessity and Desire of her Sex, for the Sake, *she said*, of establishing an easy, and consequently a permanent and unchangeable Form; whereupon the Doctors cry out, What the Devil must be the Female Appetite and Concupiscence, since their Reason, their Reformation, and their Virtue are tax'd at such a Rate, considering the different Judgment of our Appetites? For *Solon*, the Patron of the Law-school *, only tax'd us at 3 Times a Month, that this conjugal Commerce might not fail. After having, I say, both believ'd and preach'd this, we go so far as to injoin them Continency for their peculiar Portion, and upon the extreme and most rigorous Penalties.

Tho' there is no Passion more hard to contend with than this, we require the Women alone shou'd resist it; not barely as a Vice, but as an execrable Abomination, worse than Irreligion, or a Parricide; and yet we fall into it without Blame and Reproach. Even those of us, who have endeavour'd to master this Passion, have acknowledg'd how difficult, or rather impossible 'tis to subdue, weaken, and cool the Body by the Use of material Remedies. We, on the contrary, desire Constitutions that are sound, vigorous, in good Plight, well fed, and chaste withal, that is both hot and cold; for Marriage, which we say was injoin'd us to hinder them from burning, is little Refreshment to them according to our Behaviour. If the Women take a Man, the Vigour of whose Age is still boiling, he will be proud of spreading it elsewhere.

Mingive themselves a Loose to the Passion of Love, and severely forbid it at the same Time to the Women.

*Sit tandem pudor aut eamus in jus
Multis mentula millibus redempta,
Non est hæc tua, Basse, vendidisti †.*

Bassus! for shame at length give over,
Or I to Justice must my Cause resign;

G 4

The

* *Plutarch* in his Treatise, intituled, 'Ερωτικὸς, of Love, p. 769, tom. 2. the *Paris* Edition in 1624. † *Martial*. lib. xii. Epig. 99. v. 10.

The Goods with which you play the Rover,
Were dearly bought, and are no longer thine.

The Philosopher *Polemon* * was justly prosecuted by his Wife for sowing in a barren Field the Seed that was due to a fruitful one. If, on the other Hand, they chuse decay'd Men they will be in a worse Condition in Marriage than Maids and Widows. We think them well provided because they have a Man always with them; just as the *Romans* thought *Clodia Læta*, a Vestal Virgin, to have been violated because *Caligula* approach'd her, tho' it was affirm'd that he did no more than approach her. But, on the contrary, we by this add to their Necessity, forasmuch as the Contest and Company of any Man whatsoever rouses their Desire, which, in Solitude, wou'd be more quiet. And 'tis likely that 'twas in order to render their Chastity the more meritorious by this Circumstance and Consideration, that *Boleslaus* and his Wife *Kinge*, the Sovereigns of *Poland*, united in a Vow of Chastity; when in Bed together on their very Wedding Night, and kept it in spite of the Delights of Matrimony.

The whole of the Education given to Daughters, tends to inspire them with a Passion for Love.

We train them up from their Childhood to the Negotiations of Love. Their Beauty, their Dress, their Knowledge, their Speech, and their whole Instruction tend only to this Point. Their Governesses imprint nothing in them but the Idea of Love, if it were only by continually representing it to them, to give them a Disgust to it. My Daughter, (the only Child I have) is now of an Age, wherein forward young Women are permitted by the Laws to marry. She is of a puny, tender, and delicate Constitution, and has been also brought up by her Mother in a private particular Manner, so that she is but now beginning to be wean'd from her childish Simplicity. She was one Day in my Presence reading a *French* Book, wherein the Word *Fouteau* * occur'd, which is the Name of a Tree well known, viz. the *Beech*. The Woman, to whose Conduct she is committed, stopp'd her short a little roughly, and made her skip over that dangerous Term.

I

* *Di-g.* Laert. in the Life of *Polemon*, lib. iii. Sect. 17. † A Word very similar in Sound to a Term of Letchery in the *French* Language.

I let her alone, rather than break into their Rules, for I never concern myself in that Sort of Government. The Polity of the Females has a misterious Train which we must leave to them. But if I am not mistaken, a Conversation with twenty Lackeys for six Months, would not so deeply have imprinted in her Fancy the Meaning, Application, and all the Consequences of the Sound of those two wicked Syllables, as this good old Woman did by her Reprimand and Prohibition.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artulus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatatur ungui*.*

With pliant Limbs the ripen'd Maid,
Now joys to learn the wanton Tread
Of Dance Ionic, and to prove
The Pleasures of forbidden Love.

Let them but dispense a little with Ceremony; let them but enter into the Freedom of Conversation; we are but Children in this Science compar'd to them. Were you to hear them set forth our Courtship and Compliments, they give you plainly to understand, that we bring them nothing which they did not know before, and had digested without our Assistance. Wou'd you think with *Plato*, that they were heretofore debauch'd when very young? I happen'd one Day to be at a Place, where I could, without being at all suspected, over-hear some of the Discourse that pass'd betwixt them. What can I say of it? By'r Lady, (said I) 'tis high Time for us to go and study the Phrases of *Amadis*, and the Registers of *Boccace* and *Aretine*, to be able to cope with them. We employ our Time to good Purpose indeed. There is not an Expression, an Example, or a Proceeding, which they do not know better than our Books. 'Tis a Discipline that has its Source in their Veins,

*Moreover this
Passion is natural to them.*

Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit †.

Venus herself did them inspire.

and

* *Herace, lib. iii. Cde 6. v. 21. &c.* † *Virg. Geo. lib. iii. v. 267.*

and which those good Instructors, Nature, Youth and Health, are continually suggesting to their Fancy. They need not be at the Pains to learn, they naturally breed it.

*Nec tantum niveo gavisa est ulla columbo,
Compar, vel si quid dicitur improbius,
Oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro,
Quantum præcipue multicola est mulier *.*

Not more delighted is the milk-white Dove,
(Or any Creature that's more prone to Love).
Still to be billing with her Mate, than is
Th' inconstant Woman ev'ry Man to kiss.

Infomuch that did not Fear and Honour, of which they have their Share, give a little Check to this natural Violence of their Desire, we should become scandalous. All the Motion in the World is bent and tends to this Copulation; 'tis a Matter infus'd throughout the whole; 'tis a Centre to which all Things point. We even find Edicts of old and wise *Rome* made for the Service of Love, and Precepts of *Socrates* for the Instruction of Courtezans.

*Nec non libelli Stoici inter sericos
Facere pulvillos amant †.*

The Stoicks with all their Gravity
Delighted to write on Subjects of Gallantry.

Zeno, amongst other Laws, regulated the Divarications and Motions in getting a Maiden-head. What was the Signification of the Philosopher *Strato's* Book of carnal Copulation? And of what did *Theophrastus* treat in those Books which he intitl'd, one the *Lover*, the other *Love*? And what did *Aristippus* write of in his Book of Ancient Delights? What is the Purport of those copious and lively Descriptions in *Plato*, of the Amours of his Time? and of *Demetrius Phalareus's* Book called the *Lover*? And *Clinias*, or the ravish'd Lover, by *Heraclides Ponticus*? And that of getting Children, or of Weddings, by *Antisthenes*, and the other of the Master, or the Lover? And that of amorous

* *Catullus*. Carm. lxvi. v. 125. &c. † *Hor.* Epod. lib. Ode viii. v. 15, 16.

13 Exercises, by *Aristo*? The two Books, one of *Love*,
 : other of the *Art of Love*, by *Cleantes*? The amorous
 dialogues of *Spærus*? And the Fable of *Jupiter* and *Juno*,
 & *Chrysippus*, impudent beyond all Toleration? And his
 ty lascivious Epistles? I chuse to set aside the writings of
 e Philosophers of the Epicurean Sect, the Protectors of
 nsual Pleasures. There were fifty Deities in Time past
 sign'd to this Office: And there is a Nation where to
 swage the Concupiscence of those who went to their De-
 votion, they kept Strumpets in the Temples for their
 Enjoyment, and it was an Act of Ceremony to lie with
 hem before the Service. *Nimirum propter continentiam, in-*
*continentia necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur **, i. e.
 Incontinence is necessary for the Sake of Continency, as a
 Blast is to extinguish a Fire.

In the greatest Part of the World this Member of our
 Body has been deify'd. In one, and the same Province,
 some slay'd themselves for the Sake of offering and con-
 secrating a Piece of their Skin; others offer'd and conse-
 crated their Seed. In another Province, the young Men
 made public Incisions betwixt the Skin and the Flesh of
 that Part, and made several Overtures in it, through which
 they thrust Splinters, the longest and biggest that they
 could endure; of which Splinters they afterwards made a
 Fire for a burnt Offering to their Gods, being not rec-
 kon'd either over vigorous or chaste if they did but shrink
 under that cruel Torture. Elsewhere, the most sacred
 Magistrate was revered and recogniz'd by those Parts;
 and in several Ceremonies the Image of them was pom-
 pously carry'd in public Procession to the Honour of sever-
 al Divinities. The *Egyptian* Ladies at the Bacchanalian
 Feasts, wore one about their Necks carv'd in Wood, ex-
 quisitely form'd, as large and heavy as each was able to
 bear; besides that in the Statue of their God, there was a
 Representation of one which measur'd more † than the
 rest of the Body. The marry'd Women in my Neigh-
 bourhood represent the Shape of it in the Kerchiefs
 upon their Fore-top, by way of Ostentation, for the
 Enjoy-

† *Herodot.* lib. ii. p. 122. Αἰδοῖον ἢ πολλὰ τέω ἔλασσον ἢν τῇ ἄλλῃ
 σωμαίῳ, i. e. A Member which is not much less than the rest of the
 Body. I cannot Imagine why *Montaigne* took it into his Head here to
 improve upon the extravagant Exaggeration of the *Egyptians*.

Enjoyment they have had of it, and when they come Widows they turn it behind, and hide it under their Cloaks. The most sage Matrons at *Rome* were proud of offering Flowers and Garlands to the God *Priapus*, and the young Men at the Time of their Wedding were seated upon the most criminal Parts. Nay, I know not whether I have seen in my Time seen some such Air of Devotion. What was the Meaning of that ridiculous Cod-piece worn by our Fathers, and by the *Swiss* even to this Day? To what Purpose is the Display we make at this Time of the Vanity of our Implements under our Gaskins; and often, which is worse, by a false and imposing Representation beyond their natural Size? I can scarce help thinking, that the Sort of Garb was invented in the better and more conscientious Ages, that Mankind might not be deceived by every one's giving an Account of his Talent in Proportion to his Vanity. The most simple Nations wear them still with some resemblance to the Truth. In those Days the World was informed, as he is now, of the Measure of the Hand or Foot. That honest Man, who when I was a Youngster, castrated so many fine antique Statues in the great City, for fear of corrupting the Sight, according to the Opinion of that other honest old Gentleman,

* *Flagitii principium est udare inter cives corpora*
The Custom of appearing naked in Public, has introduced a Depravity of Manners amongst us, ought to have been considered that, as in the Mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, masculine Appearance was excluded; so it was nothing if he did not also cause Horses, Asses, and short, all Nature to be castrated.

*Omne adeo genus in terris, hominumque, ferarumque
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt* †.

All Creatures thus the Force of Love do find;
For whether they be those of human Kind,
Beasts, wild or tame, Fish, or the feather'd Choir
They're all inflam'd with wanton Love's Desire.

* 'Twas a Saying of *Ennius*, quoted by *Cicero*, with this Mark of approbation, *Bene ergo Ennius Flagitii*, &c. *Tusc. Quest. lib. iv.*
† *Virg. Geo. lib. iii. v. 144.* &c.

The Gods, says *Plato*, have furnish'd us Men with an unruly tyrannical Member, which like a furious Animal, attempts to make all Things subject to its violent Appetite: And they have also given the Women one like a voracious and craving Animal; which if Nourishment be refus'd in its Season, rages, impatient of Delay; and its Fury working in their Bodies, stops the Passages, hinders Respiration, and causes a thousand Disorders, 'till by having suck'd in the Fruit of the common Thirst, the Bottom of their Matrix is plentifully sprinkled, and furnish'd with Seed.

Now my Legislator shou'd also have consider'd, that peradventure, it were a chaster and more beneficial Practice, to let them know it betimes to the Life, than to permit them to guess what it is, according to the Freedom and Warmth of their Imagination. Instead of the real Parts, they therein substitute others that are three Times more extravagant, thro' their Desire and Hopes. And a certain Friend of mine was ruin'd by having expos'd his, when it was not yet proper to apply them to their more serious Use. Who knows what Mischief is done by those enormous Pictures which the Boys draw upon the Passages and Stair-cases of the royal Palaces? From hence proceeds a cruel Contempt of our natural Furniture. And how do we know but that *Plato*, by ordering, after the Example of other well instituted Republics, that both the Men, and the Women, old and young, should expose themselves naked to one another in his Gymnastics, had a View to this? The *Indian* Women, who see the Men stark-nak'd, have at least pall'd their sense of Seeing. And tho' 'tis said by the Women of the great Kingdom of *Pegu*, (who have nothing to cover them below the Waist, but a Cloth slit before, which is so scanty, that with all the ceremonious Decency they pretend to, all they have is to be seen at every Step) that this was an Invention purely to allure the Men to them, and to draw off their Affection from those of their own Sex, to which that Nation is entirely addicted; it may be said that they lose more than they get by it, and that an Appetite is not so sharp to an Object after it has been once glutted by the Sight of it. Also *Livia* said, That to a virtuous Woman,

Woman, the Sight of a naked Man is no more than that of an Image *. The *Lacedæmonian* Women, more Virgins when Wives, than our Daughters are, daily saw the young Men of their City stripp'd naked at their Exercises, while they themselves were not over careful to hide their Thighs as they walk'd, thinking themselves sufficiently cover'd by their Virtue without any Fardingale. But they of whom St. *Austin* speaks, have ascribed to Nakedness a wonderful Power of Temptation, by making it a Doubt, whether Women at the Day of Judgment shall rise again in their own Sex, and not rather in ours, that we may not be again tempted in that State of Holiness. In short, we allure and provoke them by all Manner of Means : We are incessantly heating and stirring up their Imagination, and yet we find Fault. Let us confess the Truth ; there is scarce a Man of us who is not more afraid of the Shame accruing to him from the Vices of his Wife, than those of his own ; and who is not more solicitous for the Conscience of his good Wife (marvellous Charity !) than for his own ; who had not rather be guilty of Theft and Sacrilege, and that his Wife shou'd be a Murderess and a Heretic, than that she shou'd be as immodest as her Husband. An unjust Estimate of Vices this ! Both we and they are liable to a thousand Corruptions, more mischievous and unnatural than Lasciviousness. But we form and poise Vices, not according to Nature, but according to our Interest ; by which Means they assume so many unequal Forms.

The Severity of our Decrees renders the Application of the Women to this Vice more violent and vicious than is consistent with the Nature of it, and involves it in Consequences worse than their Cause. They wou'd be glad to go to the Courts of Law for Gain, and to the Field of Battle for Honour, rather than, in the Midst of Ease and Pleasure, to have to do with what is so difficult to preserve. Don't they see that there is neither Merchant, nor Lawyer, nor Soldier, who does not quit his Business for the Pursuit of this ; and the very Porter and Cocker too, jaded and oppress'd as they are with Labour and Hunger ?

Nam

*Nunc tu quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
 Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes,
 Permutare velis crine Licinniaë,
 Plenas aut Arabum domos ?
 Dum flagrantia detorquet ad Oscula
 Cervicem, aut facili sævitiâ negat,
 Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
 Interdum rapere occupet *.*

Wouldst thou, for all that *Achæmenes* had,
 Or all the *Phrygian* Wealth before thee laid,
 Or Riches that in *Arab's* Houses are,
 Exchange one Lock of dear *Licinnius's* Hair ?
 While to the fervent Kifs her Neck she plies,
 Or with a pretty Anger then denies
 What she had rather you wou'd snatch by far,
 Than that you shou'd desist out of Despair.

I question whether the Exploits of *Cæsar* *Chastity in a*
 and *Alexander* were perform'd with a Resoluti- *Woman hard to*
 on more inflexible than that of a beautiful *be kept.*
 young Woman, bred up in high Life, batter'd by so
 many Examples of such a contrary Kind, and yet preserv-
 ing herself inviolate in the Midst of a thousand continual
 and powerful Solicitations. There is no Action more diffi-
 cult, and yet more vigorous than this Not-doing. I take
 it that 'tis more easy for a Person to wear a Suit of Armour
 all the Days of one's Life than a Maidenhead : And the
 Vow of Virginity is of all others the most noble, as being
 the most burdensome. *St. Jerom* says, *Diaboli Virtus in*
Lumbis est.

We have certainly resign'd the most ardu- *What ought to*
 ous, and the most vigorous of human En- *be an Encour-*
 deavours to the Ladies ; and let them by all *agement to the*
 means have the Honour of it. This ought *Women to take*
 to be a singular Spur to excite them to hold it *great Care of it.*
 out obstinately. 'Tis a fine Subject for them to brave us,
 and to trample under Foot that vain Preheminence in Va-
 lour and Virtue, which we pretend to over them. They
 will

* *Horace*, lib. ii. Ode 12. v. 21, &c.

will find that if they do but keep a Guard upon themselves they will not only be the more esteem'd, but the better lov'd for it. A true Gentleman does not abandon his suit because he has met with a Denial, provided it be denial from Chastity, and not from Choice. We may threaten, and complain, as much as we will; we lye a while; for we love them the better for it. There is Allurement like Modesty, if it be not with harsh Treatment and sour Looks. 'Tis Stupidity and Meanness obstinate against Hatred and Contempt; but against artful and steady Resolution, accompany'd with a great Principle, 'tis the Exercise of a noble and generous spirit. The Ladies may acknowledge our Services to a certain degree, and give us civilly to understand that they do not disdain us; for the Law which enjoins them to abhor us because we adore them, and hate us because we love them, is certainly a cruel one, were it only for the Difficulty of complying with it. Why will they not hear our Offers and demands as long as they are circumscrib'd within the Bounds of Modesty? Wherefore shou'd we guess that they have a freer Meaning to themselves? A certain Queen of Time said ingenuously, that to refuse these Advances was a Testimony of Weakness in a Woman, and an Impediment of her own Readiness; and that no Lady cou'd lose sight of her Chastity who had not been tempted. The Limits of Honour are not so straiten'd but it may relax itself a little, and may be dispens'd with in some measure with a Forfeiture. There lies before its Frontier some Space free, indifferent, and neuter. He that has drove it into its own Nook and Fort, is a Simpleton if he is not satisfy'd with his Fortune. The Value of the Conquest is consider'd by the Difficulty of it. Wou'd you know what Impression your Service, and your Merit, have upon her Heart, measure it by her Behaviour. There are some Women perhaps who may grant more than they do grant so much. The Obligation of a Benefit is altogether connected with the Will of the Person that grants it, and other Circumstances co-incident with the Favour, but not dumb, dead, and casual. It costs her dearer to grant that little, than it wou'd her Companion to grant her

If in any thing Rarity inhanes the Value of a Thing, it ought in this. Do not consider how little it is that is given, but how few have it to give. The Value of Money alters according to the Coin, and Stamp of the Place. Whatever the Spite and Indiscretion of some Persons may make them say as to the Excess of their Discontentment, Virtue and Truth will always regain their Advantage. I have known some who, after their Reputation had for a long Time been blasted, have regain'd the universal Approbation of Mankind merely by their Constancy, without any Care or Art; after which every one repented, and recanted what he had believ'd; and from Maids that were a little suspected, they have afterwards held the first Rank among the Ladies of Honour. Somebody said to *Plato* that all the World spoke ill of him, *Let 'em say what they will*, said he, *I will live so as to make them change their Note*, Besides the Fear of God, and the Value of a Renown so uncommon, which ought to incite them to take Care of themselves, the Corruption of this Age compels them to it: And if I was in their Place, there is nothing that I wou'd not do, rather than trust my Reputation in such dangerous Hands. I remember formerly that the Pleasure of Telling (a Pleasure little inferior to that of Doing) was only indulg'd to be communicated to one intire faithful Friend; whereas now, boasting of Favours receiv'd, and of the secret Liberality of the Ladies, has a great Share in the common Table-talk, and Conversation at Assemblies. In truth 'tis an Argument of too abject, and too mean a Spirit, to suffer those tender and obliging Favours to be so insolently persecuted, rummaged, and ransack'd by Persons so ungrateful, indiscreet, and inconstant.

This our immoderate and unwarrantable Exasperation against this Vice of Incontinence, arises from the most trifling and tempestuous Disease that afflicts the human Mind, which is Jealousy.

*The Unreasonable-
ness of Jealousy.*

- * *Quis vetat apposito lumen de lumine sumi?
Dent licet assidue, nil tamen inde perit.*

Tho' one Torch to another Torch
Daily shou'd lend its Light,
It nought wou'd lose by t'other's Gain,
But as before burn bright.

That Passion, and its Sister Envy, seem to be the most silly of all the Tribe. As to the latter, I can say but little to it. 'Tis a Passion, tho' 'tis represented so strong and powerful, which, Thanks to it, has no room in my Breast. As to the former, I have some Knowledge of it at least by Sight. The very Beasts feel it. *Cbratis*, the Shepherd, having fallen in Love with a She-goat, the Male, while the Shepherd was asleep, went, in a Fit of Jealousy, and butted him with its Head till it beat out his Brains †.

*The wisest of
Men and Nati-
ons have been
the least touch'd
with this Pas-
sion.*

We have carry'd this Passion to as great an Excess as some of the barbarous Nations. The best disciplin'd of them have been tainted with it, and with Reason, but not transported to Fury by it.

*Ense maritali nemo confossus adulter
Purpureo Stygias sanguine tinxit aquas ||.*

Ne'er did Adulterer, by the Husband slain,
With purple Blood the *Stygian* Waters stain.

Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompey, Anthony, Cato, and other brave Men, were Cuckolds, and knew it without making any Disturbance about it; and in those Times there was but one Fool, *Lepidus*, who broke his Heart upon it §.

Ab

* The Sense of the last Verse is in *Ovid's Arte Amandi*, lib. iii. v. 93. but *Montaigne* has taken the Words from an Epigram, intitl'd, *Prætor in Veterum Poetarum Cataleſis*, which begins thus,

*Obscure poteram tibi dicere, da mihi quod tu
Des licet assidue, nil tamen inde perit.*

† *Ælian*. lib. xii. c. 42. of his Treatise of Animals. || *Ovid*. § The Father of one of the Triumvirate, who dy'd, says *Plutarch*, having broke his Heart, not so much by the Distress of his Affairs, as by a Discovery he made from a Letter which fell into his Hands, that his Wife had forfeited her Honour. The Life of *Pompey*, c. 5. of *Amoy's Translation*.

*Ab tum te miserum malique fati,
Quem attrahis pedibus patente portâ,
Percurrent mugilesque raphanique *.*

Wretched will then be thy malignant Fate
When by the Heels they drag thee from the Gate,
Thro' Show'rs of rotten Roots and stinking Scate. }

And the God of our Poet, when he surpriz- Vulcan not ve-
ry jealous of his
Wife Venus.
ed one of her Gallants with his Wife, sa-
tisfied himself with only putting them to
Shame.

———— *atque alignis de Diis non tristibus optat
Sic fieri turpes †.*

One of the Gods, to Merriment dispos'd,
Seeing the Lovers in the Net inclos'd,
Wish'd that he had to Shame been so expos'd. }

And yet he takes Fire at the soft Caresses with which she ac-
costs him, complaining that she thereby shew'd a Jealousy
of his Affection.

*Quid causas petis ex alto? fiducia cessit
Quò tibi, Diva, mei || ?*

Why are, my Goddess, all these Reasons try'd?
Say why in me no longer you confide?

May, she desires Armour of him for her Bastard.

Arma rogo, genitrix Nato §.

The Mother for her Son does Armour crave.

Which is freely granted: And *Vulcan* speaks honourably
Aeneas.

H 2

Arma

* This was a Punishment, more infamous than fatal, inflicted on A-
rers when they were taken in the Fact, *Catull.* to *Aurelius*, Carm.
17, &c. † *Ovid's Met.* lib. iv. fab. 5. v. 21, 22. || *Virg.*
id, lib. viii. v. 395. § *Ibid.* v. 383.

Arma acri facienda viro *.

Armour must for a valiant Man be made.

and, in truth, a more than common Humanity. And consent to leave this Excess of Goodness to the Gods.

Nec divis homines componere æquum est †.

Nor is it fit to equal Men with Gods.

As to the Confounding of Children, besides that the gravest Legislators ordain and affect it in their Republic it does not concern the Women, in whom this Passion of Jealousy is, I know not how, still more firmly establish'd

—— *Sæpe etiam Juno maxima celuolum
Conjugis in culpâ flagravît quotidianâ* ‖.

And *Juno*, with fierce Jealousy inflam'd,
Her Husband's daily Slips has often blam'd.

How the Women are tortured by Jealousy, and how odious they become when they abandon themselves to this Passion.

When Jealousy seizes these poor weak Souls, incapable of making Resistance, 't is pity to see how cruelly it drags them on, and tyrannizes over them. It insinuates itself into them under the Colour of Friendship, but after it has once possess'd them, the same Cause which serv'd for a Foundation of good Will serve as a Foundation of mortal Hatred. C

all the Distempers of the Mind 'tis that which most Things contribute to nourish, and fewest to remedy. The Virtue, Health, Merit, the Reputation of the Husband stimulate their Spite and Rage.

Nullæ sunt inimiciæ nisi amoris acerbæ §.

There are no Enmities so bitter as those owing to Love

This Fever defaces and corrupts all that they have of the Beautiful and Good in other Respects; and there's no Actio

* *Virg. Æneid*, lib. viii. v. 441. † *Catullus ad Mantium*, *Carm.* 66 v. 141. ‖ *Id ibid* v. 138, 139. § *Propertius*, lib. ii. *Eleg.* 8. v. iii.

tion of a jealous Woman, be she ever so chaste, and ever so good a Housewife, that does not favour of Sourness and Impertinence. 'Tis a furious Agitation that throws them back to an Extremity quite contrary to its Cause. This was but too plainly verifys'd by one * *Octavius* at *Rome*, who, having lain with *Pontia Posthumia*, found his Love so much increas'd by Fruition that he solicited her with all Importunity to marry him, which, finding he cou'd not persuade her to †, his extreme Love for her hurry'd him to Actions of the most cruel and mortal Hatred, so that in Fact he kill'd her. In like manner the ordinary Symtoms of this other Distemper of Love are intestine Hatreds, private Conspiracies, and Combinations.

—— notumque, furens quid fœmina possit ||.

What a Woman is capable of doing in her Fury is not unknown.

And a Rage which preys upon itself the more because 'tis forc'd to excuse itself by a Pretence of good Will.

Now the Obligation of Chastity is very extensive. Is it their Will which we wou'd have them to curb? This is a very pliant and active Faculty, and is very prompt to be stopp'd. How if Dreams sometimes engage the Women so far that they cannot deny them? It is not in the Power of them, nor perhaps of Chastity itself, because 'tis a Female, to defend themselves from Concupiscence and Desire. If we are only interested in their Will, what a Case are we in then? Do but imagine what a great Throng there wou'd be of Men to obtain the Privilege of flying, like a feather'd Arrow, without Eyes and Tongue, to the Arms of every Woman that wou'd accept them. The *Scythian* Women caus'd the Eyes of § all their Slaves and Prisoners of War to be pluck'd

H 3

out

* *Tacitus Annals*, lib. xiii. c. 44. calls him *Octavius Sagitta*. † *Id* *ibid.* || *Virg. Æneid*, lib. v. v. 6. § *Herodotus*, l. 4. p. 255. does not say that the *Scythian* Women had the Eyes of their Slaves pluck'd out for the Purpose assign'd by *Montaigne*, but that the *Scythians* themselves depriv'd all their Slaves of Sight for the Purpose of drawing Milk from
their

out that they might make use of them with the more Freedom and Secrecy. Oh! the furious Advantage of Opportunity! Shou'd any one ask me what was the first Thing to be done in Love, I shou'd answer, that it was to know how to nick the happy Moment; and the same as to the second, and the third Things. 'Tis the critical Point that does every Thing. Opportunity has often fail'd me, and sometimes I have miscarry'd in the Attempt. May I never again have the mortifying Circumstance to be laugh'd at. There is in this Age more Necessity for Temerity, for which our Youth plead their Heat of Blood as an Excuse. But, were the Women to examine the Matter more strictly, they wou'd find that it rather proceeded from Contempt. I had a superstitious Fear of giving Offence, and have a hearty Respect where I love. Besides, he who in this Traffic takes away the Reverence of it, defaces its Lustre. I wou'd in this Affair have a Man be a little childish, timorous, and servile. If not altogether in this, I have in other Things some Airs of that foolish Bashfulness which *Plutarch* speaks of, and the Course of my Life has been divers Ways hurt and blemish'd by it; a Quality very ill suiting my universal Form. What is there also amongst us but Sedition and Discord? I can as ill brook to take a Refusal as I can to give one: And it so much troubles me to be troublesome to another Person, that in Cases where I am forc'd to try the good Will of any one in a Matter that is doubtful, and will be chargeable to him, I do it faintly, and against the Grain. But if it be to serve myself (tho' *Homer* *Odyssy*, lib. xvii. v. 347. says very true, that *Modesty is a foolish Virtue in an indigent Person*) I commonly substitute a third Person to blush in my stead, and have the like Difficulty to deny those who employ me; so that it has sometimes befallen me to have had a Mind to deny when the Thing was not in my Power. 'Tis Folly therefore to attempt to curb in Women a Desire that is so vehement in them, and so natural: And, when I hear some of them

boast

their Mares, which was their Food. But it does not appear very plain that there was a Necessity of blinding those poor Slaves for this Work; and therefore the Reason which *Montaigne* assigns for it is much more easy to comprehend.

boast of having a Will so innocent and cool, I laugh at them. They retire too far back. If she be an old toothless decrepid Trot, or a young dry Scrag, tho' they are not altogether to be believ'd, they may say it at least with more Probability. But they, who are yet capable of Love, and still part with Desire, spoil their own Market; forasmuch as indiscreet Excuses tend to accuse them; like a Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, suspected of Impotency,

*Languidior temerâ cui pendens scula betâ
Nunquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam *.*

who, three or four Days after he was marry'd, in order to justify himself, swore Point-blank that he had rode twenty Stages the Night before; which Oath was afterwards made use of to convince him of mere Ignorance, and to dissolve the Marriage. Besides, 'tis saying nothing to the Purpose; for there is no Continency nor Virtue where there is no contrary Effort. 'Tis true it must be said, but I am not ready to comply. The Saints themselves talk in this Manner; I mean those who boast in good earnest of their Coldness and Insensibility, and who put on a serious Countenance in order to be believ'd; for when 'tis spoken with an affected Look, where the Eyes give the Lye to the Tongue, and when they use the Cant of their Profession, which always goes against the Hair, I like it well. I adore Freedom and Simplicity, but there is no Remedy; if it be not altogether simple and childish, 'tis silly and unbecoming the Ladies in this Commerce, and immediately verges to Impudence. Their Disguises and their Figures only serve to cozen Fools. Lying is there in its Seat of Honour. 'Tis a Bye-way that leads us to the Truth by a Back-door. If we cannot curb their Imaginations, what is it we wou'd have them do? Do, indeed? There are Ways enough by which Chastity may be violated without any foreign Communication.

Illud sæpe facit quod sine teste fecit *.

He often does himself apply
To that he does when none is by.

And they whom we least suspect are perhaps the most to be feared. Their Crimes that make the least Noise are the worst, or as we say, The still Sow eats the most Malt.

Offendor macula simpliciore minus †.

A profess'd Strumpet gives me less Offence.

There are Means capable of violating their Chastity without Immodesty, and, which is more without their Knowledge §. *Obstetrix Virginis cujusdam integritatem manu velut explorans, sive malevolentia, sive inscitia, sive casu, dum inspicit, perdidit.* Some have lost their Maiden-head by a too curious search for it, and others by dallying with it have destroy'd it. We cannot exactly circumscribe the Actions which we forbid them. There is a Necessity for couching our Law under general and uncertain Terms. The very Idea which we form for their Chastity is ridiculous; for, among the extraordinary Examples of it, which I have met with, are *Fatua* the Wife of *Faunus*, who after her Marriage, never suffered herself to be seen by any Man whatsoever; and the Wife of *Hiero*, who never knew that her Husband had a stinking Breath, because she imagin'd that it was a Quality common to all Men ||. They must be insensible and invisible or we cannot be easy

But we confess that the best Way to form
Chastity depends on the Innocence of the Will. a Judgment of this Duty is by an Inspection into the Will. There have been Husbands who have suffered this Accident, not only without reproaching, or taking Offence at their Wives, but with special Obligation to them, and a Recommendation of their

* *Martial*, lib. vii. Ep. 61. v. 6. † *Id.* lib. vi. Ep. 7. § These Words are a Confirmation of what *Montaigne* has been saying, and tho' they are to be met with in *St. Austin's* Treatise, de *Civitate Dei* lib. i c. 18. they are too gross to be put into plain *English*. || *Plutarch* in his remarkable Passages of ancient Kings.

their Virtue. There was a Woman that priz'd her Honour above her Life, who prostituted it to the furious Lust of a mortal Enemy to save her Husband's Life ; and thereby did that for him, which she wou'd by no Means have done for herself. This is not a Place to produce such Instances ; they are too sublime and too rich to be set to View by any Light that I can throw upon them. Let us reserve them for a nobler Place. But as to Instances of a more common Lustre, are there not Women every Day among us, who let themselves out to Hire only for the Benefit of their Husbands, and by their exprefs Order and Brokerage ? Thus heretofore *Pbaulius* of *Argos*, to gratify his Ambition, offer'd his Wife to King *Philip*, just as *Galba* did out of Civility ; who having invited *Mecenas* to Supper, and finding that his Wife and he made love Signs by their mutual ogling, fell back on his Couch, like a Man greatly oppress'd with Sleepiness, to give Opportunity to their Amours* : And this he own'd too with a very good Grace ; for at the same Time, a Servant presuming to meddle with the Plates, &c. that were upon the Table, he said to him very frankly ; *How now you Rascal ? Don't you perceive that I only sleep to oblige Mecenas ?* There are some licentious Men, whose Wills may be more reformed than those of others that behave to outward Appearance with more Regularity. As we see some who complain of having made a Vow of Chastity before they came to Years of Discretion ; I have also known others complain truly of having as early devoted themselves to Debauchery. The Vice of Parents, or the Force of Necessity, which is a rude Counsellor, may be the Cause of it. In the *East-Indies*, tho' Chastity be of singular Recommendation there, yet Custom permitted a marry'd Woman to prostitute herself to any one that would present her with an Elephant ; and proud she was moreover, that she had such a Value set on her. *Phædon* the Philosopher, after the Conquest of *Elis* his native Country, made it his Trade to prostitute the Beauty of his Youth, as long as it lasted, for Money to subsist him. And *Solon*, they say, was the first Man in *Greece*, who by his Laws gave Liberty to the Women, at the Expence of their

* *Plutarch* in his *Treatise of Love*. p. 16

their Modesty, to provide for the Necessaries of Life, a Custom, which *Herodotus* says, was receiv'd in many Governments before his Time. And besides, what is any one the better for such a painful Solicitude? For be the Passion of Jealousy ever so just, we ought to consider whether it will turn out to our Advantage. Does any Man think, that with all his Industry, he can put an effectual Bar upon the Women?

*Pone seram, cobibe; sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes? Cauta est, et ab illis incipit uxor **.

Lock up your Wife, or else, as some advise,
Set a strict Watch; but who shall watch the Spies? }
Them first she bribes and all your Art defies.

What Conveniency can they be at a Loss for in so knowing an Age as the present?

*Curiosity in the
Article of Wo-
men's Chastity
pernicious.* Curiosity is vicious every where, but here 'tis also pernicious; 'tis a Folly to be inquisitive into a Disease for which there is no Medicine that does not inflame and make it worse; a Disease which is made more shameful and more public by the Means of Jealousy; and the Revenge of which wounds our Issue more than it heals us. You wither and die in the Search of so obscure a Proof. How miserable have some of my Time been made by having attain'd to the Knowledge of it! If the Informer does not apply a Remedy and Relief at the same Time with the Discovery, 'tis an injurious Information, and he is more deserving of a Stab than a downright Lyar. We laugh as much at him who takes Pains to prevent his being a Cuckold, as at him who is really such, and knows it not. The Stamp of Cuckoldom is so indelible, that he who once has it, always carries it to his Grave. The Punishment is more expressive of it than the Crime. 'Tis to a very fine Purpose, to open the Curtain and to lift up the Quilt to discover our private Misfortunes, and to trumpet them on tragic Scaffolds, and such Misfortunes too, as only sting us by being

being reported : For a Wife is thought to be good, or a Marriage happy, not as they are really so, but because the World is silent about them. A Man must be discreet to avoid this tormenting and unprofitable Knowledge : And the *Romans* * when they return'd from any Journey, us'd to send Notice before-hand of their coming, that their Wives might not be surpriz'd. To this Purpose it is, that a certain Nation introduc'd a Custom, that the Priest shou'd on the Day of any Marriage, unlock the Bride's Cabinet, to free the Husband from the Doubt and Curiosity of examining by his first Tryal, whether she comes a Virgin to his Bed, or has been violated before.

But the World will be talking. I know a hundred honest Gentlemen that are not very much disgrac'd by being Cuckolds. A gallant Man is pity'd for it, but not dishonour'd. Order the Matter so that your Virtue may smother your Misfortune, that good Men may curse the Occasion of it, and that he who wrongs you may tremble but to think of it. And in short, who escapes being talk'd of at the same Rate, from the Least even to the Greatest ?

A Gentleman is not the less esteem'd for being dishonour'd by his Wife.

†——*Tot qui legionibus imperitavit,
Et melior quam tu multis fuit, improbè, rebus §.*

To whom so many Legions did bow,
And who (poor Wretch) was better far than thou.

You see how many honest Men are reproach'd with this in your Presence, and you may be sure that you are not spar'd behind your Back. Nay, the very Ladies will be laughing too, and what are they more apt to banter in this virtuous Age of ours, than a peaceable and most happy

* *Plutarch* in his Treatise of Questions about the *Roman Affairs* ch. ix. † The 1041st Verse, of which *Montaigne* quotes the Sense rather than the Words, is here inserted before the v. 1039. § *Lucret. lib. iii. v. 1039, 1041.*

* *Cuckoldom an Evil, which one is oblig'd to keep secret.*

happy marry'd Couple? There's not a Man among you, who has not made somebody a Cuckold; for Nature deals altogether in Retaliation and Variety. The frequency of this Accident must have lessened the bitterness of it long ago, and it is now past into Custom.

Miserable Suffering this! which is also aggravated, because improper to be made known.

Fors etiam nostris invidet questibus aures.*

And Fortune spitefully denies

To lend an Ear unto our Cries.

For to what Friend dare you trust your Complaints? Who, if he does not laugh at them, will not make use of the Occasion as an Introduction and Instruction to come in for a Share of the Quarry. Wise Folks keep the Bitter, as well as the Sweets of Matrimony secret: And among the other teasing Articles that are to be met with in this State, to a talkative Man as I am, this is the chief, that Custom renders it indecent and injurious to communicate to another all that one knows and feels of it.

The Jealousy of a Wife is very fatal to her Husband

To give the Women themselves any Advice to disgust them against Jealousy wou'd be Time lost; their very Being is such a Compound of Suspicion, Vanity, and Curiosity, that there's no Hopes of curing them by lawful Means. They often recover themselves out of this Infirmity by a Form of Health, much more to be dreaded than the Malady itself. For as there are Enchantments which cannot remove the Evil but by throwing it upon another, they are glad to transfer this Fever to their Husbands when they are rid of it themselves. Nevertheless, to say the Truth, I don't know whether a Man can suffer a worse Thing from them than Jealousy; 'tis the most dangerous of their Qualities, as the Head is of all the Parts of their Bodies. *Pittacus* said †, That every one had his Vexation; that his was the bad Head of his Wife; but for which he shou'd think himself perfectly happy. This sure was a very sad In-

conve-

* *Catullus de Nuptiis Pelei. Carm. 62. v. 170.* † *Plutarch of the Peace of the Mind. ch. xi.*

convenience, with which a Person so wise, just and valiant, found the whole Course of his Life poyson'd! What then must we little Men do? The Senate of *Marseilles* might well grant the Request of him who desir'd Leave to kill himself, in order to be deliver'd from the Clamour of his Wife. For this is a Mischief never remov'd but by carrying away the Piece, and which there's no compounding for but by Flight or Patience; both of which are hard Terms. I take it, that he was not a Novice, who said, That happy was the Marriage where the Wife was blind, and the Husband deaf.

Let us also consider, whether the great and violent Severity of the Obligation we lay upon them, does not produce two Effects contrary to our End, viz. Whether it does not render the Gallants more eager to attack, and the Women more forward to surrender.

*The dangerous
Consequences of
too great a Re-
straint laid on
the Wife by the
Husband.*

For as to the First, by raising the Value of the Place, we rise the Value and Desire of the Conquest. Who wou'd not think that *Venus* herself cunningly enhanc'd the Price of her Merchandize, by making the Laws her Bawds, knowing how insipid that Pleasure wou'd be which was not heighten'd by Fancy and its Dearness? In short, 'tis all Swine's Flesh, only vary'd, as the Host of *Flaminus* said, by different Sawce. *Cupid* is a fly Deity, who makes it his Sport to contend with Devotion and Justice. 'Tis his Pride that his Power gives a Shock to every other Power, and that all other Rules yield to his.

Materiam culpæ prosequiturque sue.*

And seeks fresh Fewel for his Fire.

And as to the second Point, shou'd not we be less Cuckolds if we less fear'd to be so considering the Temper of Women whose Desires are prompted and excited by Prohibition?

Ubi

* *Ovid* Trist. lib. iv. El. i. v. 34.

*Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro *
Concessa pudet ire via †.*

You wou'd, they won't, when you wou'd not, they wou'd,
Consent does freeze, Denial fires their Blood.

What better Construction can we put on the Behaviour of *Messalina*? She at first cuckolded her Husband in private, as is the common Practice; but managing her Affairs with too much Ease, by reason of her Husband's Stupidity, she on a sudden scorn'd Privacy, scrupled not to carry on her Amours in public, own'd her humble Servants, and entertain'd and favour'd them in the Sight of all the World. She aim'd to make her Husband sensible of it. But nothing of all this being able to rouse the Animal, and rendering her Pleasures languid and flat, by that stupid Facility with which she seem'd to authorize and make them lawful, what does she, but, being the Wife of a healthy Emperor †, living at *Rome*, the Theatre of the World, in the Face of the Sun, and with public Feasting and Ceremony she marry'd one Day, as her Husband was out of Town, to *Silius*, whom she had enjoy'd long before? Does it not seem as if she was going to become chaste thro' her Husband's Indifferency for her? Or that she desir'd another Husband, who might sharpen her Appetite by his Jealousy, and by opposing it stir it up? But the first Difficulty she met with was also the last. This Beast rous'd on a sudden. These sleepy, sluggish Mortals are often the most dangerous. I have known, by Experience, that this extreme Patience, when it comes to be worn out, produces the most severe Revenge; for, by taking Fire all on a sudden, Anger and Fury combin'd in one, exert all their Efforts at the first Discharge;

— *irarumque omnis effundit habenas §.*

he put her to Death, and with her a great Number of her Correspondents; even one ¶ who cou'd not help it, and whom she had forc'd to her Bed with Scourges.

What

* Ter. Eunuch, Act 4. Sect. 7. v. 43. † Lucan. lib. ii. v. 446. ‡ Tacit. Annal. lib. xi. c. 26, 27, &c. § Virg. Æneid. lib. 12. v. 499. ¶ Mnesier, the Comedian, and Tralus Montanus, Tacit. Annal. lib. xi. c. 36.

What *Virgil* said of *Venus* and *Vulcan* was more suitably express'd by *Lucretius*, of a stoln Enjoyment betwixt her and *Mars*.

— *belli fera mænera Mavors,*
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, æterno devinæus volnere amoris :
Atque ita suspiciens tereti cervice reposta
Pascit amore avidos inbians in te, dea, visus
Eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore :
Hunc tu, Diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
Circumsusa super, suavis ex ore loquela
*Funde **.

— for furious *Mars*,
 The only Governor and God of Wars,
 With thee enamoured doth oft resort
 To taste the Pleasures of the *Paphian* Court ;
 Where, on thy Bosom, he supinely lies,
 Panting, and drinking Love, at both his Eyes ;
 Sucking thy balmy Breath with eager Kifs,
 And rushing to enjoy yet greater Blifs ;
 Then, while thy tender Limbs about him move,
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the Clasps of Love,
 Thy Charms in that transporting Moment try,
 And softest Language to his Heart apply.

When I consider these Words †, *Rejicit, pascit, inbians, pendet*, and that Word *circumsusa*, from whence *infusus* is nobly deriv'd, I have a Contempt for those little Witicisms and verbal Allusions which have started up since.

Those good Poets stood in need of no smart subtle Turn of Phrase. Their Language is copious, and full of a natural and constant Spirit. 'Tis altogether Epigrammatical ; with a Sting not only in the Tail, but in the Head,

A lively Description of the Amours of Venus and Mars, more natural than that which represents the Transports of Vulcan for Venus.

What constitutes true Eloquence.

Stomach,

* *Lucret. lib. i. v. 33, &c.* † All these Words so natural and expressive ; some of them in the Passage out of *Virgil*, mention'd in one of the preceeding Pages of this Chapter, and the rest in the Quotation here inserted.

Stomach, and Feet. There is nothing forc'd in it, nothing drawling, and it ever keeps the same Pace, without Variation. *Contextus totus virilis est, non sunt circa flosculos occupati* *, i. e. The whole Texture of it is manly, without the Ornament of Flowers. 'Tis not an Eloquence that is delicate, and inoffensive only : 'Tis nervous and solid ; and does not please only, but actually engrosses and captivates, and the finest Understandings are the most charm'd with it. When I see those sublime Forms of Expression so lively, so profound, I do not say 'tis well utter'd, but well conceiv'd. 'Tis the Sprightliness of the Imagination that gives Pomp and Sublimity to the Language. *Pectus est quod disertum facit* †, i. e. Eloquence is owing to the Frame of the Mind. Our People call Language Judgment, and fine Words, full Conceptions. This Painting is not so much owing to the Dexterity of Hand, as to the lively Impression of the Object on the Mind. *Gallus*'s Language is simple, because his Conception is simple. *Horace* is not content with a superficial Expression ; that wou'd betray him ; he sees into Things farther and more clearly. His Wit breaks into, and rummages the whole Magazine of Words and Figures to represent his Thoughts, and he must have Terms to express himself, which are more than ordinary, because such is his Conception. *Plutarch* says that he knew the Latin Tongue by Things || : So here, the Sense illuminates and produces the Words, which are no longer Words of Air, but of Flesh and Bone. They signify more than they express. The Novices in a Language have also some Idea of this. For in *Italy* I said whatever I had a Mind to in common Discourse ; but in serious Subjects I did not dare to trust to an Idiom, which I cou'd not turn and wind out of its common Path. I was for introducing something of my own.

The

* *Seneca*, Epist. 33. † *Quintilian*, lib. x. || In the Life of *Demosthenes*, c. 1. I began to take Latin Authors in Hand, *says he*, very late, being far advanc'd in the Decline of Life, when an odd Thing happen'd to me, which is nevertheless true, viz. That I did not so much learn or understand Things by the Words, as I came to understand the Words, in some Degree, by the Use and Knowledge I had of the Things thereby signify'd.

The Wits set off a Language by their Way of handling and managing it ; not so much innovating it, as by putting it to more vigorous and various Services, and straining and bending it to them. They don't introduce new Terms into it, but they enrich those they have already, give them more Weight, Spirit, and Energy ; and add new Turns, which are however authoriz'd by the wise and ingenious Application which they are not at a Loss to make of them. This is the End which all shou'd have in view, who are ambitious of the Honour of writing well ; and as for those who have not Génius to attain to it, they ought to think of something else. And indeed how few have a Sufficiency of this Talent, is evident from the many *French* Scriblers of this Age. They are too bold and haughty to follow the common Road ; but the want of Invention and Discretion ruins them. There is nothing to be seen in their Writings, but a wretched Affectation of a strange Novelty of Stile, with cold and absurd Disguises, which, instead of elevating the Subject, depress it. Provided they can but trick up themselves with new-fangled Terms, they care not what they avail ; and, for the Sake of bringing in a new Word, tho' it be by Head and Shoulders, they leave out the common one, tho' often more nervous and significant.

*Wits enrich
Language, and
give it fresh
Vigour.*

I find Stuff enough in our Language, but there is some Fault in the modelling of it ; for there is nothing that might not be made out of our Terms of Hunting and War, which is a fruitful Soil to borrow from : And the Forms of Speech, like Herbs, improve and grow stronger by being transplanted. I think the Language copious enough, but not sufficiently pliable and vigorous. It commonly flags under a powerful Conception. If you are upon the Sublime, you often perceive it languishes and droops under you, and that then Latin steps into its Relief, as Greek does to other Languages. We do not easily discern the Energy of some of those Words which I have selected, because the common use of them has, in some measure, impair'd their Beauty, and render'd it vulgar ; as is the Case in our common

*Montaigne's
Opinion of the
French Language.*

Talk, wherein there are excellent Phrases and Metaphors, the Beauty of which is faded by their being antiquated, and their Lustre fully'd by too common handling. But this abates nothing of the Relish to Men of Understanding, neither does it derogate from the Glory of those ancient Authors who, 'tis likely, first brought those Words into that Lustre.

The Sciences are treated of with too much Art. The Sciences treat of Things with too much Refinement, and in an artificial manner, very different from that which is common and natural. My Page makes Love, and understands it; but read to him *Leo*, the *Hebrew*, and *Ficinus*, where they treat of the Lover, his Thoughts and his Actions, and he knows nothing at all of the Matter. I discover in *Aristotle* most of my common Impulses, which are there cover'd and cloath'd in another Robe for the Use of the Schools. Well may they speed; but, were I of the Profession, I wou'd naturalize Art as much as *artifie* Nature. Let us leave *Bembo* and *Equicola* where we found them.

Why Montaigne chose to have no Books by him but Plutarch while he was writing.

When I write I care not for the Company and the Remembrance of Books, lest they shou'd break into my Plan: And to say the Truth, good Authors too much debase and discourage me. I am very much of the Mind of that Painter who, having made a wretched Figure of some Cocks, charg'd his Boys not to suffer any natural Cock to come into his Shop; and, in order to give myself a little Lustre, had need rather of the Invention of the Musician *Antimonydes*, who, when he was to perform a Piece of Music, took care that the Auditory shou'd either before, or after him be entertain'd with some other sorry Songsters. But I can hardly be without a *Plutarch*; he is so universal and copious, that upon all Occasions, and whatever extravagant Subject you pitch upon, he is officious to supply your Necessity, and stretches out a liberal Hand to you with an inexhaustible Store of Riches and Embellishments. It vexes me that he is so liable to be plunder'd by those who are conversant with him. I can no sooner make an Acquaintance with him but I purloin either a Leg or a Wing from him.

For

For this Design of mine I find it also very proper to write at home, in a wild Country, where nobody assists or relieves me, where I seldom see a Man that understands the Latin of his Pater-noster, or as little, if so much of the French. I might have perform'd better elsewhere, but then the Work wou'd not have been so much my own; its chief Aim and Perfection being to be exactly mine. I shou'd be apt enough to correct some accidental Errors, of which I am full, as I write on inadvertently; but as for my common and constant Imperfections it wou'd be a Kind of Treason to expunge them. When any one tells me, or I say to myself, 'Thou art too full of Figures; that's a Word of the Gascon Growth; that's a dangerous Phrase (I don't reject any that are us'd in the common Streets of France; 'tis mere Jest to think of opposing Custom with Grammar) that's an ignorant Discourse; a paradoxical Sentence; that there is too silly; you often make yourself merry; it will be thought you say a Thing in good Earnest, which you only speak in Jest.' Very true, say I; but I correct the Errors of Inadvertency, not those of Custom. Do I not talk at the same Rate throughout? Do not I represent myself to the Life? 'Tis enough I have done what I design'd. Every body discovers me in my Book, and my Book in me.

Why he chose to write at home, where he had none to help him.

Now I have an apish imitating Quality. When I us'd to set about writing Verses (tho' I never made any but Latin) they plainly discover'd the Poet I had read last; and some of my first Essays have a Taste that is a little exotic. At Paris I speak a Language somewhat different from what I do at Montaigne. Whatever I look upon with Attention easily leaves some Impression of it upon me. Whatever I examine I make my own, whether a silly Countenance, a disagreeable Grimace, a ridiculous Way of Speaking; and Vices most of all, forasmuch as they seize and stick to me, and will not leave their Hold without shaking off. I swear oftner by Imitation than Humour. A cruel Imitation like that of the Apes, so terrible in Stature and Strength, which K. Alexander met with in a certain Country of the Indies, and

Montaigne very apt to imitate.

which it wou'd have been difficult for him to have master'd any other Way. But they afforded him the Means, by this their Inclination to counterfeit whatever they saw done *. For thereby the Pursuers learnt to put on Shoes in their Sight, and to tye them fast with many Knots, to muffle up their Heads in Caps altogether compos'd of running Nooses, and to make as if they anointed their Eyes with Grew. Thus did those poor Animals employ their mimicking Humour indiscreetly to their own Detriment. They glew'd up their own Eyes, hamstring'd, and bound themselves. The other Faculty of mimicking the Words and Gesture of another, purposely to raise Mirth and Admiration, is no more in my Power than in that of a Stock. When I swear in my own manner, 'tis only by God, which of all Oaths is the most strict. † They say that *Socrates* swore by his Dog; *Zeno* by that same Interjection which is at this Time in use among the *Italians*, viz. *Cappari*; and *Pythagoras* || by Water and Air. I am so apt, without thinking of it, to receive these superficial Impressions, that if I had in my Mouth *Sire* or *Highbness* three Days together, I repeat them a Week after, instead of *Excellency* and *Lordship*; and what I say one Day in Sport and in Jest, I shall repeat next Day seriously. Therefore in Writing I am fonder of trite Arguments, lest I shou'd handle them at another's Expence. Every Subject is equally fertile to me. A Fly will serve me for a Subject; and 'tis well if what I have now in Hand may not have been undertaken at the Command of as rambling a Will. Let me begin with that which I like best; for the Subjects are all link'd to one another.

But

* *Ælian* de Animal. lib. xvii. c. 25. and *Strabo*, lib. xv. p. 1023.
 † Ομνυς δ' (οας) εἰς καππαρίων καλαμῶν Σακεδάνης ἢ Κύνα, *Diogenes* Laert. lib. vii. § 32. Capparis is the Name of a Shrub bearing Capers. Others swore by a Cabbage, as is the Custom in *France*, even at this Day; witness the Word *Vertuebou*, a kind of Oath, which signifies by the Virtue of Cabbage; an Expression which many People make use of every now and then. || *Diogenes* Laert. in the Life of *Pythagoras*, lib. viii. Sect. 6.

But I am vex'd that my deepest, and most ridiculous Reveries, yet such as please me best, are produc'd on a sudden, and when I look for 'em the least; and that they as suddenly vanish, for want of something at that Instant to apply them to; be it on Horseback, at Table, or in Bed; tho' I am most given to think when I am riding.

He generally produced his profoundest Thoughts on a sudden.

My Speech is a little nicely jealous of Attention and Silence if I am engag'd in a Discourse. Whoever then interrupts me puts me to a Stand. In a Journey the very Necessaries wanting on the Road break off Discourse; besides that I often travel without the Company fit for such regular Conversation; by which Means I have all the Leisure I wou'd desire to entertain myself. It falls out to me as it does with my Dreams. Whilst I am dreaming I recommend them to my Memory (for I am apt to dream that I dream) but next Day I may well enough call to mind what Complexion they were of, whether gay or sad, or wild; but what they were as to the rest, the more I strive to recollect it, the deeper I plunge it in Oblivion. So of Thoughts that come accidentally into my Head, I have no more than a vain Image remaining in my Memory; only enough to tease and vex me in a fruitless Search after them.

Did not like to be interrupted as he was speaking.

Now therefore, laying Books aside, and to speak more to the Purpose and the Truth, I find, after all, that Love is nothing but the Thirst of the Enjoyment of it in a desired Subject, and that *Venus* is nothing more than the Pleasure of discharging the Vessels; like the Pleasure that Nature gives us in the Discharge of the other Parts, which becomes vicious by being either immoderate or indiscreet. According to *Socrates* Love is the Appetite of Generation by the Intervention of Beauty. And, having often consider'd the ridiculous Titillation of this Pleasure, the absurd, hairbrain'd, and senseless Motions with which it agitates *Zeno* and *Crasippus*, the indiscreet Rage, the Countenance inflam'd with Fury and Cruelty, in the sweetest Act of Love; and then that sour,

What Love is; how it renders a Man ridiculous, and like to the Beasts.

grave, and ecstatic one in an Action so wanton ; that our Delights and our Excrements are promiscuously shuffled together, and that the highest Pleasure is, like Pain, attended with Fainting and Complaining. I think it true what *Plato* says, that Man was made by the Gods for their Sport *.

——— (*quænam ista jocandi
Sævitia? †*)

What a strange sporting Cruelty is this ?

and that 'tis in Derision that Nature has order'd the most common of our Actions to be the most troublesome ; thereby to make us equal, and to parallel Fools and wise Men, Beasts and us. When I imagine the most contemplative and prudent Man, in this Situation, I think he has consummate Impudence to pretend to be prudent and contemplative. The Pride of the Peacock is mortify'd by its Legs.

——— *ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat || ?*

Why may not Truth in laughing Guise be dress'd ?

They who in their Sports banish serious Thoughts are, says one, like the Person who fears to adore the Statue of a Saint if it be stark-naked. We eat and drink indeed as Beasts do ; but these are not Actions that obstruct the Functions of our Soul. In those we maintain our Advantage over them. This subjects every other Thought to it ; and, by its imperious Authority, makes an Ass of all *Plato's* Divinity and Philosophy, and yet there's no Complaint of it. In every Thing else you may preserve a Sort of Decorum : All other Operations submit to the Rules of Honesty ; this cannot so much as in Imagination appear other than vicious or ridiculous. Examine if you can therein find

* *Ἀνθρώπων Θεὸς τι παίσιον εἶναι*, *De Legibus*, lib. vii. p. 889.
† *Claudian in Entrop.* lib. i. v. 24, 25. || *Hor. Sat.* i. lib. i. v. 24, 25.

find a wife and discreet Proceeding. *Alexander* said that this Performance and Sleeping were the chief Actions by which he knew himself to be mortal *. Sleep suffocates and suppresses the Faculties of our Soul: The Exercise with the Sex absorbs and dissipates them in like manner. Doubtless 'tis a Mark not only of our original Corruption, but also of our Vanity and Deformity.

Nature impels us to it on the one Hand, by having attach'd to this Desire the most noble, useful, and pleasant of all her Functions; and, on the other Hand, she leaves us to accuse and avoid it as a Thing insolent and indecent, to blush at it, and to recommend Abstinence. Are not we mere Brutes to call that Operation *brutish* which begets us? People of various Religions have concurr'd in several Ceremonies, as Sacrifices, Lamps, burning Incense, Fastings, Oblations, and among others in the Condemnation of this Action. All Opinions centre in this, besides the antiquated Practice of Circumcision. We have perhaps Cause to blame ourselves for contributing to so silly a Production as Man, if we call the Act and the Parts that are employ'd in it shameful; as mine are properly so at this Time. The *Essenians*, of whom *Pliny* speaks, kept up † their Nation several Ages, without Nurses or Cradles, by the Arrival of Foreigners, who, following this pretty Humour, came among them continually; a whole Nation running the Hazard of totally exterminating themselves, rather than engage themselves in female Embraces, and rather to lose a Succession of Men than to beget one. They say that *Zeno* || never had to do with a Woman but once in his whole Life, and then out of Civility that he might not be deem'd a Woman-hater. Every one shuns the Sight of a Birth; every one runs to see an Execution. To destroy, a spacious Field is sought out, and

*Why is Love,
with which
Nature inspires
us, to be con-
demn'd.*

I 4

that

* *Plutarch* in his Tract of the Means to distinguish the Flatterer from the Friend, c. 23. † *Gens sola, et in toto orbe præter cæteras mira, sine ullâ Faminâ, omni Venere abdicatâ.*—*In diem ex æquo convenarum turbe renascitur, large frequentibus quos vitâ fessos ad mores eorum fortunæ fluctus agitat. Ita per sæculorum millia (incredibile dictu) gens æterna est, in quâ nemo nascitur,* Nat. Epist. lib. v. c. 17. || *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Zeno*, lib. vii. § 13.

that in the Face of the Sun ; but to beget, we creep into as dark and close a Corner as we can. 'Tis a Man's Duty to withdraw himself from the Light to do it ; but 'tis his Glory, and the Fountain of many Virtues, to be able to destroy it. The one is an Injury, the other a Favour ; for *Aristotle* said, that to do any one good was, according to a Proverb in his Country, to kill him. The *Athenians*, for the Sake of paralleling the Disgust of those two Actions, being to cleanse the Island of *Delos*, and to justify themselves to *Apollo*, prohibited all Births and Burials in the Precincts thereof. * *Nostri nosmet pœnitet*, i. e. We are ashamed of ourselves.

There are People who don't care that any shou'd see them eat.

There are Nations where the People don't love to be seen to eat. I know a Lady, and of the greatest Quality too, who thinks also that Chewing gives a disagreeable Air to the Face, which takes off much of its Grace and Beauty ; and therefore she does not care to appear in public with an Appetite : And I know a Man too who cannot bear to see another, or be seen himself to eat ; and is more shy of Company to see him in the Act of Repletion than that of Evacuation.

Turkish mad Men, who are proud to debase their own Nature.

In the *Turkish* Empire there are a great many Men who, aiming to be thought more excellent than others, never suffer themselves to be seen when they are at their Meals, who make but one in a Week, who cut and mangle their Face and Members, and never speak to any one : A frantic People, who think to honour their Nature by being unnatural to it, who value themselves upon despising themselves, and become better by growing worse. What a Monster is the Animal that becomes horrible to himself ; whose Delights are his Plagues, and who sticks to Misfortune !

There

* *Seneca* tells his Friend *Lucilius*, in his 115th Epistle, that he wou'd reap a very considerable Advantage from Philosophy, viz. that he wou'd never be ashamed of himself ; and 'tis not unlikely that this Passage ran in *Montaigne's* Head, tho' he employs it in a Sense quite different.

There are some who hide themselves as long as they live,

*Exilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant ;
Atque alio patriam quærunt sub sole jacentem *.*

Leaving their native Seats, in Exile run
To Lands that lie beneath another Sun.

and steal from the Sight of other Men ; and avoid Health and Chearfulness, as Qualities that are prejudicial, and Enemies to the human Being. Not only many Sects, but many People, curse their Birth, and bless their Death ; and there is a Place where the Sun is abhorr'd, and Dark-ness ador'd. We are only ingenious to use ourselves ill. In quest of this Game we set out all our Wit, which is a dangerous Tool if it be us'd intemperately.

Men who conceal themselves from Sight, and are ingenious in using themselves ill.

O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent † !

O wretched Man, whose very Joys are Crimes !

Alas ! poor Man ! thou hast Misfortunes enough that are unavoidable, without stretching thy Invention to increase them ; and art miserable enough by Constitution, without being so by Art ; thou hast real and essential Deformities enough, without forging such as are imaginary. Dost thou think thyself too easy in thy Circumstances if one half of thy Enjoyments does not disquiet thee ? Dost thou think that thou hast perform'd all the necessary Offices to which thou art engag'd by Nature ; and that she is idle in thee if thou dost not oblige thyself to new Offices ? Thou dost not scruple to offend her universal and undoubted Laws, and art very tenacious of thy own favourite Whimsies, which, the more particular, uncertain, and contradicted they are, the more pains thou dost take in their Favour. Thou art attach'd to the positive Laws of thy Parish, but those of the World concern thee not. Run but a little over the Examples of this Kind ; thy whole Life is full of them.

The

* *Virg. Geo. lib. ii. v. 511.* † *Cornel. Gall. Eleg. 1. v. 188.*

To talk discreet-
ly of Love only
stimulates it the
more.

The Verses of those two Poets, in treating so reservedly and discreetly as they do of Lasciviousness, do, I think, discover it, and lay it fuller in View. The Ladies cover their Breasts with Net-work, as the Priests do several sacred Things; and Painters throw a Shade over their Works to give them the greater Lustre: And the Sun and Wind are said to strike more violently by Reflection than in a direct Line. When the *Egyptian* was ask'd, What he carry'd so secretly under his Cloak; he gravely answer'd, 'Tis hid under my Cloak *, to the End that thou might'st not know what it is. But there are some other Things that are hid only on Purpose to be shewn. Hear this Man who speaks plainer.

Et nudam pressi corpus adusque meum †.

And in these naked Arms of mine
Her naked Body I did twine.

Methinks I am emasculated by this Expression. If *Martial* turn up *Venus'* Coats ever so high, he cannot shew her in such Perfection. He who says all that might be said, surfeits and disgusts us. He who is afraid to speak out inclines one to think more of the Matter than there is in Reality. There is a Kind of Treachery in this Sort of Modesty, and especially whilst they half open, as they do, so fair a Path to Imagination. And both the Action and the Description must shew they are stola.

The Love of the
Spaniards and
the Italians;
the more respect-
ful and timorous
it is, the more
agreeable.

The Love of the *Spaniards* and *Italians* the more respectful and timorous, the more coy and secret it is, the better it pleases me. I know not which of the Ancients it was who wish'd his Weapon as long as the Neck of a
|| Crane that he might be the longer in tasting what he swallow'd. Such a Wish wou'd have been more proper in this Pleasure, which is so quick and precipitant, especially in such Natures as mine, which has the

* *Plutarch* of Curiosity, c. 3. † *Ovid* de Amor. lib. i. Eleg. 5. v. 24. || See in *Athenius*, lib. i. c. 6.

the Fault of being too sudden in its Motion. To stop its Flight, and delay it with Preambles, a Wink, a Bow, a Word, a Sign, stand all for Favour and Recompence, betwixt them. Wou'd it not be excellent Frugality in him that cou'd dine on the Steam of Roastmeat?

'Tis a Passion in which Solidity has a very little Share, but Vanity and a feverish Dotage much greater; and it must be recompenc'd and serv'd in the same Manner. We teach the Ladies to value and esteem themselves, and to amuse and cheat us. We give the last Discharge at the first Onset. The *French* Impetuosity always attends it. By spinning out their Favours, and exposing them in small Parcels, even wretched old Age finds some Share of them, according to a Man's Value and Merit. He who has no Fruition but in Fruition, who wins nothing unless he sweep the Stakes, who only loves the Chase for the Sake of the Quarry, has no Business to come to our School. The more Steps and Gradations there are, the uppermost Seat is therefore the higher, and the more honourable. We shou'd take a Pleasure in being conducted to it, as is the Way in magnificent Palaces, by divers Porticos and Passages, long and pleasant Galleries, and by many Turnings and Windings. This Management wou'd redound to our Advantage. We shou'd then stay longer and love longer. Without Hope and without Desire our Progress is not worth a Rush. Our Conquest and intire Possession is what they ought always to dread. When they surrender themselves up to the Mercy of our Fidelity and Constancy, they run not a little Hazard. These are Virtues rare and hard to attain to, They are no sooner ours but we are no more theirs :

Love ought to be made gradually, and without Precipitation.

— *postquam cupidae mentis satiata libido est,
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant* *.

When our Desires and Lusts once sated are
For Oaths and Promises we nothing care.

And

And *Thrafonides*, a young Man of *Greece*, was so fond of his Amour that, having gain'd his Mistress's Heart, he refus'd to enjoy her, that he might not by Fruition consume, quench, and satiate that uneasy Passion, of which he boasted, and with which he fed his Fancy. The Dearness of a Dish heightens the Relish of it.

*Kisses render'd
contemptible by
being too com-
mon in Salutes.*

Do but observe how much the Fashion of Saluting, which is peculiar to our Nation, does, by the Facility of granting them, rob Kisses of that Charm which *Socrates* said is so powerful and dangerous for stealing our Hearts. 'Tis a disagreeable and offensive Fashion for the Ladies that they must be oblig'd to lend their Lips to every Man that has three Footmen to attend him, be his Person ever so disgusting.

* *Cujus livida naribus caninis*

Dependet glacies, rigetque barba :

* * * * *

Centum occurrore malo cunnilingis †.

Nor are we ourselves at all Gainers by the Bargain ; for as the World is divided we are oblig'd to kiss fifty ugly Faces for three Beauties ; and to tender Stomachs, like those of my Age, a bad Kiss is too dear a Purchase for a good one.

In *Italy* they passionately court, and even fall into Raptures of Devotion to the very Women who prostitute themselves for Money ; and justify themselves in it by pleading that there are Degrees of Fruition, and that they pay them so much Compliment with a Desire of obtaining that Fruition which is the most intire. The Women only sell their Bodies : Their Wills are too free, and too much their own to be put to Sale. Therefore, say these Gentlemen, 'tis the Will they aim at ; and so far they are in the right. 'Tis the Will that must be obliged and managed. I shou'd abhor to think that mine was a Body depriv'd of Affection. And this Madness is, methinks, a-kin to that
of

* *Martial*. lib. vii. Epig. 94. † The Latin is the only Language that is so licentious as to convey Ideas so gross and nasty. *Seneca* says 'tis better to suppress some Things in Silence, tho' it be to the Detriment of the Cause, rather than to transgress the Bounds of Modesty, *Senec. Controvers. lib. i. Controv. 2. towards the End.*

of the * Boy, who long'd to ravish the beautiful Image of *Venus*, which was carv'd by *Praxiteles*; or that of the furious *Egyptian*, who violated the dead Corpse of a Woman that he was embalming; which gave occasion to the Law † made afterwards in *Egypt* that the Bodies of beautiful young Women, and those of a good Family, shou'd be kept three Days before they were put into the Hands of those Persons who had the Charge of their Interment. *Periander* acted more wonderfully, who extended his conjugal Affection (more regular and legal) to the Enjoyment of his Wife *Melissa* after she was dead. Does it not seem a lunatic Humour in the Moon, when she cou'd no otherwise enjoy her Darling *Endymion*, to lay him asleep for several Months, and to please herself with the Fruition of a Boy, who stir'd not but in a Dream? I likewise say, that to love a Body without its Consent and without its Desire, is to love a Body without a Soul. All Enjoyments are not the same. There are some that are hectic and languishing. A thousand other Causes, besides good Will, may procure us this Grant from the Ladies. This is not a sufficient Testimony of Affection. Treachery may lurk there as well as elsewhere. They go to it sometimes but with half a Mind.

*Tanquam thura merumque parent ||,
Absentem marmoreâmvæ putes §.*

So coldly they the Sacrifice prepare,
You'd think they absent, or else Marble are.

I know some Ladies who had rather lend That than their Coach, and who only impart themselves that Way. You are to observe whether your Company pleases them upon any other account, or only for that same, the Endowment of some strong chin'd Groom; and in what Degree of Favour you stand with them.

— tibi

* *Venerem Praxiteles in marmore quasi spirantem in templo Guidiorum cel-
lavit, propter pulchritudinem operis, a libidinoso cujusdam complexu parum
suum*, Valer. Max. lib. viii. c. 11. in Externis § 4. † *Herodot.* lib. ii.
p. 136. ¶ *Diog. Laertius* in the Life of *Periander*, lib. i. § 96. || *Mart.*
lib. xi. Ep. 105. v. 12. § *Id.* lib. xi. Ep. 61. v. 8.

— *tibi si datur uni*
*Quo lapide illo diem candidiore nolet **.

Whether thy Mistress favour thee alone,
 And mark thy Day out with the whiter Stone.

What if she sops the Bread she eats of yours in the Sauce
 of a more pleasing Imagination?

Te tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores †.

While in her Arms intwin'd you don't discover
 She pants with Longing for an absent Lover.

What? Have we not known a Man in our own Times who made this Act subservient to a horrid Piece of Revenge, by that Means to poison and kill an honest Woman? They who know *Italy* will never think it strange if I seek not elsewhere for Instances of this Kind. For that Nation may be call'd the Mistress of the World in this Respect. They have generally finer Women, and fewer ordinary ones than we; but for uncommon and excellent Beauties I reckon that we are upon a Par. I form the same Judgment of the Wits of the common Class, of which 'tis plain that they have many more. Brutality is, without Comparison, more uncommon there. As for singular Genius's, and those of the first Rate, we are not at all indebted to them. Were I to extend the Comparison, I think I might say as to Prowess, 'tis with us popular and natural, contrary to what it is with them; but we have seen it sometimes in their Hands to a Degree so full and vigorous that it surpasses the most obstinate Instances we have of it.

The Inconveniences of the too great Restraints in which the Italians keep their Wives.

The Marriages of that Country are very unhappy upon this Account: Their Custom commonly imposes so harsh and slavish a Law upon their Wives, that the most remote Acquaintance with a Stranger is as great a Crime with them as the closest; the Consequence of which

* *Catull. ad Manlium, Carm. 66. v. 147.* † *Tibull. lib. i. El. 6. v. 35.*

which Law is that all Approaches become necessarily substantial; and, since all comes to the same Account, they have a very easy Choice to make. And, when they have broke down those Fences, depend on't they are all on Fire. *Luxuria ipsis vinculis, sicut fera bestia, irritata, deinde emissæ,* i. e. Lust, like a wild Beast, being enrag'd by being bound breaks from its Chain. 'Tis necessary they shou'd have a little more Rein.

*Vidi ego nuper equum contra sua fræna tenacem
Ore relutanti fulminis ire modo *.*

I saw, spite of his Bit, a head-strong Colt
Run with his Rider like a Thunder-bolt.

The Desire of Company is abated by giving it some Liberty. 'Tis a fine Custom we have in our Nation that our Children are admitted into good Families there, to be entertain'd and bred up Pages as in a School of Nobility. And 'tis look'd upon as an Incivility and an Affront to refuse a Gentleman. I have taken Notice (for so many Families, so many different Stiles and Forms) that the Ladies who have chose to subject the Maids of their Retinue to the most austere Rules, have had no better Luck than those who have allow'd them greater Liberty. There is a Necessity for using Moderation. Good Part of their Conduct shou'd be left to their Discretion; for when all comes to all there is no Discipline that can restrain them throughout. But 'tis very true that she who comes off safe and sound from a School of Liberty, is more to be trusted than she who comes away sound from a severe and cloyster'd Education.

Our Ancestors form'd the Countenances of *Modesty necessary* their Daughters to Bashfulness and Fear (their *sary to Women.* Courage and Desires being always alike) we ours to Assurance. We understand nothing of the Matter. This is the Business of the *Sarmatian* Ladies, who are not allow'd to lie with a Man till they have kill'd another in Battle with their own Hands. For me, who have no other Demand upon them than that they wou'd give me a Hearing, 'tis suf-

sufficient if they retain me for Council according to the Privilege of my Age. I advise them, therefore; as well as my own Sex, to Abstinence; but, if the Times we live in will not admit of this, let them be at least discreet and modest. For as *Aristippus* * is reported to have said to certain young Men, that blush'd at seeing him go into a Bawdy-house, The Crime is not in going in, but in not coming out. Let her that has no Care of her Conscience have some Regard however for her Character; and, tho' she be rotten within, let her carry a fair Outside.

Montaigne's I commend a Gradation and Length of
Taste as to the Time in the bestowing of their Favours. *Platonic Article of Love.* to shews that, in all Sorts of Love, Facility and Readiness are prohibited to the Defendants. For the Women to yield so intirely and rashly, without Fear or Wit, discovers a greedy Appetite, which they ought, with all their Art, to conceal. By their orderly and regular Deportment in their Grant of their Favours, they much more whet our Desire, and hide their own. Let them always fly before us; I mean those who wish nevertheless to be overtaken. They conquer us the better by Flight, like the *Scythians*. In truth, according to the Law that Nature has impos'd on them, 'tis not properly their Prerogative, either to Will or Desire; their Part is to suffer, obey, and consent; for which Nature has given them a perpetual Capacity, which in us is uncommon and uncertain. They have always their Call, to the End that they may be always ready for ours. *Pati nata* †, i. e. They are born to be passive: And whereas she has order'd that our Appetites shou'd be manifested by a prominent Shew and Declaration of it, she has caus'd theirs to be hidden and internal, and furnish'd them with Parts improper for Ostentation, and such as are merely defensive. Such Proceedings as this that follows must be left to the *Amazonian* License. *Alexander*, passing through *Hyrkania*, *Tbalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, met him with three Hundred Light-horse, of her own Sex, finely

* *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Aristippus*, lib. ii. § 69. † These two Words are taken out of *Seneca*, who, speaking of the Women of his Time, says, that the Sex born of the passive Gender was as lustful as that of the active Gender, *Epist.* 95.

finely mounted and well arm'd, having left the Remainder of a great Army that follow'd her, behind the neighbouring Hills; and when she came into his Presence, she spoke aloud to him, and said, ' That the Fame of his Victories and Valour had brought her thither to see him, and to make him an Offer of her Forces to assist him in his Enterprizes; and that, finding him so handsome, young, and vigorous, she, who was also perfect in all those Qualities*, advis'd him that they might lie together, to the End that, from the most valiant Woman in the World, and the most valiant Man then living, there might hereafter spring some great and wonderful Issue.' *Alexander* thank'd her, and, to give Time for the Accomplishment of her Demand, he stay'd there thirteen Days, which were spent with as much Mirth as possible to welcome so heroic a Princess.

We are, almost in every Instance, unjust Judges of their Actions as they are of ours. I pay the same Acknowledgment to the Truth, when it makes against me, as when 'tis on my Side? 'Tis an abominable Intemperance that prompts them so often to change, and that hinders them from limiting their Affection to any one Person whatsoever, as is evident in that Goddess, to whom are attributed so many Changes, and so many different Paramours. But 'tis true withal, that 'tis contrary to the Nature of Love, if it be not violent, and contrary to the Nature of Violence, if it be constant. And they who make it a Wonder, who exclaim against it, and make such an Inquiry into the Causes of this Frailty of theirs, as if it were unnatural and incredible, how comes it that they do not perceive how often they are themselves guilty of the same without any Astonishment or Miracle at all? It wou'd, perhaps, be more strange to see the Passion fix'd. 'Tis not

*Why in Love
'tis wrong for
the Men to
blame the
Levity and Incon-
stancy of the
Women.*

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K

a

* *Diodorus of Sicily*, lib. xvii. c. 16. But this Historian does not say that this Queen of the *Amazons* offer'd *Alexander* Troops to aid him in his military Expeditions: And *Quintus Curtius*, lib. vi. §. 5. says exactly, that *Alexander* having ask'd her if she wou'd go to the Wars with him, she excus'd herself by saying, that she had left nobody to be Guardian of her Kingdom; *Causata, sine Custode Regnum reliquisse.*

a Passion merely corporeal. If there be no End in Avarice and Ambition, there is no End neither in carnal Concupiscence. It exists even after Satiety, and 'tis impossible to prescribe either lasting Satisfaction, or End to it. It always longs for something unpossess'd; and yet Inconstancy is, perhaps, somewhat more pardonable in them than in us. They may plead, as well as we, the Inclination to Variety and Novelty, which is common to both Sexes; and secondly they might plead whether we will admit it or not that they buy a Pig in a Poke. *Joan, Queen of Naples* *, caus'd *Andreosso*, her first Husband, to be hang'd at the Bars of her Window in a Halter of Gold and Silk, wove with her own Hand, because that in the matrimonial Duties she found he had not the Parts, and cou'd not make the Efforts answerable to the Expectation she had conceiv'd from his Stature, Beauty, Youth, and Disposition, whereby she had been caught and deceiv'd. There is more Labour requir'd in Doing than in Suffering; so that they are on their Part always at least provided for the Supply of our Exigency, but it may happen otherwise on our Part. For this Reason *Plato* wisely made a Law, that before every Marriage, in order to prove its Fitness, certain Judges shou'd view the Youths, who claim'd it, stark naked, and the Women naked too, but not lower than the Waist. In their Trial of us, perhaps, they do not find us worthy of their Choice.

*Experta latus madidoque simillima loro
Inguina, nec lassâ stare coacta manu
Deserit imbelles thalamos †.*

'Tis not enough that the Will be good. Impotency and Insufficiency are lawful Reasons for dissolving a Marriage.

Et

* *Andrew*, the Son of *Charles King of Hungary*, and the Husband of *Joan I. Queen of Naples*. The *Italians* call'd him *Andreosso*. As to the tragical Death of this Prince, see *Bayle's Dictionary*, in the Article of *Joan I. of Naples*. † As was the Case of *Galla*, mention'd in *Martial* (lib. vii. Ep. 57. v. 3, &c.) who, being dissatisfy'd with six or seven Husbands whom she quitted, was likewise deceiv'd by other Husbands equally deficient.

*Et querundum aliunde foret nervosius illud,
Quod posset Zonam solvere Virgineam *.*

And why shou'd not she look out for an amorous Being
more licentious and active according to her own Standard?

—— *si blando nequeat superesse labori †.*

If he cannot perform the pleasing Task ?

But is it not great Impudence to bring our Insufficiency and
Impotency to the Place where we desire to give Pleasure,
and to leave a good Opinion and Character of ourselves ?
For the little that I am able to do now,

—— *ad unum
Mollis opus ‖.*

But once a Night.

I wou'd not tease a Person whom I esteem and fear to offend,

—— *fuge suspicari
Cujus undenum trepidavit ætas
Claudere iustrum §.*

Let not your Mind indulge suspicious Fears
Of him who trembling draws to threescore Years.

Nature ought to be satisfy'd with having render'd this Age
miserable, without exposing it also to Ridicule. I hate to
see it, for one poor Inch of pitiful Vigour which warms it
thrice a Week, to strut and push on with as much Eager-
ness as if it had Length and Strength to perform mighty Feats,
which end in a mere Blaze of Flax; and wonder to see its vio-
lent Itching so suddenly chill'd and extinguish'd. This is an
Appetite which can be in none but the Flower of beauti-
ful Youth. If you trust to Nature, expecting she will se-
cond that indefatigable, full, constant, and magnanimous
Aidour which is in you, she will certainly leave you in the

K 2

Lurch.

* *Catullus* ad januam mæchæ cujusdam, *Carm.* 65. v. 27, 28.

† *Georg.* lib. iii. v. 127. ‖ *Hor.* *Epod.* lib. xii. v. 15, 16. § *Horace*,
lib. ii. *Ode* 4. v. 22.

Lurch. Return it, therefore, boldly to some tender, bashful, and ignorant Boy, who still trembles under the Lash and blushes at it.

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, vel mista rubent ubi lilia, multâ
Alba rosâ *.*

So *Indian* Iv'ry, stain'd with Crimfon, shows,
Or Lilies white, mix'd with the damask Rose.

He who can, without hanging down his Head for very Shame, expect next Day to face the Disdain of those fair Eyes, conscious of his fumbling Impertinence,

Et taciti fecere tamen convicia vultus †.

----- and, tho' she nothing says,
How ill she lik'd my Work her Look betrays.

he never felt the Satisfaction and Pride of having tir'd them, and tarnish'd their Lustre, by the vigorous Performance of one active heroic Night. When I have observ'd any one of them to be disgusted with me, I have not presently accus'd her Levity, but have been in Doubt if I had not Reason rather to find fault with Nature, which has certainly treated me very unkindly and unjustly,

*(Si non longa satis, si non bene mentula crassa :
Nimirum sapiunt videntque parvum
Matronæ quoque mentulam illibenter.) ||*

and done me a most enormous Prejudice. Every Member I have is equally mine, as much one as another ; and no other does more properly make me a Man than this.

I

* *Æneid*, lib. xii. v. 67. † *Ovid Amor. lib. i. Eleg. 7. v. 21.* || Of these three Verses ; the first is the Beginning of a Sort of Epigram, intitul'd, *Priapus in Veterum Poetarum Catalectis*; and the two others are taken from one of the first Epigrams of the same Book, *Ad Matronas*; compos'd of five Verses, two of which are parody'd by *Montaigne*.

I ought to give the Public my Picture intire, with all its Lights and Shades. The wise Part of my Lecture wholly consists in Truth, Liberty, and Essence; disdaining to admit those little feign'd, usual, and provincial Rules into the Catalogue of its real Duties; 'tis altogether natural, constant, and general; of which Civility and Ceremony are Daughters indeed, but spurious. We are sure we shall have the Appearance of Vices when we shall have had them in Reality. When we have done with these we run full drive upon others, if we find it must be so: For there is Danger that we fancy new Duties, to excuse our Neglect of the natural ones, and so confound them. That such is the Case, 'tis visible that in Places where Mistakes are Mischiefs, the Mischiefs are only Mistakes: That in Nations where the Laws of Decency are most rare and most remiss, the primitive Rules of common Reason are best observ'd; such numberless Duties stifling and dissipating all our Care. The Application to trifling Things diverts our Attention from those which justly require it. What an easy, plausible Course do these superficial Men take, compar'd with ours! These are Shadows, wherewith we palliate and pay one another. But, instead of paying, we inflame the Reckoning towards that great Judge, who tucks up our Rags and Tatters round our Pudenda, and thoroughly scrutinizes every Part of us, even to those that are the inmost and most secret. It were a decent and useful Quality of our virgin Modesty, cou'd it prevent this Discovery. In fine, he that cou'd reclaim Man from so scrupulous a verbal Superstition, wou'd do the World no great Damage. Our Life is divided betwixt Folly and Prudence. Whoever writes nothing of it but what is reverend and regular, leaves above one Half behind. I do not excuse myself to myself; and if I did, it shou'd be rather to apologize for my Excuses than for any other Fault of mine. I excuse myself as to certain Humours which, I think, are more in Number than those that I can justify. With regard to them I have also this to say (for I desire to please every body, as hard a Matter as it is for a single Man, *Esse accommodatum ad tantam morum*

Montaigne's
Apology for the
Licentiousness
of his Style.

ac sermonum et voluntatum varietatem *, i. e. to accommodate himself to so great a Variety of Manners, Discourses, and Determinations) that they cannot condemn me for making use of Authorities that have been receiv'd and approv'd of for many Ages; and that there is no Reason that, for want of Rhime, they shou'd refuse me the Dispensation which they allow even to the Church-men of our Nation and Time. Of this the two Lines that follow are the most signal Examples.

† *Rimula, dispeream, nî monogramma tua est.*
Un vit d' amy la contente et bien traitte ||.

What wou'd you think of many others of the like Kind? I love Modesty; and 'tis not from Judgment that I have chose this scandalous Sort of Discourse; 'tis Nature that has chose it for me. I commend it not any more than all other Terms of Speaking contrary to the receiv'd Custom; but I excuse it, and, by Circumstances, both general and particular, mitigate the Accusation.

To pursue this Subject: From whence can proceed that Usurpation of sovereign Authority which you pretend to over those Ladies who favour you at their own Peril;

Si furtiva dedit nigrâ munuscula nocte §.

If in the Silence of the Night
 She has permitted stoln Delight.

*Such Favour-
 ites of the La-
 dies as arrogate
 to themselves an
 unreasonable
 Authority over
 their Mistresses
 blam'd for it,
 and not at all
 imitated by
 Montaigne,*

so that you presently take upon you the Interests, Coldness, and Authority of a Husband? 'Tis a free Convention; why then do you not stick to it, as you are desirous they shou'd? There is no Prescription as to Things that are voluntary. 'Tis not the Fashion; however, 'tis certain that I have, in my Time, carry'd on this Bargain as far as the Nature of it will admit, as conscientiously as any other Contract

* Q. Cic. de *Petitione Consulatus*, c. 14. † As to the too free Poems which *Beza* compos'd in his Youth, they, who are curious in Inquiries of this Sort, may consult *Bayle's* critical Dictionary in the Article of *Beza*, Note x. || *Beza*, St. *Gelasius*. § *Catull.* ad *Manlium*, Carm. 66. v. 145.

tract whatsoever, and with some Air of Justice; and that I never pretended to declare any Affection for them but what I really had, and ingenuously discover'd to them the Decay, Strength, and Source of it; together with its Fits and Intermissions. A Man does not always hold on in the same Pace. I have been so shy of promising, that I fancy my Performances have exceeded my Promise, and even what I was oblig'd to do. They have found me faithful, even to the Service of their Inconstancy; even an Inconstancy avow'd, and sometimes multiply'd. I never broke with them whilst I had the least Hold of them; and, what Occasion soever they have given me, never broke with them so far as to scorn or hate them. For such Privacies, when even obtain'd upon Terms the most scandalous, do yet oblige me to some Benevolence. I have sometimes discover'd a little indiscreet Anger and Impatience upon their Tricks and Subterfuges, and in our Disputes: For I am, by my Constitution, subject to hasty Sallies, which, tho' slight and short, often spoil my Market. If at any Time they were pleas'd to take my free Thoughts, I have not fail'd to give them fatherly, but sharp Advice, and to pinch them in the sore Place. If ever I left them to complain of me it was rather that they found my Love foolishly conscientious in Comparison with the modern Custom. I have kept my Word in Things wherein I might easily have been dispens'd with. They then surrender'd sometimes with Reputation, and on such Articles of Capitulation as they easily suffer'd to be violated by the Conqueror. I have more than once made Pleasure, in its greatest Effort, truckle to the Interest of their Honour; and, when Reason urg'd me, have arm'd them against me; so that they conducted themselves with greater Security and Gravity by my Rules, when they frankly referr'd themselves to them, than they wou'd have done by their own Rules. I have ever, to my utmost, taken upon myself alone the Hazard of our Assignations, in order to save them harmless; and have always brought about our Interviews by Intrigues the most unpleasant and unexpected, that they might be least mistrusted, while yet, in my Opinion, they were the more practicable. They are chiefly open in those Places where

they think themselves shelter'd. Things that are the least fear-
ed are the least defended and observ'd. One may more easily
dare what nobody thinks you wou'd dare to do, which,
thro' its Difficulty, becomes easy. Never had any Man
his Approaches more impertinently genital. This Way of
Loving is more according to Discipline; but who knows
better than I how ridiculous and ineffectual it is to our
People; yet I shall not repent of it: I have nothing more
to lose by it *.

— *me tabula facer*
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo ‡.

For me my votive Table shews
That I have hang'd up my wet Cloaths
Upon the sacred Temple Wall
Of th' Ocean's Lord high Admiral.

'Tis now high Time to speak out: But perhaps I might
say, as I wou'd do at another Time, Thou talkest idly,
my Friend. The Love of thy Time has little Correspon-
dence with Faith and Integrity.

— *Hæc si tu postules*
Ratione certa facere, nibilo plus agas,
Quàm si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias †.

These Things so fickle, if thou undertake,
By Reason permanent to make;
This will be all thou'lt get by it,
Wisely to run out of thy Wit.

So, on the contrary, were I to begin, it shou'd certainly be
by the same Tract, and the Progress shou'd be the same,
how fruitless soever it might prove. Incapacity and Stupi-
dity

* Montaigne wou'd signify by this, that having been expos'd by Love
to many Traverses, he had at length extricated himself from that dan-
gerous Passion forever. ‡ *Hor. lib. i. Ode 5. v. 13, &c.* † *Terence Eu-
nuch, Act 1. Scene 1. v. 16, &c.*

dity are commendable in an Action that is not Praise-worthy. The farther I deviate from their Humour in this, the nearer I approach to my own. As for the rest, in this Bargain I did not suffer myself to be totally captivated : I was pleas'd with it, but did not forget myself. I reserv'd the little Sense and Discretion which Nature has given me, intire for their Service and my own ; a little Rapture, but no Dotage. My Conscience was also engag'd. in it, even to an Excess of Debauchery ; but never so far as to be guilty of Ingratitude, Malice, and Cruelty. I did not purchase the Pleasure of this Vice at any Rate ; but contented myself with its proper and simple Expence. *Nullum intra se vitium est*, i. e. Nothing is in itself a Vice *. I hate a stupid, sluggish Laziness almost as much as I do a crabbed and painful Employment. The one pinches me, the other lays me asleep. I like Wounds as well as Bruises, and Cuts as well as dry Blows. I found in this Commerce, when I was best qualify'd for it, a just Medium betwixt the two Extremes. Love is a wakeful, spritely, and gay Agitation. I was not sick nor sorry with it, but warm'd ; and, moreover, chang'd by it. There 'tis necessary to make a Stop. It hurts none but Fools. A young Man ask'd *Panætius* †, the Philosopher, if it was becoming a wise Man to be in Love : Let the wise Man look to that, *said he*, but let not thou and I, who are not so, engage ourselves in an Affair of so much Agitation and Violence as will enslave us to others, and render us contemptible to ourselves. He spoke the Truth, that we ought not to trust a Passion, so giddy of itself, to a Soul that has not Fortitude to withstand its Assaults, nor to disprove the Saying of *Agefilæus* ‡, that Prudence and Love cannot associate. 'Tis, in Truth, a vain Occupation, indecent, scandalous, and unlawful ; but, to carry it on after this Manner, I reckon it wholesome, proper to enliven both the Body and Soul when dull and sluggish. And, in Quality of a Physician, I wou'd prescribe it to a Man of my Make and Con-

* *Senec. Epist. 95* † *Senec. Epist. 117.* ‡ O ! how hard a Matter is it, *said Agefilæus*, for a Man to be in Love and his sober Senses at one and the same time ! *Plutarch in the Life of Agefilæus*, c. 4. of *Amoyot's Translation*,

Condition, as soon as any other Recipe whatsoever, to rouse and keep him in Vigour when far advanc'd in Years, and to make him dally with the Attacks of old Age. Whilst we are but in the Suburbs of it, and while the Pulse yet beats,

*Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo *.*

Whilst my grey Hairs do just approach in Sight,
Whilst my old Age is fresh, and stands upright;
Whilst on Fate's spinning Wheel remains more Thread,
And whilst, without a Staff, firm is my Tread.

we have need to be prompted, and tickled by some such Provocative. Do but observe with what Youth, Vigour, and Gaiety it inspir'd the Sage *Anacreon*: And *Socrates*, when he was older than I now am, speaking of an amorous Object, 'Leaning,' said he, '† my Shoulder to her Shoulder, and touching her Head with mine, as we were reading both together in one Book, I perceiv'd, without jesting, a sudden Sting in my Shoulder, like some Flea-bite, which crept about me five Days after; and was accompany'd with a continual Titillation in my Heart.' What! did only an accidental Touch, and that by the Shoulder, raise a Heat, and create an Alteration in a Breast that was chill'd and enervated by Age; and one too that was the first Reformer of the human Race! And pray why not? *Socrates* was a Man, and wou'd neither be, nor seem to be any Thing else. Philosophy does not combat natural Pleasures, provided they be us'd moderately; and preaches up Moderation, but not total Abstinence. It raves most against such Pleasures as are foreign to Nature, and adulterated. It says, that the Appetites of the Body ought not to be augmented by the Mind; and ingeniously cautions us not to desire to stir up our Hunger by Saturity, not to wish to stuff instead of filling the Belly, to avoid all

En-

* *Juv. Sat. 3. v. 26, &c.* † *Xenophon's Symposiacs, c. 4. § 27, 28.*

Enjoyment that may bring us to Want, and all Meats and Drinks that create Thirst or Hunger. So, in the Service of Love, Philosophy prescribes to us to take an Object that may purely satisfy the Necessity of the Body, and not move the Soul, which ought to have no Share in the Fact, but simply to follow and assist the Body. But have I not reason to judge that these Precepts, which are, I think, however, in other Respects a little too severe, are only directed to a Body that performs its Office; and that for a Body in a State of Decay, like that of a weak Stomach, 'tis excusable to warm and support it by Art; and, by the Intervention of the Fancy, to restore the Appetite and Alacrity, because it went off of itself?

May we not say that there is nothing in us, during this terrestrial Prison, that is purely either corporeal or spiritual; and that we injuriously dismember a Man alive; and that it seems but reasonable that we shou'd act as favourably with regard to Pleasure as to Pain?

*Montaigne's
Opinion that
both the Body
and Mind ought
to assist each
other in the Use
of Pleasure.*

This was (for Example) vehement, even to Perfection, in the Souls of the Saints by Repentance: The Body had naturally a Share therein by the Right of its Union, and yet might have little Share in the Cause; and, nevertheless, they were not contented that the Body shou'd barely follow and assist the afflicted Soul. They afflicted it by itself with grievous and peculiar Torments, to the End that both the Body and the Soul shou'd strive to plunge Man in Misery, by so much the more wholesome, as it is more piercing. So, in the Pleasures of the Body, is it not Injustice to deny the Soul a Share in them, and to say that it must be dragged into them as into some forc'd and servile Obligation and Necessity? 'Tis rather her Part to hatch and foment them; to present and invite herself to them, the governing Part being her Prerogative; as it is also her Province, in my Opinion, in those Pleasures that are peculiar to her, to inspire and infuse into the Body, all the Sensation of them which its Condition can admit of; and to study how to make them agreeable and salutary to it. For 'tis highly reasonable, as they say, that the Body shou'd not pursue its Appetites to the Prejudice of the Soul: And why is it

not

not as reasonable that the Soul shou'd not pursue her's the Prejudice of the Body?

The Advantages that may be reap'd from Love in an advanced Age.

I have no other Passion that keeps me Breath. The same Effect that Avarice, Ambition, Quarrels, and Law-Suits have upon other Persons, who, like me, are of no particular Profession, Love wou'd cause to much more Advantage. It wou'd render me vigilant, sober, graceful, and careful of my Person. It wou'd settle my Countenance, so that it cou'd not be spoil'd by the crabbed Looks of old Age, those Looks that are so ugly and so lamentable: It wou'd again put me upon solid and wise Studies, by which I might render myself more esteem'd and belov'd, clearing my Mind of the Despair of itself, and of its Use, and making it again acquainted with itself. It wou'd deliver me from a thousand uneasy Thoughts, a thousand melancholy Chagrins, which Inactivity and an ill State of Health bring upon us at such an Age. It wou'd, in a Dream at least, put fresh Warmth into that Blood which Nature has deserted. It wou'd hold up the Chin, and a little stretch out the Nerves, as well as add Vigour and Alacrity to the Life of that poor Man, who is making large Strides towards his Dissolution. But I am far from being ignorant that 'tis a Benefit very hard to recover: By Weakness and long Experience our Taste is become more delicate and exquisite. We desire most when we bring least; and are willing to have the most Choice when we least deserve to be accepted. From our Consciousness of this we are less daring and more diffident; and, considering our Condition and theirs, nothing can assure us of being belov'd. I am ashamed of myself when in Company with those young Bucks,

* *Cujus in indomito constantior inguine nervus,
Quàm nova collibus arbor inhæret ‡.*

* *Epod. lib. Ode 12. v. 19, 20. ‡ i. e. Who are always in a Capacity of performing well.* This is a short Paraphrase on the Distich, by *La Fontaine*, which those, who don't understand the Latin, must be content with; for the Terms, made use of by *Horace*, convey such gross Ideas that we don't chuse to translate them literally.

To what End shou'd we carry our Misery where there is
such Mirth ?

*Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem *.*

That Youths, in fervent Wishes bold,
Not, without Laughter, may behold
A Torch, whose early Fire
Could ev'ry Breast with Love inflame,
Now faintly spread a sickly Gleam,
And in a Smoak expire.

They have both Strength and Reason on their Side ; let us
give Way to them ; we have nothing more to say for our-
selves : And this Blossom of springing Beauty is not to be
touch'd by Hands so stiff with the Cold, nor to be dealt
with by Methods that are purely material. For as the an-
cient Philosopher said to his Friend that jeer'd him be-
cause he cou'd not gain the Favour of a Girl whom he
passionately courted, *Such new Cheese † will not stick to my
Hook.* 'Tis a Commerce that stands in need of Relation
and Correspondence. Other Pleasures that we receive are
capable of being acknowledg'd by Returns of a different
Kind ; but this is only to be paid with the same Coin.
Really, in this Sport, the Pleasure which I give, tickles my
imagination more than that which is given to me. Now,
as he has not a Spice of Generosity in him, who can re-
ceive Pleasure where he gives none, it must needs be a
mean Soul that desires to owe all, and can be contented to
maintain a Conversation with Persons to whom he is a
Charge. There is no Beauty, Grace, or Privacy, so ex-
quisite that a Man of Honour ought to desire upon such
Terms. If they only can be kind to us out of Pity, I had
much rather not live at all, than live upon Charity. I wou'd
have Right to demand it of them, in the Stile that I saw
us'd

* Hor. lib. iv. Ode 13. v. 26, &c. † Diog. Laertius, in the Life of
*, lib. iv. Sect. 47.

is'd in *Italy*, *Fate ben per voi*, i. e. Do Good for your own Sake; or in the Manner that *Cyrus* exhorted his Soldiers: *Let him that loves me follow me*. Confort yourself (I shall be told) with Women of your own Condition, who will therefore, be more ready to oblige you. O! fottish and infipid.

————— *nolo*
Barbam vellere mortuo Leoni *.

I will not twitch a dead Lion by the Beard.

Xenophon lays it for an Objection, and an Accusation against *Menon* †, that none but Women who had past their Bloom, were the Objects of his Amours. I really take more Pleasure in the bare Sight of the just and sweet Mixture of two young Beauties, or only contemplating it in my Fancy, than to act as a Second in such a sad disagreeable Medley. I leave this whimsical Appetite to the Emperor *Galba* †, who fancy'd no Flesh but what was tough and old; and to that poor Wretch in *Ovid*.

*O ego dī faciant talem te cernere possim,
Charaque mutatis oscula ferre comis
Amplēctique meis corpus non pingue lacertis!* ‖

O wou'd to Heav'n that such I might thee see
To kiss those Locks grey with Antiquity,
And thy lank Body with my Arms embrace.

And, amongst the chief Deformities, I reckon Beauties that are artificial and forc'd. *Emonez*, a young Wench of *Cbios*, thinking, by her fine Head-geer, to acquire the Beauty which Nature had deny'd her, went to *Arcefilaus* §, the Philosopher, and ask'd him whether it was possible for a wise Man to be in Love: *Yea verily*, reply'd he, but not with

* *Mart. lib. ii. Epig. 10. v. 9, 10.* † *Ανδρ (Μενων) Παιδισια εχουσα* *Θαρυπας, αχρηστος ων φλυασις α Κυρη αναβας*, lib. ii. c. 6. § 15.
† *Suetonius* in the Life of *Galba*, § 22. ‖ *Ex Ponto*, lib. i. Ep. 4. To his Wife, v. 49, 50. § *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Arcefilaus*, lib. iv. Sect. 34.

with an artificial and counterfeit Beauty like tbine. The Deformity of a confes'd old Face is neither so old, nor so ugly, in my Opinion, as another that is painted, or rather plaister'd. Shall I say it without the Danger of being taken by the Collar for it? I do not take Love to be properly and naturally in Season but in the Age next to Childhood.

*Quem si puellarum infereres choro,
Mille sagaces falleret hospites,
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu * :*

Who, plac'd amongst the Maids, defies
A skilful Stranger's prying Eyes,
So smooth his boyish Looks appear,
So loose, so womanish his Hair.

Nor Beauty neither; for, tho' *Homer* extends it to the Budding of the Chin, *Plato* himself has observ'd it to be uncommon. And the Reason why the Sophist *Dion* call'd the first Down of Beards *Aristogitons* and *Harmodians*, is notorious. I think that in Virility Love is a little out of its Place, but much more in old Age.

*Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus †. ———*

O'er wither'd Oaks the Wanton flies.

And *Margaret*, Queen of *Navarre*, like a very Woman as she was, extends the Advantage of the Women to a great Length, ordering that thirty Years of Age shou'd be the Season for changing the Title of Beautiful into that of good Woman. The shorter Time that we allow to Love to keep Possession of us 'tis so much the better for us. Do but observe its Carriage. He is a beardless Boy who knows not how they behave in his School contrary to all Order. Study, Exercise, and Practice, are Ways for Insufficiency to pro-

* *Horace*, lib. ii. Ode 5. v. 20, &c. † *Horace*, lib. iv. Ode 13. v. 9.

proceed by. Novices are the Regents in that School. *Amor ordinem nescit* *, i. e. Love knows no Order. Doubtless its Conduct is more graceful when mix'd with Inadvertency and Trouble. Miscarriages and Disappointments give it a Spirit and a Grace. Provided it be sharp and eager 'tis no great Matter whether it be prudent. Do but observe how it goes staggering, tripping, and playing Tricks. To guide it by Art and Wisdom is putting it in the Stocks; and 'tis cramping its divine Liberty to put it into Clutches so hairy and callous. For the rest, I have often heard Women represent this Being as spiritual, and scorn to take any Notice of what Interest the Senses have therein. Every Thing is of Service to it; but I can say, that I have often seen that we have excus'd the Weakness of their Understandings for the Sake of the Beauty of their Persons; but that I never yet saw, that, for the Sake of the Beauty of the Mind, how sedate and mature soever, the Ladies were ever inclin'd to lend a Hand to support a Body that was fallen ever so little to Decay. Why does not some Woman or other take it into her Head to make that noble *Socratical* Barter of the Body for the Mind, purchasing a philosophical and spiritual Intelligence and Generation, at the Price of her Thighs, the highest Price which she can set upon them? *Plato* orders, in his Laws, That whoever perform'd any signal and advantageous Exploit in War shou'd not, while it lasted, be deny'd a Kiss, or any other amorous Favour, by any Woman whatsoever, his Deformity or Age notwithstanding. What he thinks to be so just in Recommendation of military Valour, why may it not be the same for the Encouragement of any other Valour? And why does not some Woman take a Fancy to forestall her Companions in the Glory of this chaste Love? I may well say Chaste,

— NAME

* Mr. Cotton, in his Translation, quotes St. Jerome for this, but does not mention Chapter or Page. *Anacreon* said, long before him, that *Bacchus*, aided by Love, was irregular in his Frolics, Ode 52. v. ult.

* ——— *nam si quando ad prælia ventum est
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis
Incaustum furit †.*

For when to join Love's Battle they engage
Like Fire in Straw they vainly spend their Rage.

• The Vices that are stifled in Thought are not the worst.
To conclude this notable Commentary, which has escap'd
from me in a Torrent of Babble; a Torrent impetuous
sometimes, and offensive;

*Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
Procurrit casto virginis è gremio:
Quod miserae oblita molli sub veste locatum,
Dum adventu matris profilit excutitur,
Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu,
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor †.*

As a fair Apple, by a Lover sent,
To's Mistress for a private Compliment,
Does tumble from the modest Virgin's Lap;
Where she had quite forgot it, by Mishap;
When, starting at her Mother's coming in,
It is dropt out her Garments from between,
And rolls upon the Floor before her Eyes,
A guilty Blush her fair Complexion dyes.

I say that Males and Females are cast in the same Mold;
and that Education and Custom excepted, the Difference
between them is not great. *Plato* calls upon both Sexes in-
differently to associate in all the Studies, Exercises, Offices,
and Professions, military and civil, in his Republic. And
the Philosopher *Antisthenes* || says, *The Virtue of both is the
same.* 'Tis much more easy to accuse one Sex, than to ex-
cuse the other, according to the Proverb, which says, *Vice
corrects Sin.*

VOL. III.

L

CHAP.

• *Georg. iii. v. 97.* † The Application which *Montaigne* here makes
of *Virgil's* Words is very extraordinary, as will appear immediately to
those who will be at the Pains of consulting the Original. † *Catull.*
ad *Hortatium*, Carm. 63. v. 19, &c. || *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Ant-
isthenes*, lib. vi. § 12.

C H A P. VI.

Of Coaches.

TIS very easy to make it appear that great Authors, when they treat of Causes, do not only mention those which they judge to be the true Causes, but those also which they think are not so; provided they have any Invention or Beauty to recommend them. If what they say be ingenious, 'tis true and useful enough. We cannot be positive what is the chief Cause, and, therefore, muster up several to see if it may not accidentally be amongst them.

—— *Namque unam dicere causam*

*Non satis est, verum plures unde una tamen sit **

And thus my Muse a Store of Causes brings;
For here, as in a thousand other Things,
Tho' by one single Cause th' Effect is done,
Yet since 'tis had a thousand must be shown }
That we may surely hit that single one.

Will you ask me whence comes the Custom of blessing those who sneeze? We produce Wind three several Ways; that which fallies from below is filthy; that which is vented by the Mouth bears some Reproach of Gluttony; the third Eruption is Sneezing, which, because it comes from the Head, and is without Offence, we give it this civil Reception. Do not laugh at this crafty Distinction; for they say 'tis *Aristotle's*. I think I have read in *Plutarch* (who, of all the Authors I know, is he who has best mix'd Art with Nature, and Judgment with Science) giving for a Reason of the Rising of the Stomach in those who go to Sea, that it is occasion'd by their Fear; he having found out some Reason, by which he proves that Fear is capable of producing such an Effect †. I, who am very much subject to this Effect, know very well that 'tis not owing to this Cause;

* *Lucret. lib. vi. v. 703.* † In a Tract, intid'd, *Natural Causes*, c. 11. *Ψυχὴ σαλόν ἐχαστα καὶ θορυβωμένη συστίνει καὶ ἀνατίμπει το σῶμα. ἡ ταραχὴ.*

Cause; and I know it not by Argument, but by unavoidable Experience. Without instancing what I have been told, that the same Thing often happens to the Beasts, especially to Swine, when free from any Apprehension of Danger; and what an Acquaintance of mine has told me of himself, that, being very subject to it, his Inclination to vomit has gone off two or three Times, being terrify'd to a great Degree in a violent Storm: As it happen'd to that Ancient, who said, *Pejus vexabar quàm ut periculum mihi succurreret* *, i. e. I was too much disorder'd for the Apprehension of Danger to relieve me. I never was afraid upon the Water; nor, indeed, elsewhere (and have often had just Reasons for Fear, if Death be such a Cause) so as to be disturbed and change Countenance. Fear springs sometimes as well from Want of Judgment as from Want of Courage. All the Dangers which I have been in I have look'd upon, without winking, with a free, solid, and intire Countenance; and besides, to be afraid requires Courage. It has formerly serv'd me better than other Courses, so to conduct and regulate my Flight, that it was, if not without Fear, yet it was without Terror and Astonishment. It was stirr'd indeed, but without Amazement or Stupefaction. Great Souls go much farther, and represent Flights, not only calm and temperate, but, moreover, intrepid. We will mention that which *Alcibiades* † relates of *Socrates*, his Companion in Arms, 'After our Army was routed; I found him and *Lachez* in the very Rear of those who fled, and view'd him at my Leisure, and in Security, for I was mounted on a good Horse and he on Foot; and thus we had fought; I took Notice in the first Place with what Deliberation and Resolution he fought, compar'd with *Lachez*, and then the Gallantry of his Step nothing different from his ordinary Gait, his firm and regular Countenance, viewing and judging what pass'd about him, looking one while on those, and another while upon other Friends and Enemies, after such a Manner as encouraged the one, and signify'd to the other, that he wou'd fell

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his

* *Senec. Ep. 53.* † *Plato* in his Banquet, p. 1206. of the Francfort Edit. in 1602.

' his Life dear to any one that offer'd to take it from him ;
 • and so they sav'd themselves, for such Men are not so
 • liable to be attack'd as those who run away are to be
 • pursued.' That was the Testimony of this great Com-
 mander, which teaches us, what we experience every
 Day, that nothing throws us so much into Dangers as an
 inconsiderate Eagerness to keep clear of them. * *Quo*
timoris minus est, eo minus ferme periculi est, i. e. Where there
 is the least Fear there is generally the least Danger. When
 a Man is ready to declare that he thinks of Death, and
 foresees it, our People are in the Wrong to say that, there-
 fore, he is afraid of it. Our Foresight of the Good or
 Ill, that affects us, is equally proper for us. To consider
 and judge of Danger is, in some Sort, the Reverse of be-
 ing astonish'd at it. I do not find myself strong enough to
 sustain the Shock and Impetuosity of this Passion of Fear,
 or of any other that is vehement. If I was once conquer'd
 and beaten down by it I shou'd never rise again intire.
 Whoever shou'd once make my Soul lose its Footing wou'd
 never restore it to its right Place. It searches, and probes
 itself too deeply and too much to the Quick, and wou'd
 never suffer the Wound it had receiv'd to be clos'd and
 skinn'd over. It has been well for me that no Sickness has
 yet dismounted it. Every Attack made upon me I op-
 pose with a high Hand; by which Means the first that
 shou'd rout me wou'd put it out of my Power ever to rally
 again. I have no After-game to play. On which Side so-
 ever the Inundation breaks my Banks, I lie open, and am
 drown'd without Remedy. *Epicurus* said, that a wise Man
 can never turn Fool; and I have an Opinion the Reverse
 of this Sentence, that he who has been once a very Fool
 will never after be very wise. God gives me Cold accord-
 ing to my Cloathing, and Passions proportionable to the
 Strength I have to bear them. Nature having laid me
 open on the one Side, has cover'd me on the other. She
 has disarm'd me of Strength, but has arm'd me with In-
 sensibility, and an Apprehension that is either moderate or
 dull. I have not for sometime (and much less when

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was young) been reconciled to a Coach, Litter, or Boat ; and hate all other Riding but on Horseback, both in Town and Country. But to me a Litter is more intolerable than a Coach, and for the same Reason had rather be toss'd upon the Water, so as to give me Fear, than be rock'd in a dead Calm. By the little Jerks I feel from the Oars stealing the Vessel from under me, I find both my Head and Stomach disorder'd I know not how, since I can't endure that my Seat shou'd tremble. When the Sail, or Current of the Water, keeps us upright, or when we are in Tow, that regular Agitation gives me no Uneasiness. 'Tis an interrupted Motion that offends me, and most of all when 'tis most languid ; I know not how to express it otherwise. The Physicians have order'd me to squeeze and gird the Bottom of my Belly with a Napkin as a Remedy ; which, however, I have not try'd, being accusom'd to struggle with my own Infirmities, and to overcome them by myself.

Wou'd my Memory serve me, I shou'd not think my Time ill spent in setting down here the infinite Variety that we find in Histories as to the Use of Chariots in the Service of War ; various according to the Nations, and according to the Ages ; and, in my Opinion, of great Effect and Necessity, insomuch that 'tis a Wonder we have lost all Knowledge of them. I will only say this, that very lately, in the Time of our Fathers, the *Hungarians* made very advantageous Use of them against the *Turks* ; every one of them having a Targeteer and a Musqueteer, and a Number of Harquebusiers ready and charg'd, and all cover'd with a Target-fence, like that which defends the Rowers in a Galley. They set three Thousand such Chariots in the Front of their Battle, and, after their Cannon had play'd, made them all pour in their Shot upon the Enemy, and force them to swallow that Discharge, before they tasted of the rest, which was no little Advance ; or else they drove the said Coaches into their Squadrons to break them, and open a Passage thro' them ; besides the Use which they might make of them in a dangerous Place to flank the Troops marching into the Field, or to cover a Lodgment speedily, and fortify it. In my Time a Gentleman, in one of our frontier Places,

*The Use of
Coaches in
Battle.*

who was unweildy, and cou'd procure no Horse able to carry his Weight, having a Quarrel upon his Hands, rode thro' the Country in a Chariot of this Fashion, and found great Convenience in it. But we will leave these military Chariots.

*The Use of
Coaches for
Luxury.*

The last Kings of our first Race, as if their Effeminacy had not been sufficiently manifest by other Proofs of it *, travell'd thro' the Country lolling in a Chariot drawn by four Oxen. *Mark Anthony* was the first that caus'd † himself to be drawn at *Rome* by Lions harness'd to his Coach, in which a singing Wench rode with him. *Heliogabalus* did as much afterwards, calling himself *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods †, and was also drawn by Tygers, counterfeiting the God *Bacchus*; he also one while harness'd a Brace of Stags to his Coach, at another Time four Dogs, and at another four Whores, by whom he was drawn in State, both himself and they stark naked. The Emperor *Firmus* caus'd his Coach to be drawn by Ostriches of a prodigious Size, so that it seem'd rather to fly than run upon Wheels ||.

*Extravagant
Expences unbe-
coming in a
Prince.*

The Strangeness of these Inventions puts this other Fancy into my Head, that 'tis a Kind of Pusillanimity in Monarchs, and a Proof that they are not sufficiently sensible what

* Mr. Cotton, by not adverting to a Transposition made here by his Author, has been deceiv'd in his Meaning, and begins the Paragraph thus, *As if the Insignificancy of Coaches had not been sufficiently known by better Proofs, &c.* This Mistake of so able a Translator, has oblig'd me to explain this Passage, which is liable to be misunderstood also by many others. I shall only add, that this Kind of Transposition, in which all the Difficulty lies, being very familiar to *Montaigne*, his Translator ought to be well acquainted with it. As every Man has his particular Gait and Tone of Voice, so every Author has his peculiar Style. If a Translator duly considers, before Hand, the Turn, the Manners, and, as one may say, the very Steps of his Original, he wou'd often understand it by half a Word; but if he neglect to make it familiar to him, by contenting himself with a vague Understanding of it that is merely Grammatical, he will every now and then make the Author, whom he translates, speak the very contrary to what he means; and generally, instead of entering into the Spirit of his Author, will only express his Meaning in a very imperfect Manner. † *Plutarch* in the Life of *Mark Anthony*, cap. 3. † *Ælius Lampridius*, p. 110, 111. Hist. August. || *Flavii Vopise Firmus*, p. 244. Hist. August.

what they are, when they court Honour, and affect a grand Appearance by excessive Expence. It were, indeed, excusable when in a foreign Country; but when a Prince is among his own Subjects, where he may do what he list, it derogates from his Dignity, which is the highest Degree of Honour that he is capable of attaining to. So, methinks, it is superfluous in a private Gentleman to go finely dress'd at home, since his House, his Retinue, and his Table, answer sufficiently for him. The Advice that *Isocrates* gives to his King seems to be grounded upon Reason, viz. That he shou'd be splendid * in his Furniture and Utensils, forasmuch as 'tis an Expence in what is durable, and will pass to his Successors; and that he shou'd avoid all Sorts of Magnificence which soon grow out of Fashion, and are forgot. I lov'd to go fine when I was a younger Brother, for want of other Ornament, and it became me well. There are some People upon whom fine Cloaths are an Eye-sore. We have admirable Stories of the Frugality of our Kings with Respect to their Persons and Gifts: Kings that were great in Reputation, Merit, and Fortune. *Demosthenes* pleads strenuously against the Law of the City that assign'd the public Money for the Pomp of their Games and Festivals. He wou'd have their Grandeur display'd in a Number of Ships well equipp'd, and good Armies well provided for: And *Theophrastus* † is justly to be blam'd, who, in his Book of *Riches*, has establish'd a contrary Opinion, and maintains that an Expence of this Nature is the true Fruit of Opulence. These are Pleasures, says *Aristotle* ‡, that only affect the lowest Class of the People, that vanish from their Remembrance as soon as they are glutted with them, and of which no serious and judicious Man can have any Esteem ||. Such Expence wou'd, in my Opinion, be much more Royal, as well as more useful, just, and durable, in

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Ports,

* Orat. ad Nicoclem, p. 32. Paris Edit. for *John Libert*, Anno 1621.

† The Author of this Censure was *Cic.* de Offic. lib. ii. c. 16. where he says, *Miror quod in mentem venerit Theophrasto, in eo libro quem de Divitiis scripsit; in quo multa præclarè, illud absurdè. Est enim multus in laudâ magnificentiâ, et apparatione popularium munerum; taliumque sumptuum utilitatem fructum divitiarum putat.* † All this is also taken from *Cic.*

de Offic. lib. ii. c. 16. || And this likewise, *ibid.* c. 17.

Ports, Docks, Walls, and Fortifications ; in sumptuous Fabrics, Churches, Hospitals, Colleges, the Repair of Streets and Highways ; for which the Memory of Pope Gregory XIII. will be revered to late Posterity ; and wherein our Queen *Katharine* wou'd manifest her natural Generosity and Magnificence to succeeding Ages, if she had it as much in her Power, as she has it at Heart. Fortune has vex'd me much by interrupting the fine Structure of the *Pontneuf* of our great City, and depriving me of the Hopes of ever seeing it finish'd.

The People are disgusted with it, and not without Reason.

Moreover, the Subjects, who are Spectators of these Triumphs, are apt to think that the Riches display'd before them are their own, and that they are entertain'd at their own Cost.

For the People are ready to presume of Kings as we do of our Servants, that they ought to take Care to provide us abundantly with all that we want ; but that they ought not to finger any Part of it themselves. And, therefore, the Emperor *Galba* being pleas'd with the Performance of a certain Musician who play'd to him at Supper, call'd for his Coffer, and gave him a handful of Crowns which he took out of it, with these Words, *This is not the public Money, but my own*. But so it is that the People are most commonly in the Right, and that their Eyes are fed with what they had once to feed their Bellies.

Whether Liberality well becomes a King, and to what Degree.

Liberality itself shines not with its true Lustre in a sovereign Hand. It best becomes private People ; for, to consider the Matter nicely, a King has nothing properly his own ; and he owes, even himself, to others. Jurisdiction is not granted in Favour of the Magistrate, but of the People that become subject to it. A Superior is never created such for his own Profit, but that of the Inferior ; and a Physician for the sick Person, not for himself. All Magistracy, as well as every Art or Mystery, is design'd for external Application. * *Nulla ars in se versatur*, i. e.

No

* Cicero has these Words, *Semper illud extrà est quod arte comprehenditur. Nihil opus est exemplis hoc facere longius ; est enim perspicuum Nullam artem*

No Art is confin'd within itself : Therefore the Governors of young Princes, who study to imprint this Virtue of Liberality on their Minds, and preach to 'em to deny nothing, and to reckon nothing so well laid out as what they give (a Lesson which I have known to be very much in Vogue) either have more regard to their own Profit than that of their Sovereign, or don't well understand whom they speak to. 'Tis a very easy Matter to imprint Liberality in the Person who has as much as he will to supply it with at the Expence of another. And the Estimate of it not being form'd according to the Value of the Present, but upon the Wealth of the Giver, it dwindles to nothing in such able Hands. They become prodigal before they are liberal : And yet their Liberality is but of small Recommendation compar'd with the other royal Virtues ; yet 'tis the only one, as *Dionysius* said, that suits well with Tyranny itself. I shou'd rather teach him that Verse of the ancient Husbandman,

Τῇ χειρὶ δ' αἶ σπείρειν, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὀλω τῷ θυλακῷ, *

i. e. That whoever hopes for a good Crop must sow with his Hand, and not pour the Seed out of the Bag. The Grain shou'd be scatter'd, and not cast on the Ground in Heaps ; and that since he is to give, or rather pay and make amends to so many People, according to their Deserts, he ought to distribute with Justice and Deliberation. If the Bounty of a Prince be without Discretion, and without Measure, I had rather he were covetous.

The

artem in se versari sed esse aliud artem ipsam, aliud quod propositum sit arti. De Finib. Bon. et Mal. lib. v. c. 6. How happy wou'd be the Subjects of *Persia*, *Indostan*, &c. if their Princes and Ministers had the Wisdom and Virtue to draw from this great Principle the Conclusion which naturally flows from it, and which *Montaigne* here points out to them ? * This Maxim *Montaigne* has quoted from a small Tract of *Plutarch*, intitl'd, *Whether the Athenians were more excellent in Arms than in Learning*, c. 4. where *Cortana* makes use of it to convince *Pindar* that he had in one of his Poems inserted too many Fables.

What is properly the truly royal Virtue, and that ought to accompany the Bounty of Kings.

The Virtue of Royalty seems to consist most in Justice; and of all the Parts of Justice, that best denotes the King, which accompanies his Liberality; for this they have particularly reserv'd to their own Province, whereas all other Justice they remit to the Administration of others. Lavish Bounty is a very weak Means to acquire them good Will; for it disgusts more People than it brings over to them. * *Quo in plures usus sis, minus in multos uti possis.—Quid autem est stultius, quàm, quod libenter facias, curare, ut id diutius facere non possis?* i. e. The more you dispense to some, the less you will be able to dispense to many: And what greater Folly can there be than to order it so, that what you are heartily inclin'd to do, you put it out of your Power to perform long? And if it be conferr'd without Regard to Merit, it puts him to the Blush who receives it, and is receiv'd with an ill Grace. Tyrants have been sacrific'd to the Hatred of the People by the Hands of those very Men whom they have unjustly advanced; such Kind of Men thinking to secure to themselves the Possession of Benefits unduly receiv'd, if they discover a Contempt and Hatred of him from whom they deriv'd them; and in this they join with the common Judgment and Opinion.

'Tis not in the Power of a Prince to satisfy the Cravings of his Subjects.

When a Prince makes exorbitant Grants his Subjects make exorbitant Demands, and accommodate themselves not to Reason, but Example. We have Reason, certainly, very often to blush at our own Impudence. We are over-paid, according to Justice, when the Recompence equals our Service; for don't we owe something to our Prince by natural Obligation? If he bears our Expence he does too much; 'tis enough that he contributes to it: The Overplus is call'd a Benefit which cannot be demanded, for the very Name of Liberality sounds of Liberty. As we use it there is no End on't. We never reckon what we have receiv'd. We are only for that Liberality which is to come. For which Reason, the more a Prince

Prince exhausts himself in giving, the poorer he becomes in Friends. How shou'd he satisfy those longing Appetites, which the more they are fed the more they crave? He whose Thoughts are bent upon grasping never more thinks of what he has grasp'd. There is nothing so peculiar to Covetousness as Ingratitude.

The Example of *Cyrus* will not do amiss in this Place, to serve the Kings of this Age as a Touchstone to know whether their Bounties are well or ill bestow'd, and to shew them how much better that Emperor proportion'd them than they do: By this Means they are reduc'd afterwards to borrow of their unknown Subjects; and rather of them to whom they have done wrong, than of those to whom they have done good; and so receive Aids from them, wherein there is nothing of a *Free Gift* but the Name. *Cræsus* reproach'd him for his Largesse, and * cast up how much his Treasure wou'd have amounted to if he had been closer sifted. *Cyrus* long'd to justify his Liberality, and therefore sent Dispatches into all Parts to the Grandees of his Dominions, whom he had particularly advanc'd, requesting every one of them to assist his Necessity with as much Money as he cou'd spare, and to send it to him with a Note of the Sums. When all the Bills were brought to him every one of his Friends, not thinking it enough to offer him only so much as he had receiv'd from his Bounty, and adding to it a great deal of his own †, it happen'd that this Sum amounted to much more than if he had been as frugal as *Cræsus* wou'd have had him: Whereupon *Cyrus* said, ' † I am as much in Love with Riches as other Princes, but rather a better Manager. You see with what a small Deposit I have gain'd the inestimable Treasure of so many Friends, and how much more faithful Treasurers they are to me than mercenary Men wou'd be without Obligation, without Affection; and that my Cash is better lodg'd than in Chests, which wou'd bring
' upon

*Example of the
Liberality of a
Prince, from
whence Princes
may learn to
bestow their
Gifts properly.*

* In *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, lib. 8. § 9. † Ibid. § 10. Δέγει δὲ τοὺς φίλους οὗ Κροῖσου πολλὰ πλάσια δοῦναι, ἢ ἔστι Κύρου ἀνείκελαι τοῖς θησαυροῖς ἡδὲ, εἰ σωτέλεγες. † Ibid. § 11.

‘ upon me the Hatred, Envy, and Contempt of other
‘ Princes.’

*The Expences
of the Empe-
rors at the pub-
lic Spectacles
why not justi-
fiable.*

The Emperors alledg'd the Dependency of their Authority in some measure (at least in Appearance) on the Good-will of the *Roman* People, as an Excuse for the Superfluity of their Plays and public Spectacles; they having been accusom'd at all Times to be humour'd with such extravagant Shows, and Entertainments. But they were private Men who had brought up this Custom to gratify their fellow Citizens and Companions by such Profusion and Magnificence, chiefly at their own Expence; the Custom had quite another Taste when it came to be kept up by the Sovereigns. *Pecuniarum translatio a justis Dominis ad alienos non debet liberalis videri* *, i. e. The transferring of Money from the right Owners to others ought not to be deem'd Liberality.

*Alexander re-
prov'd by his
Father for en-
deavouring to
gain the Affec-
tion of the Ma-
cedonians by
Presents.*

Philip perceiving that his Son went about to gain the Affection of the *Macedonians* by Presents, reprimanded him in a Letter after this manner, viz. ‘ What cou'd mislead you to
‘ think that those will be faithful to you whom
‘ thou hast brib'd with Money? Have you a
‘ Mind that the *Macedonians* shou'd look upon
‘ you not as their Sovereign, but as their Cash-keeper and
‘ Corrupter? If you wou'd practice upon them, do it by
‘ the good Deeds of Virtue, and not by Bounty from
‘ thy Coffers †.’

*A Digression
touching the
Magnificence of
the Spectacles
with which the
Roman Empe-
rors entertain'd
the People.*

It was, however, a fine Thing to bring to the Theatre, and therein plant a great Number of large Trees, with all their Branches in full Ver-
dure, representing a great shady Forrest, beauti-
fully dispos'd in a just Symmetry; and, on the
first Day, to throw into it a thousand Ostriches,
a thousand Stags, a thousand Boars, and as
many fallow Deer, and abandon them to the Prey of
the People; and the next Day to cause a hundred great
Lions, as many Leopards, and three hundred Bears

to

* *Cicero de Offic. lib. i. c. 14.* † *Cicero de Offic. lib. ii. c. 15.*

to be knock'd o'the Head in his Presence ; and, on the third Day, to make three hundred Couple of Gladiators fight in earnest ; all which was done by the Emperor *Probus*. 'Twas also very fine to see those vast Amphitheatres cas'd with Marble, curiously fet off with Figures and Statues, and the Inside shining with rare Decorations.

Baltheus * *en gemmis, en illita porticus auro.*

Behold a *Belt*, with Jewels glorious made,
And a brave Portico with Gold o'erlaid.

All the Sides of this great Space fill'd and environ'd, from the Bottom to the Top, with sixty or eighty Rows of Seats, all of Marble also, and cover'd with Cushions,

————— *exeat, inquit,*
Si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri,
Cujus res legi non sufficit †.

They who by Law can't make a Title fit
Let such, for shame, th' Equestrian Cushion quit.

where an hundred thousand Spectators might sit at their Ease ; and to make the Stage, where the Plays were perform'd, first open by Art, and to cleave into Chasms representing Dens, from which issued out the Beasts design'd for the Spectacle ; and then, secondly, to bring a Deluge of Water upon the Stage, carrying Sea Monsters, and Ships of Force to represent a Sea Fight ; and, thirdly, to drain and dry the Stage again for the Combats of the Gladiators ; and, for the fourth Scene, to have the Stage strow'd with

* I know not what is strictly to be understood here by the Word *Baltheus*. In the Amphitheatres this Term was apply'd to certain Steps that were higher and wider than the others, as may be seen in the Antiquities of Father *Montfaucon*, tom. 3. part 2. p. 256. Father *Tachart*, in his *Latin and French Dictionary*, says that the Word is us'd by *Virgilius* to denote a Belt or Girdle round the Bottom and Top of a Column. Whether Jewels wou'd make a better Figure there than on *Montfaucon's* Steps I leave to the Determination of the Connoisseurs. † *Calpurnius*, Eclog. 7. intitl'd, *Templum*. † *Juv. Sat.* 3. v. 153.

with Vermilion and Storax, instead of Sand, there to make a solemn Feast for all that vast Multitude of People; which is the last Act of one Day only.

————— *quoties nos descenditis arenæ
Vidimus in partes, ruptâque voragine terræ
Emersisse feras, et iisdem sæpe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
Nec solum nobis silvestria cernere monstra
Contigit, æquoreos ego cum certantibus urfis
Spectavi vitulos, et equorum nomine dignum,
Sed deforme pecus **

How often, when Spectators, have we seen
Part of the spacious Theatre sink in,
And, from a sudden Chasm in the Earth,
Start up wild Beasts: Then presently give Birth
Unto a shining Grove of golden Bow'rs,
Of Shrubs that blossom'd with enamell'd Flow'rs?
Nor yet of Sylvan Monsters had we fight
Alone; I saw Sea Calves with wild Bears fight;
And a deformed Sort of Cattle came,
Which River or Sea Horses we might name.

Sometimes they have made a high Mountain rise full of Fruit Trees, and others of Verdure; from the Tops of which trickled a Current of Water, as from the Mouth of a Fountain. One while a great Ship came rolling in, which open'd and divided of itself; and, after having disgorg'd from its *Hold* four or five hundred Beasts for Fight, clos'd again, and disappear'd of itself. At other Times, from the Bottom of this Stage, they caus'd sweet scented Waters to spout upwards, and dart their Threads to such a prodigious Height as to sprinkle and perfume the vast Multitude of Spectators. Then, to defend themselves from the Wind, Rain, or Heat, they had that huge Fabric cover'd over with purple Curtains of Needle-work, or of Silk of various Colours, which they cou'd either draw or undraw as they pleas'd.

Quamvis

* *Calphurn. Eclog. 7. v. 64 to 72.*

*Quamvis non modico caleant Spectacula sole
Vela reducuntur cum venit Hermogenes *.*

The Curtains, tho' the Sun does scorch the Skin,
Are, when *Hermogenes* † appears, drawn in.

The Net-work also, that was set before the People to defend
them from the Fury of those wild Beasts, was of Gold
Tissue.

— *Auro quoque torta refulgent †.*
Retia.

And woven Nets refulgent are with Gold.

If there be any Thing excusable in Extravagancies of this Kind, 'tis where the Invention and Novelty furnish Admiration, and not the Expence. In these same Vanities we discover how fruitful those Ages were in Wits of a different Kind from ours. It fares with this Sort of Fertility as it does with all other Productions of Nature. Not that she therein employ'd her utmost Effort at that Time. We do not travel, we rather roam up and down, and whirl this Way and that; and tread the same Ground over again. I am afraid our Knowledge is weak in ev'ry Respect. We do not look far, and scarce at all behind us. Our Understanding comprehends little, and exists but a little while, it being short not only in extent of Time, but of Matter.

Vixere

* *Martial*. lib. xii. v. 15, 16. † This *Hermogenes* was an arrant Thief, and they took down the Curtains for fear he shou'd find some Means or other to steal them away. † *Calphurnius*, Eclog. 8. intitl'd, *Templum*, l. 53.

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Noctē **

Before great *Agamemnon* reign'd,
Reign'd Kings as great as he, and brave ;
Whose huge Ambition's now contain'd
In the small Compass of a Grave :
In endless Night they sleep, unwept, unknown.

† *Et supera bellum Thebanum et funera Trojæ,
Multi alias alii quoque res cecinere Poetæ †.*

And long before the Wars of *Thebes* and *Troy*;
On other Things Bards did their Song employ.

And *Solon's* Account of what he had learnt from the *gyptian* Priests, of the long Duration of their State, of their Way of learning and preserving foreign Histories not, methinks, a Testimony to be slighted upon this Consideration. || *Si interminatam in omnes partes magnitudinem regionum videremus et temporum, in quam se injiciens animus et intendens, ita late longeque peregrinatur, ut nullam oram timi videat, in qua possit insistere: In hac immensitate --- infinita vis innumerabilium, appareret formarum* §, i. e. 'Co we see that boundless Extent of Countries and Ages all their Parts, on which the Mind being fix'd and tent, might ramble where and when it list, with meeting with any Limits to its Sight, we shou'd discover innumerable Forms in that Immensity.' Tho'

* *Horace*, lib. iv. Ode 9. v. 25, &c. † *Montaigne* diverts himself in giving *Lucretius's* Words in this Distich; a Construction directly contrary to what they bear in that Poem. † *Lucret.* lib. v. v. 327, || Here also *Montaigne* puts a Sense quite different from what the Words bear in the Original; but the Application he makes of them is so happy that one wou'd declare they were actually put together only to express his own Sentiment. *Et temporum* is an Addition by *Montaigne*, and instead of *Infinita vis innumerabilium appareret formarum*, 'tis in *Cicero* *infinita vis innumerabilium volitat atomorum*. These two last are sufficient to shew that *Cicero* treats of quite another Thing than what *Montaigne* does here. § *Cic. de Natura Deorum*, lib. i. c. 20.

that is arriv'd to our Knowledge of the Time past shou'd be true, and known by any one Person, it wou'd be less than nothing compar'd with what is unknown. And of this very Image of the World, which glides away while we are in it, how scanty and contracted is the Knowledge of the most curious Inquirers? Not only of particular Events, which Fortune often renders exemplary and important, but of the State of great Governments and Nations, not above a hundredth Part has reach'd our Knowledge. We make a Parade of the wonderful Invention of our *Great Guns*, and of our *Printing*, which other Men, at the other End of the World, in *Cbina*, enjoy'd a thousand Years before us. Did we but see as much of the World as we do not see, 'tis to be believ'd we shou'd perceive a perpetual Multiplication and Vicissitude of Forms. There is nothing single and rare in respect to Nature, nor, indeed, with regard to our Knowledge, which is a wretched Foundation for our Rules, and fondly presents us with a very false Image of Things. As we, now-a-days, vainly infer the World to be in a State of Declension and Decrepitude by the Arguments we draw from our own Weakness and Decay,

*Jamque adeo affecta est ætas, effætaque tellus *.*

So much the Age, so much the Earth decays.

In like manner did he, of old, vainly conjecture the Birth and Youth of the World, by the Vigour he observ'd in the Wits of his Time abounding in Novelties, and the Invention of divers Arts.

*Verum, ut opinor, habet novitatem summa, recensque
Natura est mundi, neque primum exordia cepit :
Quare etiam quædam nunc artes expoliuntur,
Nunc etiam augeſcunt, nunc addita navigiis sunt
Multa †.*

But sure the Nature of the World is strong,
And, since it first began, it can't be long ;

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M

The

* *Lucret. lib. ii. v. 1150.* † *Lucret. lib. v. v. 331, &c.*

The Reason, why I think so, is, we know
That Arts increase, and still politer grow ;
And many Things, in former Times unknown,
Are added now to Navigation.

*Of the new
World, and the
Genius of its
Inhabitants
when 'twas
first discover'd.*

This World of ours has lately found out
another (and who will assure us that this is the
last that will be discover'd, since the *Dæmons*,
the *Sibils*, and *We* too were, till now, quite
ignorant of this) altogether as big, populous,
and fruitful as this ; and yet such a Novice, so
much a Child that it still learns its A, B, C. 'Tis not fifty Years
ago that it knew neither Letters, Weights, Measures, Vest-
ments, Corn, nor Vines. It was even quite naked in its
Mother's Lap, and only liv'd upon what she nurs'd it with.
If we rightly judge of our Period, and this Poet also, of
the Youth of the Age he liv'd in, this other World will
be but just entering into Light when ours shall make its
Exit. The Universe will be Paralytic ; one Member will
be benumb'd, another in Vigour. I fear, indeed, that we
shall have very much hasten'd the Decay and Ruin of the new
World by our Infection, and that it will pay very dear for our
Opinions, and our Arts. It was an infant World ; yet we
have not whipp'd, nor subjected it to our Discipline by our
Valour and natural Strength ; we have neither won the
People by our Justice and Goodness, nor subdued them by
our Magnanimity. Most of their Answers, and the Ne-
gociations we have had with them, prove that they were
not inferior to us in the Clearness of natural Understanding
and Apprehension. The astonishing Magnificence of the Ci-
ties of *Cusco* and *Mexico*, and, among many Things of the
like Kind, the Garden of that King, wherein all Trees,
Fruits, and Herbs, according to the Order and Size they
are of in a Garden, were curiously figur'd in Gold, as
were in his Closet all the Animals bred in his Dominions,
and the Sea ; and the Beauty of their Manufactures in Jew-
els, Feathers, Cotton, and Painting, shew that they did
not yield to us neither in Industry. But as for Devotion,
Obedience of the Laws, Goodness, Liberality, Loyalty,
and plain Dealing, it was of Service to us that we had not so
great

great a Share of those Virtues as they. For, by this Advantage, they ruin'd, sold, and betray'd themselves.

As to Boldness and Courage, Steadiness, Constancy, and a Resolution to bear Pains, Hunger, and even Death, I shou'd not fear to set the Examples I find among them in comparison with the most noted Instances in Antiquity that are to be met with in the Memoirs of our Side of the Globe. For, as to those who have subdued them, take but away the Tricks and Frauds which they made use of to gull them, and the just Cause which those Nations had of Astonishment to see so sudden, and unexpected an Arrival of Men with Beards, differing in Language, Religion, Form, and Countenance, from so remote a Part of the World, which they never heard was at all inhabited, mounted, on great Monsters to them unknown, against such as had not so much as ever seen a Horse before, or any other Beast train'd up to carry a Man or any other Burden; to see those Men cas'd with a shining, impenetrable Shell, and arm'd with a cutting and glittering Blade, brandishing it against those who, out of Wonder at the Brightness of a Looking-glass or a Knife, wou'd truck great Wealth in Gold and Pearls for them; and who had neither the Skill nor Matter wherewith to penetrate our Steel, if they had ever so much Time: Add to this the Thunder and Lightning of our Cannon and Muskets, enough to have frighten'd *Cæsar* himself had he been surpriz'd when so unexperienc'd, and now against a naked People, except where they had the Apparel of quilted Cotton, without other Arms at the most, but Bows, Stones, Staves, and Bucklers of Wood: A People overreach'd, under the Colour of Friendship and good Faith, by a Curiosity of seeing Things strange and unknown: Take away, I say, this Disparity from the Conquerors, and you take away from them all the Source of so many Victories. When I consider that invincible Ardour wherewith so many thousands of Men, Women, and Children so often presented and threw themselves into unavoidable Dangers, for Defence of their Gods and their Liberties; that generous Obstinacy to suffer all Extremities and Difficulties, and even

*The Spaniards
subdued the A-
meritans by
Craft and Sur-
prize, rather
than by Valour.*

Death, rather than submit to the Government of those by whom they were so shamefully abus'd; and some chusing rather to die of Hunger, and to starve themselves to Death, after being made Prisoners, rather than to accept of Nourishment from the Hands of their Enemies so basely victorious: I foresee, that whoever shou'd have attack'd them, supposing an Equality of Arms, Experience, and Numbers, wou'd have had a dangerous, if not a more desperate Task to manage than in any other War we have

*The Americans
wou'd have
been happy if
they had fallen
into the Hands
of Conquerors
more humane
and polite.*

seen. What pity 'tis that so noble a Conquest did not fall to *Alexander*, or to those ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*; and that so great a Revolution and Change of so many Empires and Nations had not been effected by Hands that might have us'd them courteously, and refin'd them by grubbing up what was savage amongst them, cherishing, and propagating the good Seed which Nature had produc'd there; and by not only mingling in the Culture of their Lands, and the Ornament of their Cities, the Arts of this Part of the World, but incorporating the Virtues of the *Greeks* and *Romans* with those that were Originals of their Country! What a Reparation, and what an Amendment wou'd it have been to the whole World, had our first Examples and Deportment in those Parts allur'd those People to the Admiration and Imitation of Virtue, and form'd a fraternal Society and Understanding betwixt Them and Us! How easy wou'd it have been to have made Advantage of Minds so undisciplin'd and so thirsty for Knowledge, and such as, for the greatest Part, had such good natural Parts to work upon.

*With what
Barbarity they
were treated by
the Spaniards.*

On the contrary, we have taken Advantage of their Ignorance and Inexperience, with the greater Ease to incline them to Treachery, Luxury, Avarice, and to all Sorts of Inhumanity and Cruelty, by the Example and Pattern of our Manners. Was paultry Traffic ever promoted at so dear a Rate? So many Cities demolish'd, so many Nations exterminated, so many Millions of People put to the Sword; and the richest, and most beautiful Part of the World turn'd up-side-down for the Traffic of Pearls and Pepper! Mean

Vic-

Victories ! Never did Ambition, never did national Animosities provoke Men to the Commission of such horrid Hostilities, against one another, attended with such miserable Calamities.

Certain *Spaniards* coasting along the Sea in quest of their Mines, landed in a very fruitful, pleasant Country, well inhabited, where they made their usual Remonstrances to the People:

The Answer of some Americans to those execrable Robbers.

‘ That they were peaceable Men, who had
 ‘ made a long Voyage, being sent on the Part of the King
 ‘ of *Castille*, the greatest Prince in the habitable World,
 ‘ to whom the Pope, God’s Vicegerent upon Earth, had
 ‘ granted the Principality of all the *Indies* : That if they
 ‘ wou’d become Tributaries to him they shou’d be us’d
 ‘ very courteously ; at the same Time requiring Provisi-
 ‘ ons of them for their Nourishment, and Gold for their
 ‘ Use in Medicine : They withal recommended to them
 ‘ the Belief of one God alone, and the Truth of our Re-
 ‘ ligion, which they advis’d them to embrace, adding
 ‘ thereto some Menaces.’ The Answer was this, viz.
 ‘ That as to their being peaceable, they did not seem to be
 ‘ such, if they were so. As to their King, because he ask’d,
 ‘ he must certainly be poor and necessitous ; and the Per-
 ‘ son who had allotted him this Part of the World, must be a
 ‘ Manfond of Strife, by attempting to give away that which
 ‘ was not his own, and to bring the Title of the ancient
 ‘ Possessors into Dispute. As to Provisions, they wou’d
 ‘ furnish them ; that of Gold they had but little, and, in-
 ‘ deed, made no Account of it, forasmuch as it was of no
 ‘ use to the Service of Life, which all their Care was to
 ‘ pass happily and pleasantly ; that, however, they were
 ‘ welcome to take what they cou’d find, except that which
 ‘ was employ’d in the Service of their Gods. As to the
 ‘ one God only, they lik’d what they said of him, but
 ‘ they were not inclin’d to change their Religion, having
 ‘ so long liv’d in it to their Advantage ; and that they were
 ‘ not accusom’d to take Advice from any but their Friends
 ‘ and Acquaintance. As to Menaces, it discover’d a wrong
 ‘ Judgment to offer to threaten those whose Nature and
 ‘ Power was to them unknown : That, therefore, they

‘ had best quit their Coast without Delay, for they were
 ‘ not us’d to take the Civilities and Remonstrances of
 ‘ armed Men, and Foreigners too, in good Part; other-
 ‘ wise they shou’d do by them as they had done by those
 ‘ others; shewing them, at the same Time, the Heads of
 ‘ several Men executed, which were set up round the Walls
 ‘ of their City.’ Whether this was childish Babble, from
 an infant State, let the Instance here given determine. But
 so it is, that the *Spaniards* neither in this, nor many other
 Places, where they did not find the Merchandize they
 wanted, made no Seizure nor Attack, whatever other Com-
 modity was to be had there: Witness my Cannibals.

*The Spaniards
 inhuman Usage
 of the King of
 Peru, after
 they had made
 him Prisoner of
 War.*

Of two of the most potent Monarchs of
 that World, and, perhaps, of this; Kings
 of so many Kings, and the last the *Spaniards*
 drove from thence, the King of *Peru* being
 taken in Battle, and put to a Ransom so ex-
 cessive as is beyond all Belief; which, how-
 ever, was punctually paid; and having, by
 his Conversation, given evident Proof of a frank, gener-
 ous, and constant Spirit, and of a clear and undisturb’d
 Imagination, the Conquerors, after having exacted of him
 a Million, three Hundred twenty-five Thousand five Hun-
 dred Weight of Gold, besides Silver, and other Things
 that amounted to no less (inasmuch that their Horses were
 now shod with solid Gold) had a Mind to see (how perfidi-
 ous soever it might be deem’d) what might be the rest of
 this King’s Treasure, and to make that also their Proper-
 ty. To this End, a false Charge was preferr’d against
 him, and false Evidence suborn’d to prove that he had
 form’d a Design to raise an Insurrection in his Provinces for
 recovering his Liberty. Upon this, by the virtuous Sen-
 tence of the very Men who had hatch’d this Plot against
 him, he was condemn’d to be hang’d in public, making him
 compound for the Torture of being burnt alive, by submit-
 ting to Baptism, at the Place of Execution. A horrid and
 unheard of Barbarity, which he underwent, however,
 with an Air truly brave and royal, without Alteration ei-
 ther of his Looks or Language. And after this, to ap-
 please the People, who were astonish’d and confounded at
 so

so strange a Scene, the *Spaniards* put on a Shew of deep Mourning for his Death, and order'd him a sumptuous Funeral.

The other was the King of *Mexico*, who, after having been long besieg'd in his capital City, wherein, if ever a Prince and People shew'd it in this World, he discover'd the utmost that Patience and Perseverance are capable of doing, had the Misfortune of being deliver'd up alive into the Hands of his Enemies, upon Articles of being treated as a King; (neither, during the Time of his Imprisonment, was any Part of his Behaviour unworthy of that Title) but his Enemies, after their Conquest, not finding so much Gold as they expected, when they had ranack'd and rummag'd every Place, they proceeded to extort new Discoveries, by inflicting the most hellish Torments they cou'd invent upon the Prisoners whom they had taken; but, as they gain'd no Advantage by it, their Courage being greater than their Tortures, they were at last so inrag'd that, contrary to their Faith, and contrary to the Law of Nations, they condemned the King himself, and one of the chief Courtiers, to be put upon the Rack in the Presence of one another. The Nobleman, finding his Spirits near spent with the Pains and the Heat of burning Coals all round him, pitifully turn'd his dying Eyes upon his Master, as if it were to ask his Pardon that he cou'd hold out no longer. The King, darting a fierce and severe Look at him, as reproaching his Cowardice and Meanness of Spirit, said only these Words to him with a harsh and steddly Voice, *And what dost thou think of me, that I am in a Bagnio? Am I more at Ease than thyself?* Upon this the Courtier suddenly sunk under his Pains, and dy'd on the Spot. The King, being half roasted, was carry'd from thence, not so much out of Pity (for what Compassion cou'd ever reach Souls so barbarous that, for giving a dubious Information of some Vessel of Gold to be pillag'd, they caus'd not a mere Man only, but a King, so great both in Fortune and Merit, to be broil'd before their Eyes) but it was because his Constancy render'd their Cruelty still the more shameful. They afterwards hang'd

him for having had the Courage to attempt to set himself free by force of Arms from so long a State of Captivity and Subjection ; and he made his Exit in a Manner becoming so magnanimous a Prince.

The horrid Butchery which the Spaniards committed in America on their Prisoners of War.

At another Time they burnt alive, in one and the same Fire, four Hundred and sixty Men, viz. four Hundred of the common People, and sixty of the chief Lords of a Province, whom they had taken Prisoners of War. These Narratives we have from themselves ; for they don't only confess the Facts, but boast of, and justify 'em : Cou'd it be to prove their Justice, or their Zeal for their Religion ? Certainly, these are Methods too different from, and contrary to so holy an End. Had it been their View to extend our Religion, they wou'd have consider'd that 'tis not propagated by the Possession of Territories, but of Hearts ; and wou'd have thought the Blood spilt by the Necessities of War too much, without increasing the Effusion by a Slaughter, like that of wild Beasts, as universal as Fire and Sword cou'd make it, having only chose to save as many as they intended to make wretched Slaves of, to the Work and Service of their Mines : So that many of the *Spanish* Generals were put to Death on the Place of Conquest, by Order of the Kings of *Castille*, justly offended with the Horror of their Behaviour ; and they were almost all of them hated and disesteem'd. God justly permitted that all this great Plunder shou'd be swallow'd up by the Sea in its Transportation, or by the civil Wars, in which they devour'd one another ; and the greatest Part of them was bury'd on the Spot, without gaining any Fruit of their Victory.

The Treasure of the Americans not so considerable as was believ'd at first.

As for the Revenuc, and what was in the Treasury of a provident and prudent King, the Reason why it was so far short of the Hopes those who came before had conceiv'd, and of that Abundance of Riches which the *Spaniards* found at their first Arrival in this new World (for, tho' a great deal was fetch'd from thence, we find it nothing in comparison of what might be expected) was because the Use of Money was intirely unknown there ; and that, by
con-

consequence, their Gold was all a dead Stock, being of no other use but for Ornament and Ostentation, as so much Furniture reserv'd from Father to Son by many powerful Kings, who continually exhausted their Mines to form this Heap of Vessels and Statues for the Ornament of their Palaces and Temples ; whereas our Gold is all in Circulation and Traffic. We cut ours into a thousand Bits, cast it into as many Forms, and scatter and disperse it a thousand Ways. Let us only suppose that our Kings had, in like manner, amass'd all the Gold they cou'd collect in several Ages, and have let it lain idle by them.

The People of the Kingdom of *Mexico* were somewhat more civiliz'd, and greater Artists than the other Nations in that Part of the World. They judg'd also, as we do, that the Universe was near its Period ; and they look'd upon the Desolation we brought amongst them as a Sign of it. They believ'd the Duration of the World to be divided into five Ages, under five successive Suns, four of which had already finish'd their Career, and that that which now gave them Light was the *fifth*. The first Sun perish'd, *say they*, with all other Creatures, by a universal Deluge. The second by the Fall of the Firmament upon us, which suffocated every Thing living ; and in this Age they place the Giants, whose Bones they shew'd to the *Spaniards* ; according to the Proportion of which the Stature of Men amounted to twenty Hands high. The third Sun they say was annihilated by a Fire, which burnt and consum'd every Thing. The fourth by a Commotion of Air and Wind, which even threw down several Mountains ; at which Time Men did not die, but were transform'd into Baboons. What Impressions will not the Laziness of human Credulity admit ! After the Extinction of this fourth Sun, the World, *say they*, lay twenty-five Years in continual Darknesh ; in the fifteenth Year of which were created a Man and a Woman, who renew'd the human Race. Upon a certain Day, ten Years after this, the Sun appear'd newly created, and from this Day begins their Computation of Years. The third Day after it was created,

ted, the ancient Gods dy'd, and new ones have been born every Day since. After what manner they think this last Sun will perish my Author has not learnt. But their Calculation of this fourth Change agrees with the great Conjunction of the Planets, which, eight Hundred and odd Years ago, as the Astrologers compute, produc'd many great Alterations and Innovations in the World.

The magnificent Works in Peru, superior to those of Greece, Rome, and Egypt.

As to Pomp and Magnificence, neither *Greece*, *Rome*, nor *Egypt*, can, either for Utility, Difficulty, or Grandeur, compare any of their Works with the Road made in *Peru*, by the Kings of that Country, from the City of *Quito* to that of *Cusco* (three hundred Leagues in Length) it being strait, even, twenty-five Paces in Breadth, pav'd, and inclos'd on both Sides with noble high Walls; along the innermost of which two Brooks are continually running, with beautiful Trees, nam'd *Moly*, on their Banks. In this Work, where they met with Rocks and Mountains, they cut thro' and levell'd them, and fill'd up the Chasms with Stone and Lime. At the End of every Day's Journey there are fine Palaces, furnish'd with Provisions, Cloaths and Arms, as well for Travellers as for Soldiers that pass that Way. In my Estimation of this Work, I have computed the Difficulty, which is particularly considerable in that Place. They did not build with any Stones less than such as were ten Foot square, which they had no other Way to carry but to drag them along by the Strength of their Arms; nor did they know so much as the Art of Scaffolding, nor had they any other Way to go to work but to raise the Ground with the Building, taking away the Earth when the Whole was erected.

The last King of Peru carry'd in a Chair of Gold to the Midst of the Field of Battle.

We return now to our Coaches. Instead of these, or any other Vehicles, they were carry'd upon Men's Shoulders. The last King of *Peru*, on the Day that he was taken, was thus carry'd upon Poles or Staves of Gold, and sitting in a Chair of Gold, to the Middle of the Field of Battle. As fast as these Chairmen were kill'd in the Attempt to dismount him (for they were determin'd to take him alive) others strove to supply the room
of

of those that were kill'd; so that they cou'd never get him down, what Slaughter soever they made of those Chairmen, till he was seiz'd and pull'd to the Ground by a Man on Horseback.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Inconvenience of Greatness.

SINCE we cannot attain to't, let us take *He who knows what Greatness is may avoid it without much Trouble.* our Revenge by railing at it: Yet to find Faults with a Thing is not absolutely railing at it, there being some Faults in all Things how beautiful and desirable soever. In the generality Greatness has this evident Advantage, that it lets itself down at Pleasure, and has almost the Choice of either Condition. For a Man does not fall from all Heights, but may come down from the greatest Part of them without falling. Indeed, it seems to me that we value it at too high a Rate, and that we also overvalue the Resolution of those whom we have either seen or heard to have contemn'd it, or let themselves down from it of their own Accord. Its Essence is not so manifestly commodious but it may be refus'd without a Miracle. I find it a very hard Thing to bear Misfortunes, but to be content with a moderate Fortune, and to avoid Greatness, is a Thing, in my Opinion, of very little Trouble. This is a Virtue, methinks, to which I, who am no Conjuror, cou'd arrive at without much Struggle. What then ought they to do who shou'd even put into the Ballance the Glory attending this Refusal, wherein there may be more Ambition lurking than even in the Desire and Enjoyment of Greatness? Forasmuch as Ambition never conducts itself better, according to its own Manner, than by a Path which is unfrequented, and out of the Road.

Montaigne
~~was never ambi-~~
~~tious of very~~
~~high Prefer-~~
~~ment.~~

I spur up my Courage to Patience, but slacken its Rein towards Desire. I have as much to wish for as another, and allow my Wishes as much Liberty and Indiscretion; but yet it never was my Lot to wish for either Empire or Royalty, nor for the Eminency of those high and commanding Fortunes. I do not aim that Way. I love myself too well. When I think of growing greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a constrain'd and timorous Increase, such as is proper for me, in Resolution, in Prudence, in Health, Beauty, and even in Wealth. But that Reputation, and that so mighty Authority oppresses my Imagination. And, quite contrary to some others, I shou'd, perhaps, rather chuse to be the second or third Man in *Perigord* than the first in *Paris*; at least, without lying, be the third than the first Officer in *Paris*. I wou'd neither dispute with a Porter at the Gate, a Wretch whom I knew not, nor make Crowds open to adore me as I pass. I have been train'd up to a middle Rank in Life, as well by my Inclination as my Fortune; and have made it appear, by the whole Course of my Behaviour and Undertakings, that I have rather avoided than otherwise to climb above the Degree of Fortune to which I was born. Every natural Constitution is equally just and easy. I have, therefore, so mean a Spirit that I measure not good Fortune by its Height, but by its easy Attainment.

His Preference
of a quiet Life
to that of Re-
gulus, who
was so admir-
able for his For-
titude in the
greatest Perils.

But, if I have not a Heart great enough, I am made Amends by an open Heart, which enjoins me boldly to proclaim its Weakness. Were I desir'd to compare the Life of *L. Thorius Balbus*, a fine Gentleman, learned, healthy; a Man of an excellent Understanding, and abounding in all manner of Conveniences and Pleasures, leading a tranquill Life, and all after his own Way, with a Soul duly prepar'd to meet Death, and fortify'd against Superstition, Pain, and other Incumbrances of human Necessity, dying at last in Battle with his Sword drawn for the Defence of his Country; shou'd I compare his with the Life of *M. Regulus*, so grand and sublime as every one knows it was, together with his

his admirable Exit ; the one without Name, without Dignity, the other exemplary and wonderfully glorious, I shou'd doubtless say as *Cicero* did *, cou'd I speak as well as he. But, were I to set them together in my own Phrase, I shou'd say also that the Life of the former is as much, within my Capacity and within my Desire, which I make conformable to my Capacity, as the latter is beyond it ; that I cou'd not approach the last without Veneration, but to the first I shou'd readily attain by Habit.

Return we now to our temporal Greatness, *He lov'd not to* from which we have digress'd. I neither like *command nor be* to command nor be commanded. *Otanez*, one *commanded.* of the seven who had a Right to lay claim to the Kingdom of *Persia*, did, as I shou'd readily have done myself, i. e. † He gave up to his Competitors his Right of attaining to it, either by Election or by Lot, provided that he and his might live in the Empire free of all Subjection and Obedience, that to the ancient Laws excepted ; and that they might enjoy all Liberty that was not to the Prejudice thereof, he having as great an Aversion to command as to obey.

The most painful and difficult Employment in the World is, in my Opinion, worthily to discharge the Office of a King. I excuse more of their Failings than Men commonly do, in consideration of the vast Weight of their Function, which really astonishes me. 'Tis difficult for such boundless Power to preserve any Decorum. Yet so it is that, even to those who are not of the most happy Disposition, 'tis a singular Incitement to Virtue to be station'd in such a Place, where whatever Good you do is recorded, and plac'd to Account, where the least Benefaction extends

* *Cicero*, from whom *Montaigne* has taken this Parallel, plainly gives the Preference to *Regulus*. *Thorius*, he says, wallow'd in Pleasures of every kind, and was a Contemner of the Sacrifices and Temples of his Country : that he was a handsome Man, perfectly healthy, and so valiant that he fought in Battle for the Cause of the Republic ; insomuch, adds *Cicero*, I dare not name the Man who was preferable to him ; but Virtue shall speak for me, who will not hesitate a Moment to give *M. Regulus* the Preference, and to proclaim him the more happy Man. *De Finib. et mal.* lib. ii. c. 20. † *Herodot.* lib. iii. p. 222, 223.

tends to so many Men, and where your Talent, like that of Preachers, chiefly addressees itself to the People, who are not very nice Judges, easily deceiv'd and easily satisfy'd. There are few Things wherein we can give a sincere Judgment, because there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular Interest. Superiority and Inferiority, Command and Subjection, are naturally liable to Envy and Cavil, and must necessarily be continually inroaching upon one another. I believe neither the one nor the other touching its respective Rights; let Reason, therefore, which is inflexible and dispassionate, when we can find it, determine the Case. 'Tis scarce a Month ago that I turn'd over two *Scots* Authors who contended with each other upon this Point. He who takes the Part of the People renders the Condition of a King worse than that of a Carter; and the Writer for the Monarch lifts him some Degrees above Almighty God in Sovereignty and Power.

Great Men are excluded from the Exercises of Honour and Valour.

Now the Inconveniency of Greatness, which I have here taken upon me to consider upon some Occasion that lately put it into my Head, is this: There is not, perhaps, any Thing more pleasant in Mens Dealings with one another than their Competitions and Contentions, through an Emulation of Honour and Valour, either in the Exercises of the Body or of the Mind, wherein sovereign Greatness has no real Share. Indeed I have often thought, that, out of pure respect, Men have us'd Princes injuriously and disdainfully in that Particular. For the very Thing I was vehemently disgusted at, when a Lad, was to see, that those who performed their Exercises with me forbore to do their best, as if they thought me unworthy of such Effort; and this is what we see happen to them daily, every one thinking himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least Passion to get the better, there is not a Man that will not make it his Business to give them the Victory, and that will not chuse to betray his own Honour rather than offend theirs. They employ no more Force in it than is necessary to contribute to their Honour. What Share then have they in an Engagement wherein every one is of their Side? Methinks I see those Paladins of the

the ancient Times presenting themselves to the Jufts and Tournaments, with their Bodies and Armour enchanted. *Briffon*, running againſt *Alexander*, purpoſely made a Fault * in his Career, for which *Alexander* chid him, but he ought to have whipp'd him. Upon this Account *Carneades* ſaid, † *That the Sons of Princes learn'd nothing right but how to ride the manag'd Horſe, by reaſon that in all other Exercises every one bends and yields to them; but a Horſe, being neither a Flatterer nor a Courtier, makes no more ſcruple to ſling the Son of a King than the Brat of a Porter.* Homer was forc'd to conſent that *Venus*, ſo perfect, ſoft, and delicate a Beauty, ſhou'd be wounded at the Battle of *Troy*, for the Sake of aſcribing Courage and Boldneſs to her, Qualities never known in thoſe who are exempt from Danger. The Gods are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be transported with Paſſion, to honour them with the Virtues that amongſt us are compoſed of thoſe Imperfections. He that does not participate in the Hazard and Difficulty cannot pretend to an Intereſt in the Honour and Pleaſure that attend hazardous Actions. 'Tis pity you ſhou'd have ſuch a Power that all Things give Way to you. Your Fortune throws Society and good Fellowship too far from you, and plants you in too great a Solitude. That Eaſineſs, that mean Facility of making all Things ſtoop to you, is an Enemy to all manner of Pleaſure. 'Tis ſliding, not going; 'tis ſleeping, not living. Conceive a Man accompany'd with Omnipotence, you plunge him in an Abyſs, and put him under a Neceſſity of begging Moleſtation and Oppoſition from you as an Alms. His Being and his Welfare are in a State of Indigence. The good Qualities of Kings are dead and loſt, for theſe are only to be perceiv'd by Compariſon, and we put them out

* *Plutarch* in his Treatiſe, *How a Flatterer may be diſtinguiſh'd from a Friend*, where this Man, who ſuffer'd *Alexander* to conquer him, is call'd *Criſſon* inſtead of *Briffon*, as it is ſpelt in all the Editions of *Montaigne* that I have met with. Indeed in *Plutarch's* Traſt, intitl'd, *Of the Satisfaction or Tranquillity of the Mind*, 'tis ſpelt *Belſaw*, in the *Paris* Edit. Fol. Anno 1624. But 'tis an Error of the Preſs, becauſe in the Latin Verſion, which accompanies it, *Alyander* has put *Criſſon*. † *Plutarch*, *ibid.* c. 15.

out of the Way of it. Their Ears are so tingled with a continual uniform Approbation that they have scarce any Knowledge of true Praise. Have they to do with the greatest Fool of all their Subjects? They have no Way to take advantage of him: By his saying, *'Tis because he is my King*, he thinks he has said enough to imply that he therefore suffer'd himself to be overcome. This Quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential Qualities, which are sunk deep in the Kingship, and leaves them nothing to set themselves off but Actions that are actually contiguous and subservient to Royalty, viz. the Functions of their Office. 'Tis so much to be a King, that he is only so by that very Denomination. This strange Lustre that surrounds him, conceals him, and robs us of the View of him. Our Sight is thereby repell'd and dissipated, being engross'd and dazzled by this glaring Splendor. The Senate awarded the Prize of Eloquence to *Tiberius*, but he refus'd it, as thinking that, tho' the Award had been ever so just, he cou'd not have a true Relish of it from a Judgment so restrain'd.

*How the Faults
of Kings are hid
from their Eyes.*

As we yield them all the Advantages of Honour, so do we sooth and give a Sanction to their very Defects and Vices, not only by Approbation, but even by Imitation. Every one of *Alexander's* Attendants carry'd their Heads on one Side as he did. And the Flatterers of * *Dionysius* ran foul of one another in his Presence, stumbl'd at, and kick'd up every Thing in their Way, to denote that they were as purblind as he. Even Ruptures have sometimes been a Recommendation to Favour. I have actually seen Deafness affected; and, where the Sovereign hated his Wife, *Plutarch* † observ'd that the Courtiers actually divorc'd theirs, whom they lov'd. And, what is yet more, Uncleanliness, and all manner of Dissolution, Disloyalty, Blasphemy, Cruelty, Herefy, Superstition, Irreligion, Effeminacy, and worse

* *Plutarch*, Of the Difference betwixt the Flatterer and the Friend.

† *Plutarch* only says that he knew a Man who, because his Friend divorc'd his Wife, turn'd away his Wife also, whom, nevertheless, he went to visit, and sent for sometimes privately to his House, which was discover'd by the very Wife of his Friend, *Plutarch* of the Difference betwixt the Flatterer and the Friend, c. 8. of *Amyot's* Translation.

worse Crimes, if worse there can be, have at Times been the reigning Fashion ; and by an Example yet more pernicious than that of the Flatterers of *Mithridates*, who, * because their Sovereign pretended to the Honour of being a good Physician, came to him to have Incisions and Caustics apply'd to their Bodies ; for those others suffer'd their Souls, a more noble and delicate Part, to be cauteris'd. But, to conclude the Subject I began with, *Adrian*, the Emperor, disputing with the Philosopher *Favorinus* about the Meaning of a Word, *Favorinus* soon yielded him the Point ; for which his Friends blaming him, *You talk simply*, said he, *would you make me believe that he who commands thirty Legions, is not a Man of more Learning than I am?* † *Augustus* wrote Verses against *Asinius Pollio* ; And I, said *Pollio*, *say nothing, for 'tis not prudent to take up the Pen against him who has Power to proscribe.* And these were both in the Right. For *Dionysius*, because he cou'd ‡ not equal *Philoxenus* in Poetry, and *Plato* || in Reasoning, condemn'd the one to the Quarries, and sent the other to the Isle of *Ægina* to be sold for a Slave.

* *Plutarch*, *ibid.* c. 13. † *Ælii Spartiani Adrianus Cæsar*, p. 7 and 8, *Hist. Aug.* ‡ Or rather because he was not able to bear the slight Opinion which *Philoxenus* shew'd of his Poetry. *Diodorus of Sicily*, lib. xi. c. 2. says, that one Day, at Supper-time, as they were reading some worthless Poems of this Tyrant, that excellent Poet *Philoxenus*, being charg'd to give his Opinion of them, was too free in his Answer to please *Dionysius*, for which the Tyrant was so much incens'd against him that he order'd him to be sent immediately to the Quarries. || *Montaigne* is mistaken here with regard to *Plato*, who was sold a Slave in the Island of *Ægina*, by order of *Dionysius* the Tyrant, because he had spoke too freely to him ; as *Diodorus of Sicily* says positively, lib. xv. c. 2. and more particularly also *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Plato*, lib. iii. Sect. 18, 19. In these two last Notes the Fault I have found with *Montaigne* I might, indeed, have as well plac'd to the Account of *Plutarch*, who says the very same Thing as *Montaigne* in his Treatise *Of Contentment, or Peace of the Mind*, c. 12. yet I cannot but think that *Plutarch* has here been guilty of some Inaccuracy of Expression.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Art of Discourfing.

The End of Punifhments; and how the Vices of fome Men may ferve for Inffruftion to others.

TIS the Custom of our Juftice to condemn fome for a Warning to others. To condemn them for no other Reason but becaufe they have done amifs, were downright Stupidity, as *Plato* fays, for what is done cannot be undone; but 'tis to the End they may offend no more, and that others may not commit the like Offence. We do not reform the Man whom we hang, but we reform others by him. I do the fame. My Errors are fometimes natural, and neither to be corrected nor remedy'd; but the Benefit which virtuous Men do the Public, by making themfelves imitated, I may do, perhaps, in making my Conduct avoided.

*Nonne vides Albi ut malè vivat filius, utque Barrus inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem Perdere quis velit *.*

Don't you behold the wealthy *Albus*' Son,
How wretchedly he lives, how he's undone!
There's *Barrus* too, how shabby is he grown!
Barrus, the greateft Rake of all the Town:
A good Inffruftion for young Heirs, that they
Shou'd not their Patrimony fool away.

Whilst I proclaim and condemn my own Imperfections, another Person will be taught to fear them. The Parts that I moft esteem in myfelf derive more Honour from accusing, than from recommending myfelf; which is the reason I the oftner relapse and ftick to them. But, when all is faid and done, a Man never fpeaks of himfelf without Lofs. Self-condemnation is always believ'd, but Self-praife never. There may, peradventure, be fome of my own Conffitution, who inffruft me better by Contrariety than by Similitude,

* *Hor. lib. i. Sat. 4. v. 109, &c.*

litude, and more by avoiding than imitating me. This was that Sort of Discipline which the elder *Cato* had in his Thoughts, when he said, that *Wise Men have more to learn of Fools, than Fools of wise Men*: And that ancient Player upon the Harp, who, *Pausanias* said, us'd to compel his Scholars to go and hear one that lodg'd opposite to him, who play'd very ill, that they might thereby learn to hate his Discords and false Measures. The Horror of Cruelty more inclines me to Mercy than any Example of Clemency cou'd possibly do. A good Riding-master does not so much mend my Seat in the Saddle as an Attorney, or a *Venetian* Gondolier on Horseback; and a sorry Speaker reforms my Language better than a good one. The silly Look of another Person always advertises and advises me; and that which is pungent awakes and rouses much better than what is pleasing. 'Tis fit Time for us to reform the backward Way by Disagreement rather than by Agreement, by Discord rather than Accord. As I learn little by good Examples, I make use of bad, which are very common. I have endeavour'd to render myself as agreeable as I see others offensive, as constant as I see others fickle, as affable as I see others rough, as good as I see others wicked; but I propos'd to myself Measures invincible.

The most fruitful and natural Exercise of the Mind, in my Opinion, is Conversation, the use of which I find to be more agreeable than any other Exercise in Life. For this Reason, were I now forc'd to make my Choice at this Instant, I think I shou'd agree rather to lose my Sight than my Hearing, or my Speech. The *Athenians* and the *Romans* also held this Exercise in great Honour in their Academies: And the *Italians* to this Day retain some Footsteps of it to their great Advantage.

The Study of Books is a languid, feeble Motion, that does not warm, whereas Conversation at once instructs and exercises. If I discourse with a Man of strong Sense, and a shrewd Disputant, he smites me Hip and Thigh, goads me

*The Usefulness
of Conversation.*

*'Tis an Exercise
more instructive
than the Study
of Books.*

on the Right and Left, and his Imaginations give Vigour to mine. Envy, Glory, Contention, stimulate, and raise me above myself; whereas a Unison of Judgment is a Quality that is a perfect Nuisance in Conversation. But as the Mind gathers Strength, by the Communication of vigorous and regular Understandings, 'tis not to be expressed how much it loses and degenerates by the continual Correspondence and Company which we keep with such whose Imaginations are vulgar and distemper'd. There is no Contagion which spreads like that. I have sufficient Reason to know the Evil of it by dear Experience. I love to discourse and dispute; but its with few Men only, and for my own Sake; for to be put up as a Spectacle before a great Assembly, and to make a Parade and Boasting of a Man's Flow of Wit and Words, is, I think, very unbecoming a Person of Honour.

Not to be able to bear with Nonsense is a very troublesome Distemper of the Mind.

Nonsense is a scurvy Quality, but not to be able to bear with it, and to fret and vex at it as I do, is another Sort of Disease, altogether as troublesome as Nonsense: And this is the very Thing of which I will now accuse myself. I enter into a Conference and Dispute with great Freedom and Ease, forasmuch as Opinion meets in me with a Soil very unfit for Penetration, and too hard for it to take any deep Root in it. No Propositions astonish me, no Belief offends me, how contrary soever it be to my own. There is no Fancy so frivolous and extravagant that does not seem to me to be very suitable to the Product of the human Understanding. As for such of us, who deprive our Judgment of the Right of making Decrees, we look upon the various Opinions with Indifference; and if we don't incline our Judgments to them, yet we readily lend an Ear to them. Where one Scale of the Ballance is quite empty, I let the other waver under the Dreams of an old Woman: And I think myself excusable if I chuse the odd Number, *Thursday* rather than *Friday*; if I had rather be the twelfth or fourteenth than the thirteenth at Table; if I had rather, on a Journey, see a Hare run by me than cross my Road, and that my Stocking be put on my left Foot first. All such Whimsies as are
cur-

current about us, deſerve at leaſt to be hearken'd unto. As to me they are all mere Vanity, and that is what they really import. Moreover, vulgar and caſual Opinions, conſider'd in their Weight, are, indeed, ſomething more than nothing in Nature. And he who will not ſuffer himſelf to proceed ſo far, falls, peradventure, into the Vice of Obſtinacy, for the Sake of avoiding that of Superſtition. The Contradiſtions of Judgments, therefore, do neither offend nor alter me; they only awake and exerciſe me. We ſhun Correſtion, whereas we ought to put ourſelves in the Way of it, eſpecially when it comes by way of Conference, and not of Authority. As to every Oppoſition, we don't conſider whether it be juſt, but how we ſhall, right or wrong, diſengage ourſelves from it. Inſtead of extending our Arms we thruſt out our Claws. I cou'd ſuffer myſelf to be roughly handled by my Friends telling me that I am a Fool and a Dreamer. I love to hear Gentlemen ſpeak, as they think, with Courage. We muſt fortify and harden our Organ of Hearing againſt this ceremonious Sound of Words. I love a ſtrong and manly Familiarity and Converſation; a Friendſhip that is pleas'd with the Sharpneſs and Vigour of its Communication, as Love is with Biting and Scratching. 'Tis not vigorous nor generous enough if it be not quarrellſome, if it be civiliz'd and artificial, if it treads gingerly, and is afraid of a Shock. *Neque enim diſputari ſine reprehenſione poteſt* *. Nor can there be any Diſputation without Contradiſtion. When I am contradicted, it rouses my Attention, but not my Indignation. I incline towards him who contradicts and inſtructs me. The Cauſe of Truth ought to be the common Cauſe of both the one and the other. What Answer will he make? The Paſſion of Anger has already given a Blow to his Judgment. Anguiſh has taken Poſſeſſion of it before Reaſon. It wou'd be of Service that our Diſputes were decided by Wagers; that there might be a material Mark put upon what we loſt, to the End that we might keep an Account of it, and that my Man might tell me, *My Ignorance and Obſtinacy coſt me laſt Year a hundred*

of a *Servant* to *several Times*. I cherish and caress Truth in what I can; I never find it; I cheerfully surrender to it; I open my conquer'd Arms to it as far off as I can see it approaching, and I take a Pleasure in being reprov'd, provided it be not with an angry and commanding and imperious. And I am more oblig'd to my Accusers more frequently for *Correcting* me than for the sake of Amendment, chusing to grow old and to receive a Freedom to admonish me, by my ready mortification to it. Nevertheless it is hard to bring the Master of my Time to it. They have not the Courage to correct, because they can't bear to be corrected themselves. And they always speak with Diffimulation in one anothers Presence. I take so great a Pleasure in being judg'd and known, that 'tis in a manner indifferent to me in which of the two Forms I am so. My Imagination does so often contradict and condemn itself, that 'tis all one to me if another do it, especially considering that I grant no more Authority than what I think fit to his Reproof. But I am angry with the Man who is so furly, which I know some are, as to be sorry for his Admonition if it be not credited, and takes it for an Affront if it be not immediately follow'd. Whereas *Socrates* always receiv'd the Contradictions to his Arguments with a Smile, it may be said that his Strength of Reason was the Cause, and that, the Advantage being certain of falling on his Side, he accepted them as Matter of new Victory. Nevertheless we see, on the contrary, that there is nothing in the Case that renders our Sentiment so delicate as an Inclination to Pre-eminence, and a Disdain of the Adversary; and that, therefore, the weaker Disputant has reason to take, in good Part, those Contradictions that correct and set him right. In earnest, I rather chuse to keep Company with those who gall me than those who fear me. 'Tis an insipid and a hurtful Pleasure to have to do with People who admire and make Way for us. *Antisthenes* commanded his Children *Never to take it kindly, or as a Favour, from any Man who*
com-

commended them *. I find I am much prouder of a Victory which I gain over myſelf, when in the very Heat of the Contention, I ſurrender myſelf to the Strength of my Adverſary's Argument, than I feel Pleaſure in a Victory which I obtain over him by Means of his Weakneſs. In ſhort I receive and admit of all manner of Attacks that are direct, how weak ſoever ; but I am quite out of Patience with thoſe that are not made in Form. I little care what the Subject is ; the Opinions are all one to me, and the Victory is to me a Thing almoſt indifferent. I can argue a whole Day together peaceably if the Debate be carry'd on with Order. I do not require Strength and Subtilty ſo much as Method ; I mean the Order which is every Day obſerv'd in the Wranglings of Shepherds and Shop-boys, but never among us. If they ſtart from the Subject 'tis uncivil in them ; and yet 'tis no more than what we do ourſelves : But their Tumult and Impatience does not carry them from their Point. They purſue the Thread of their Argument. If they prevent, and do not ſtay for one another, they at leaſt underſtand one another. Any one answers too well for me, if he answer what I ſay. But when the Diſpute is confus'd and irregular, I quit the Subſtance, and adhere to the Form with Anger and Indiscretion, and fall into a teſty, malicious, and imperious Way of Diſputing, of which I am afterwards aſham'd. 'Tis impoſſible to deal ſincerely with a Fool. My Judgment is not only deprav'd under the Hand of ſo impetuous a Maſter, but my Conſcience alſo.

N 4

Our

* *Plutarch* of falſe Shame, c. 12. Ὁ Ἀντιſθένης ἡγεκλῆς παρή-
 γει τοῖς πρὸς διακελεύμεν μὴδὲν χεῖν ἐπαινεῖσι αὐτὸς
Montaigne has confounded this *Antiſthenius*, or *Antiſthenes*, as the *Latin*
Translation of *Plutarch* calls him, with the Chief of the *Cynic* Sect,
 who never had the Surname of *Hercules*, which *Plutarch* gives to *Antiſ-*
thenius, and is conſtantly call'd *Antiſthenes*.

*Disputes that
are ill conduct-
ed ought to be
prohibited; the
ill Consequences
of them.*

Our Disputes ought to be prohibited and punish'd as well as other verbal Crimes. * What Vice do they not create and accumulate, being always govern'd and commanded by Passion? We first quarrel with the Arguments, and then with the Men. We learn to dispute purely for the Sake of contradicting; and, whilst every one contradicts, and is contradicted, it falls out that all that is got by the Dispute is the Loss and Annihilation of the Truth. *Plato*, therefore, in his Republic, prohibits this Exercise to Fools and ill-bred People; To what End do you go about to inquire into a Subject of one who knows not any Thing that is worth knowing? 'Tis doing no Injury to the Subject when a Man leaves it in order to see which Way to treat it. I do not mean a Way that is artful and scholastic, but one that is natural and obvious to a solid Understanding. What will it be in the End? One goes to the East, the other to the West. They lose the main Point, and scatter it in a Crowd of Incidents. After storming for an Hour they know not what they are looking for. One is low, the other high, and a third sideling. One is taken with a Word and a Simily: Another is no longer sensible of the Opposition made to him, he is so engag'd in his Pursuit, and thinks of following his own Course, and not yours: Another, finding himself too weak to hold the Argument, fears all, refuses all, and, at the very Beginning, mixes and confounds the Subject, or, in the very Height of the Dispute, stops short and grows silent by a peevish Ignorance, affecting a haughty Contempt, or a silly Modesty of avoiding Contention. This Man, provided he strikes, cares not how much he lays himself open. The other counts his

* The Description which *Montaigne* gives, from this Place to the Mark †, in the next Page, of the Faults that commonly attend our Disputes, is very just, and very agreeably express'd. *Pere Bouhours* was so pleas'd with it, that he has insert'd it almost verbatim in lib. iii. of his *Art de Penser*, c. 20. § 7. but without directly ascribing the Honour of it to *Montaigne*, whom he only points out by the vague Character of the *Celebrated Author*; whereas he ought most certainly to have nam'd *Montaigne* expressly, especially after having just criticis'd him in the same Chapter with great Severity, to call it no worse, when he not only quoted his Words, but nam'd him without any scruple.

his very Words, and weighs them for Reaſons. Another is beholding only to his (Stentor-like) Voice, and his Lungs. Here's one that draws Inferences againſt himſelf, and another that deafens you with Prefaces, and impertinent Digreſſions †. Another falls into downright Railing, and picks a Quarrel for nothing, in order to get clear of the Company and Converſation of a Wit that is too hard for him. This laſt looks not into the Reaſon of Things, but draws a Line of Circumvallation about you, with the Logic of his Clauſes, and the Rules of his Art.

Who now does not enter into a Diſtrult of the Sciences, and doubt whether he can reap any ſolid Advantage from them for the Neceſſities of Life, conſidering the Uſe we put them to. *Nihil ſanantibus literis* *, as *Seneca* calls it. Who has got Underſtanding by Logic? Where are all its fine Promiſes? *Nec ad melius vivendum, nec ad commodius differendum*, i. e. It neither makes a Man live better, nor diſcourſe more pertinently. Is there more Balderdaſh in the Brawls of Fiſh-women than in the public Diſputes of the Men of this Profeſſion? I ſhou'd rather that a Son of mine ſhou'd learn the Language of the Taverns than the Babble of the Schools. Take a Maſter of Arts, and diſcourſe with him, does he not make us ſenſible of this artificial Excellency? Does he not captivate the Women, and ſuch Ignoramus's as we are, by the Admiration of the Strength of his Reaſons, and the Beauty of his Method? Does he not govern and perſuade us as he will? Why does a Man, who has ſo great Advantage in Matter and Management, mix Railing, Indiscretion, and Rage, in his Diſputations? Strip him of his Gown, his Hood, and his *Latin*; let him not batter our Ears with *Ariſtotle*, in his *Puris naturalibus*, you will take him for one of us, or worſe. By that Complication and Confuſion of Language with which they overpower us, they appear in the Light of Jugglers, whoſe Feats of Activity ſtrike and impoſe upon our Senſes, but do not at all ſhock our Belief; and, their Slight of Hand excepted, they do nothing but what is com-

* *Seneca*, Ep. 59.

common and mean. They are not the less Fools for their being more learn'd; I love and honour Knowledge as much as they who possess it; and, if a right Use be made of it, 'tis the most noble and powerful Acquisition of Mortals: But in those (of whom there's an infinite Number of the Kind) who establish their Sufficiency and Value upon that Basis, who appeal from their Understanding to their Memory, *Sub alienâ umbrâ latentes* *, and can do nothing but by Book, I hate it, if I may venture to say it, something worse than Stupidity itself. In my Country, and in my Time, Learning has improv'd Fortunes sufficiently, but the Mind not at all. If it meets with dull Souls it overcharges and suffocates them, leaving them a crude and undigested Mass; but, as for such as are free of all Clogs, it readily purifies, clarifies, and subtilizes them even to Exanition. 'Tis a Thing of a Quality almost indifferent; a very useful Accomplishment to a sublime Soul, but to others pernicious and mischievous, or rather a Thing of very precious Use, that will not suffer itself to be purchased at a low Rate. In some Hands 'tis a Sceptre, in others a Rattle.

'Tis Method and Management, that gives a Value to Disputation.

But to proceed, what greater Victory do you hope for than to convince your Enemy that he is not able to encounter you? When you get the better of your Position, 'tis Truth that wins; when you get the Advantage of Order and Method 'tis you that win. I am of Opinion that, in *Plato* and *Xenophon*, *Socrates* disputes more for the Sake of the Disputants than of the Dispute, and more to instruct *Euthydemus* and *Protagoras* in the Knowledge of their Impertinence than in the Impertinence of their Art. He grasps at the first Subject, like one who has a more profitable Aim than to explain it, namely to clear the Understandings which he takes upon him to cultivate and exercise. 'Tis our proper Business to be stirring, and upon the Hunt after Truth; and, if we prosecute the Chace ill and impertinently, we are inexcusable. To fail in seizing it is another Thing. For we are born to search after Truth tho'

* *Seneca*, *Epist.* 33. i. e. Who are always Translators, and never Authors.

tho' it is the Province of a greater Power to possess it. 'Tis not, as *Democritus* said, conceal'd in the unfathomable Deep, but rather elevated to an infinite Height in the divine Knowledge. The World is but a School of Inquiry. 'Tis not who shall enter the Field, but who shall perform the best Courses. He may as well play the Fool who speaks the Truth, as he who utters a Falshood; for we are upon the Manner, not the Matter of Speaking. 'Tis my Humour to regard the Form as much as the Substance, and the Advocate as much as the Cause, according to the Rule laid down by *Alcibiades*. And I amuse myself every Day in reading Authors, without minding their Learning; their Method being what I look for, not their Subject. Just so too I hunt after the Conversation of some celebrated Genius; not that he may teach me, but that I may know him; and that then, if he be worth it, I may imitate him. 'Tis in every Man's Power to speak truly, but the Talent of a few only to speak methodically, prudently, and fully. By consequence, the Falshity which proceeds from Ignorance, does not offend me, but the Folly of it. I have broke off several advantageous Bargains by reason of the impertinent Wrangling of those with whom I treated. I am not mov'd once in a Year at the Faults of those over whom I have any Power; but for the Stupidity and Obstinacy of their Allegations, and their foolish and brutish Excuses, we are every Day ready to seize one another by the Collar. They neither understand what is said nor why, and answer accordingly, which is enough to make a Man mad. I never feel any severe Shock in my Head but when 'tis knock'd by another Head; and am more ready to compound for the Crimes of my Domestics than their Rashness, Impertinence, and Folly. Let them do less, provided they are capable of doing it as it ought. You live in Hopes of warming their Affection to you; but, from a Blockhead, there's nothing, worth having, to be had, or hop'd for.

But what if I take Things otherwise than they are? 'Tis possible I may; and, therefore, I accuse my own Impatience; and hold, in the first Place, that such Impatience is as

A great Fault in a Man not to be able to bear with the Follies of others.

vici-

vicious in him who is in the right as in him who is in the wrong. For 'tis always a tyrannical Sourness not to be able to bear a Form different from one's own : And, besides, there really is not a greater, more constant, and a more unaccountable Folly than to be mov'd and provok'd at the Follies of Mankind ; for it chiefly makes us quarrel with ourselves, and the ancient Philosopher never wanted occasion for his Tears whilst he consider'd himself. *Miso* *, one of the seven Sages, who was of the Temper of *Timon* and *Democritus*, being ask'd, *What he laugh'd at, being alone?* Made answer, *For the very reason because I laugh alone.* How many silly Things, in my Opinion, do I say and answer every Day of my Life ; and then how many more according to the Opinion of others ? If I bite my own Lips at it, what must others do ? In short, we must live among the Living, and let the River run under the Bridge without our Care, or at least without our being disturb'd. To speak the Truth, how comes it that we can meet a Man with a hump Back, or any other Deformity, without being angry at it ; and can't bear to meet with a Person who is of a wrong Head, without putting ourselves into a Passion ? This criminal Sourness sticks more to the Judge than to the Crime. Let us always have this Saying of *Plato* in our Mouths, *Do not I think Things wrong because I am wrong myself ? Am not I myself in Fault ? May not my Admonition rebound upon myself ?* A wise and divine Check this, which lashes the most universal and common Error of Mankind. Not only the Reproaches that we cast upon one another, but our Reasons also ; our Arguments and Controversies are generally liable to be retorted upon us, and we are hurt with our own Weapons. Of this Antiquity has left me very grave Examples. It was said ingeniously, and very pertinently by *Erasmus*, in his *Adagies*, *Stercus cuique suum bene olet.* We see nothing behind us. We expose ourselves to Laughter a hundred Times a Day, while we laugh at our Neighbour, and detest in others the very Faults that are more conspicuous in ourselves, and which we admire with wonderful Impudence and Inadvertency.

* *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Miso*, lib. 1. § 108.

tency. It was but Yeſterday that I ſaw a Man of good Senſe pleaſantly and juſtly ridiculing the Folly of another, who batters the Ears of all Companies with the Catalogue of his Genealogies and Alliances, above half of them falſe (for they whoſe Titles are moſt dubious and uncertain, are the moſt apt to fall upon ſuch ridiculous Topics) and, at the ſame Time, had he look'd at home, he wou'd have found, that he was altogether as intemperate and impertinent in publiſhing and crying up the Pedigree of his Wife. Oh! the impertinent Assurance with which the Wife ſees herſelf arm'd by her own Huſband! If he underſtood *Latin* we ſhou'd ſay to him,

*Ageſis hæc non inſanit ſatis ſuâ ſponte, inſtiga *.*

If of herſelf ſhe be not mad enough,
Be ſure to urge her to the utmoſt Proof.

I do not ſay that no Man ſhou'd accuſe who is not clear himſelf; for then no one wou'd ever accuſe, not even he that is clear from the ſame Sort of Stain; but I mean, that while our Judgment falls upon another whoſe Name is then in queſtion, it does not exempt us from an internal and ſevere Jurisdiction. 'Tis an Office of Charity that the Man who cannot reclaim himſelf from a Vice, ſhou'd, nevertheleſs, endeavour to remove it in another, in whom, perhaps, it may not have taken ſo deep and malignant a Root. Neither do I think it a pertinent Answer to him, who admoniſhes me of my Fault, to tell him that he is guilty of the ſame. What does this ſignify? The Admonition is, notwithstanding, true and uſeful. If we had a good Noſe our Ordure wou'd be the more offensive to us becauſe it is our own. And *Socrates* is of Opinion, that whoever ſhou'd find himſelf, his Son, and a Stranger, guilty of any Violence and Wrong, ought to begin with himſelf, to preſent himſelf firſt to the Sentence of Juſtice; and, in order to purge himſelf, to implore the Aſſiſtance of the Hangman. The Son ſhou'd take place next, and then the Stranger.

If

* Ter. Andria, Act 4. Scene 2. v. 9.

If this Presumptum be a little too severe, he ought, at least, to protest himself the first to the sting of his own Conscience.

*There is a
great deal of
discretion in
judgment. For
Gravity, Power,
and Honour
are necessary
to give us a
true and long
Thought, and
from our Lips.*

The Senses which perceive Things only by the external Accidents, are our proper and first Judges; and 'tis no wonder if in all the Parts of our social Duty, there is so perpetual and universal a Mixture of Ceremonies and superfluous Appearances, inasmuch that therein consists the best and most effectual Part of our civil Government. 'Tis still Man with whom we have to do, whose Condition is wonderfully corporeal. As for those who, of late Years, have aim'd to erect such a contemplative and immaterial an Exercise of Religion for us, let them not wonder if there be some who think it had slipp'd and vanish'd thro' their Fingers, had it not continued among us as a Mark, Title, and Instrument of Division and Partition, more than by itself. As in a Conference, the Gravity, the Robe, and the Fortune of the Speaker, often give a Reputation to vain and silly Arguments; 'tis not to be presum'd, but that a Gentleman so attended, and that strikes such an Awe, has some Sufficiency in him that is more than common; and that the Man, to whom the King has given so many Commissions and Offices, a Man of so solemn and supercilious a Countenance, must be a Person of greater Abilities than another who salutes him at a great Distance, and who has no Employment. Not only the Words, but the Grimaces of those People, are consider'd, and put to the Account, every one making it his Business to give them some fine and solid Construction. If they condescend to common Conversation, and you offer them any Thing but Approbation and Reverence, they knock you down with the Authority of their Experience: They have heard, they have seen, they have done so and so; you are crush'd with Examples. I should chuse to tell them that the Fruit of a Surgeon's Experience is not the History of his Practice, and his callous Mind that he has cur'd four People of the Plague, and three of the Gout, unless he knows how to extract something from it on which to form his Judgment, and make

make us sensible that he is thereby become the wiser in the use of his Art. As in a Concert of Music, we don't hear a Lute, a Harpsichord, and a Flute alone, but one circular Harmony of all the Instruments together. If they are improv'd by Travelling, or by their Posts, their Understanding will make it appear. 'Tis not enough to count the Experiments: They must be weigh'd and sort'd, digested and distill'd, in order to extract the Arguments and Inferences which they carry with them. There were never so many Historians. 'Tis always good and useful to attend to them, for they furnish us every where with excellent and commendable Instructions from the Magazine of their Memory, which, doubtless, is of great Importance to the Support of Life. But 'tis not this we seek for now: We examine whether these Relaters and Collectors of Things are commendable themselves. I hate every Kind of Tyranny, both in Words and Deeds. I heartily set myself against those vain Circumstances which deceive our Judgment thro' the Senses; and, whilst I narrowly observe these extraordinary Grandees, I find, that at best, they are but Men as others are.

*Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.*.*

————— for 'tis rare
If Wealth uncommon, common Sense can share.

Peradventure, we think them less than they are, by reason they undertake more, and make a greater Parade, and at the same Time don't perform what they engag'd in. There must be more Vigour and Strength in the Bearer than the Burden. He who has not exerted his full Strength leaves you to guess whether he has still more Strength, and whether he has been try'd to the utmost of what he is able to perform. He who sinks under his Burden discovers the measure of his Strength, and the Weakness of his Shoulders.

*Why great Men
appear some-
times to be more
foolish than they
are in Fact.*

Whether Success be always a Proof of Sufficiency.

Nay more, he has brought this grand Affair to a Point. This is saying something, but not enough : For this Opinion is justly admitted, that we are not to judge of Counsels by Events. The *Carthaginians* * punish'd their Generals for giving wrong Advice, tho' it was attended with happy Success : And the People of *Rome* often refus'd a Triumph for great and very advantageous Victories, because such Success was not to be expected from the General's Conduct. We commonly see in the Transactions of the World, that Fortune, to shew us her Power in all Things, and which takes Pleasure in mortifying our Presumption, not being able to make Fools wise, she makes them happy in Spite of Virtue, and is forward to favour those Operations which are most purely of her own Plan. From hence it is that we daily see the simplest amongst us bring very great Business, both public and private, to an Issue : And as *Sirannez* †, the *Persian*, made Answer to those who wonder'd how his Affairs succeeded so ill, considering that his Deliberations were so wise : *That he was sole Master of his Purposes, but the Success of his Affairs was wholly in the Power of Fortune* ‡. These may return the same Answer, but with a contrary Bias. Most of the Affairs of this World are perform'd by Accidents.

Fata viam inveniunt ||.

The Fates are sure to find a Way.

The Event does often justify a very foolish Conduct. Our Interposition is as it were but a Thing of Course, and more commonly a Consideration of Use and Example than of Reason. Being amaz'd at the Greatness of a Deed, I have formerly been acquainted, by those who have

* The *Carthaginians* are said to have hang'd up their Generals, tho' victorious, if the Advice they acted by was wrong, *Tit. Liv. lib. 38. c. 48.* † Or rather *Seirannes* Σειράμνης, as we read it in *Plutarch*, in his Prologue to the remarkable Sayings of the ancient Kings, Princes, and Generals. ‡ *Plutarch* in the Preface, above mention'd, to the remarkable Sayings. || *Virgil. Æneid. lib. iii. v. 395.*

have perform'd it, of their Motives and their Addreſs, and have found nothing therein but very ordinary Advice ; and the moſt common and cuſtomary are alſo, perhaps, the moſt ſure and convenient for Practice, if not for Show. What if the plaineſt Reaſons are the beſt plann'd ? What if the loweſt, the baſeſt, and moſt beaten, are more adapted to Affairs ? In order to preſerve the Authority of the Councils of Kings, 'tis not neceſſary that prophane Perſons ſhou'd participate in them, or ſee farther into them than the firſt Out-line. My Conſultation ſkims over the Subject a little, and ſlightly conſiders it by the firſt Appearances. The Streſs and Main of the Buſineſs I have been us'd to reſign to Heaven.

*Permitte Divis cætera *.*

Leave the reſt to the Gods.

Good Fortune and ill Fortune are, in my Opinion, two ſovereign Powers. 'Tis a Folly to think that human Prudence can play the Part of Fortune ; and vain is his Attempt who preſumes to comprehend Cauſes and Conſequences, and to lead the Progreſs of his Deſign, as it were, by the Hand : Vain, eſpecially in military Deliberations. There never was greater Circumſpection and military Prudence than has been ſometimes ſeen amongſt us. Cou'd it be that Men were afraid of periſhing by the Way, that they reſerv'd themſelves for the Cataſtrophe of the Game ? I do, moreover, affirm, that our very Wiſdom and Conſultation do, for moſt Part, follow the Conduct of Chance. My Will and my Reaſon are ſometimes mov'd by one Impulſe, and ſometimes by another ; and many of thoſe Movements govern themſelves without me. My Reaſon has uncertain, and caſual Agitations.

*Chance has a
very great
Share in human
Actions.*

*Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt* *.

Now one Impression in their Bosoms dwells,
Another when the Wind the Clouds dispels.

If we do but observe who are the Men of the greatest Sway in Cities, and who do their own Business best, we shall commonly find that they are Men the least qualify'd. Women, Children, and Fools, have had the Fortune to govern large Dominions equally well with Princes of the greatest Abilities; and we find, says *Thucydides*, that the stupid Governors out-number those of better Understandings. We ascribe the Effects of their good Fortune to their Prudence.

——— *Ut quisque Fortunâ utitur,
Ita præcellet; atque exinde sapere illum omnes dicimus* †.

According to their Wealth all Men we prize;
The Rich are sure to be cry'd up for Wise.

Wherefore I make no manner of Scruple to declare, that Events are slender Proofs of our Worth and Capacity.

How we are Now I was upon this Point, that there needs
impos'd upon no more than to see a Man rais'd to Honour,
by Rank. tho' we knew him but three Days before to
be a Man of little Consequence, yet an Idea of his Greatness and Sufficiency insensibly steals upon our Opinions; and we persuade ourselves that as he increases in Equipage and Credit, so he increases in Merit. We judge of him not according to his Worth, but, as we do of Counters, according to the Prerogative of his Rank. Let Luck but turn, so that he fall again, and be mix'd with the common Crowd, every one inquires with Astonishment into the Cause of his having been rais'd so high. *Is it he? say they. Did he know no better when he was in Place? Are Princes*

* *Virg. Geor. lib. i. v. 420, &c.* † *Plautus in Pseud, Act. 2. Sc. 3. v. 13.*

Princes ſo eaſily ſatisfy'd? Really we were in fine Hands. This very Thing is what I have often ſeen in my Time. Nay the Mask of Greatneſs, which is repreſented in Comedies, does, in ſome meaſure, affect and deceive us. What I myſelf adore in Kings is the Crowd of their Adorers. All Reverence and Submiſſion is due to them, except that of the Underſtanding. My Reason is not oblig'd to bow and bend, but my Knees are. *Melantbius*, being ask'd what he thought of the Tragedy of *Dionyſius*, ſaid, *I have not ſeen it, 'tis ſo offuſcated with Language* *. And moſt of thoſe, who judge of the Diſcourſes of great Men, ſhou'd ſay I did not underſtand its Drift, it was ſo offuſcated with Gravity, Grandure, and Majeſty. *Antiſthenes* one Day perſuaded the *Athenians* to give Order † that their Aſſes might be as well employ'd in the Tillage of their Lands as their Horſes. The Answer made to him was, that *The Aſs was an Animal not born for ſuch Service*. 'Tis all one, reply'd he, *you need only command it to be done; for the moſt ignorant and incapable Men that you employ in your military Orders immediately become worthy of 'em by your employing them*. This is much like the Cuſtom of many Nations who, when they have choſe a King, canonize him; and do not think it enough to honour him, if they do not alſo adore him. The People of *Mexico*, after the Ceremonies of his Coronation are over, dare no more to look him in the Face; but, as if they had made him a God, as well as a King, among the Oaths they make him take, to maintain their Religion, Laws and Liberties, to be valiant, juſt, and courteous; he ſwears alſo to make the Sun travel with its uſual Light, to make the Clouds diſtill at the proper Seaſon, the Rivers to run in their Channels, and to make the Earth bear all Things neceſſary for his People.

I diſſent from this common Practice, and have the more Diſtruſt of a Man's Capacity when I ſee it accompany'd with a great Fortune, and the public Applauſe. We ought to conſider of how great Advantage it is for a Man to ſpeak when he pleaſes, to chuſe his

Montaigne apt to ſuſpect a Man's Ability from the Moment that he is preferr'd to a great Poſt.

O 3

Sub-

* *Plutarch* in his Treatiſe of *Hearing*, c. 7. of *Amyot's* Tranſlation. † *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Antiſthenes*, lib. vi. § 8. where this is told in a Manner ſomewhat different, but in the Main it amounts to the ſame Thing.

Subject, to break off the Argument, or change it with a magisterial Authority, to defend himself against those who argue with him by a Nod of the Head, a Smile, or by Silence, in the Presence of an Assembly trembling with Reverence and Respect. A Man of a monstrous Fortune, offering to give his Judgment in a slight Dispute that was foolishly set on Foot at his Table, began in these very Words, *He who says otherwise than so or so must be a Liar, or an Ignoramus*. Pursue this philosophical Point Sword-in-hand.

Important Advice for forming a right Judgment of a Man's Capacity in Conversation.

There is another Observation I have made, that has been of great Service to me, which is that in Disputes and Conferences, all the Phrases which we think to be good, are not immediately to be accepted. Most Men are rich in borrow'd Stock. One Man may happen to say a good Thing, to give an excellent Answer, and advance a notable Sentence without knowing the Force of it. That a Man is not Master of all that he borrows may be, perhaps, verify'd in myself. 'Tis not always necessary to yield presently to what is advanc'd, whatever Truth or Beauty it has. Either a Man must heartily oppose it, or draw back, on Pretence of not understanding it, to try in all Parts how it is lodg'd in its Author. It may happen that we may embarrass ourselves, and help to push the Argument too far. I have sometimes, in the Necessity and Heat of Combat, made Pushes that have gone through and through, beyond my Design and Expectation. I only gave them in Number, but they were receiv'd by Weight: In like manner, as when I contend with a brisk Disputant, I please myself with anticipating his Conclusions; I ease him of the Trouble of explaining himself, I endeavour to prevent his Imagination whilst it is yet springing up and imperfect; the Order and Pertinency of his Understanding warns and threatens me at a good Distance. With these I take a Course quite contrary. I must understand and pre-suppose nothing but by them. If they give Judgment in general Terms, *This is good, this is bad*, and that they happen to be in the right, see if it be not Fortune that hits it off for them. Let them circumscribe, and limit their

their Judgment a little, why, or how it is so. These universal Judgments, which I see so common, signify nothing. These are Men who salute a whole People in a Crowd together. Such as have a perfect Knowledge of them take notice of, and salute them particularly, and by Name; but 'tis a hazardous Attempt. From hence I have more than every Day seen it fall out that shallow Wits, affecting to appear ingenious in taking notice of the beautiful Passages in a Work which they are reading, fix their Admiration with so ill a Choice, that, instead of discovering the Author's Excellence to us, they only expose their own Ignorance. 'Tis a safe Exclamation to say, *This is fine*, after having heard a whole Page of *Virgil*. By this Means the cunning Ones save their Credit. But to undertake to follow him by a Passage here and there, and, with a positive and approv'd Judgment, to attempt the observing where a good Author surpasses himself, weighing the Terms, Phrases, Inventions, and various Excellencies, one after another, by all means forbear it. *Videndum est non modo, quid quisque loquatur, sed etiam, quid quisque sentiat, atque etiam, quâ de causâ quisque sentiat* *, i. e. We are not only to observe what every one says, but also what he thinks, and for what Reason he thinks so. I every Day hear Fools say Things that are not silly. If they say a good Thing let us examine where they had it. We help them to make use of this fine Expression, and of that fine Argument, which is not their own, and which they only have in keeping: They bolt them out at a Venture, and by guess; we make them turn out to their Credit and Esteem. You lend them a Hand, but to what Purpose? They don't think themselves oblig'd to you for it, and become still the greater Blockheads. Never second them; let them go on in their own Way; they will handle the Subject like People afraid of burning their own Fingers. They neither dare to change its Situation nor Light, nor to dive into it. Shake it ever so little, it slips thro' their Fingers; and, be their Cause ever so good and strong, they give it up to you. These are fine Weapons, but have not good Hafts.

How many Times have I seen the Proof of them. Now, if you go to explain Things to them, and to confirm them, they catch at it, and immediately steal the Advantage of your Interpretation, by saying, *That was what I was going to say; that was just my Thought, and if I did not express it so clearly it was for want of Language.* This is mere Gai-conade. There had need be Malice itself employ'd to correct this haughty Stupidity. *Hegeſias's* Doctrine, that we are neither to hate nor accuſe, but to inſtruct, is right eſewhere; but here 'tis Injuſtice, and Inhumanity, to relieve and ſet him right; who cares not for it, and is the worſe for it. I love to let them ſink deeper, and intangle themſelves more and more in the Mire, till at laſt, if it be poſſible, they may own their Miſtake. Folly and Nonſenſe are not to be cur'd by Admonition, of which we may properly ſay, as *Cyrus* did to the Perſon who importun'd him to make an Harangue to his Army juſt before a Battle, viz. That Men are not immediately render'd valiant and warlike, by a fine Oration, no more than a Man ſuddenly becomes a Muſician by hearing a fine Song. Theſe are Apprenticeships that are to be ſerv'd before-hand by a long and conſtant Diſcipline. We owe this Care, and this Aſſiduity of Correction and Inſtruction, to our own People; but to go and preach to the firſt Perſon that paſſes by, and, to lord it over the Ignorance and Folly of the firſt we meet, is a Cuſtom that I heartily abhor. I rarely do it, even in private Diſcourſe, and ſooner give up my Cauſe than proceed to ſuch retrograde, and magiſterial Inſtructions. My Temper is unſit, either to ſpeak or write for petty Princes. But in Things which are ſaid in common, or amongſt others, however falſe and abſurd I think them, I never oppoſe them, either by Word or Sign.

The moſt diſagreeable Thing in a Fool is his Admiration of every Thing that he ſays.

As to the reſt, nothing puts me ſo much out of Conceit with a Fool, as that he pleaſes himſelf more than any Man of Senſe can reaſonably pleaſe himſelf. 'Tis a Miſfortune that Prudence forbids us Self-contentment and Confidence, and ſends us always away diſcontented and diffident in Caſes, where Obſtinacy and Raſhneſs fill thoſe that are guilty of them with Joy and Aſſurance.

rance. The Ignorant are they, who look back at other Men over the Shoulder, always returning from the Combat full of Joy and Triumph. And, moreover, this Haughtinefs of Stile, and Gaiety of Countenance, often gives them the Advantage, in the Opinion of By-ftanders, who are commonly weak and incapable of rightly judging and difcerning the real Advantages. Obftinacy and Vehemency in Opinion is the fureft Proof of Stupidity. Is there any Thing fo pofitive, refolute, fcornful, contemptive, ferious, and grave as an Afs?

May we not incorporate in Difcourfe and Converfation the fharp and pointed Exprefſions which Mirth and Familiarity introduce among Friends, pleafantly and briskly jeſting with, and bantering one another? This is an Exerciſe for which my natural Gaiety fits me well enough; and, tho' it be not as tedious and ferious, as that other Exerciſe which I mention'd juſt now, 'tis every whit as acute and ingenious, and, as *Lycurgus* thought, altogether as uſeful. For my Part, I contribute more Freedom than Wit to it, and am more oblig'd to Luck than to Invention; but I am perfect in Suffering, for I can bear a Retaliation that is not only tart, but indiscreet alſo, without being at all mov'd. And whenever I am attack'd, if I have not a brisk Repartee ready, I do not trouble myſelf by purſuing the Subject with a nauſeous impertinent Conteſt, bordering upon Obſtinacy. I let it drop; am glad to give up the Point, and wait a better Opportunity to take Satisfaction. No Merchant is always a Gainer. Moſt Men, when their Strength fails them, change their Countenance and Voice; and, by an unreaſonable Indignation, inſtead of revenging themſelves, accuſe at once their own Folly and Impatience. In theſe jovial Moments we ſometimes pinch the private Strings of our Imperfections, which, when compos'd, we cannot touch without Offence; and we hint our Defects to one another to our Advantage.

There are other rough and indiscreet Contentions, after the *French* manner, which I mortally hate. I have a tender Skin, which is ſenſible of the leaſt Touch. I have, in my Time, known two Princes of our Royal Blood interr'd,
who

*The Uſefulneſs
of ſmart and
bold Repartees
in Converſation.*

who lost their Lives by such a Dispute. 'Tis unhandsome, at Play, to fall out and fight.

As for the rest, when I have a Mind to judge of any one, I ask him how he likes himself, to what Degree his Speech, or his Work pleases him. I bar those fine Apologies. *I did it only for my Pastime; I was not an Hour about it; I have not look'd over it since.*

*Ablatum mediis opus est incudibus istis *.*

This Work, unfinish'd, from the Anvil came.

*What Method
Montaigne
took to form a
Judgment of a
Composition,
when the Au-
thor submitted
to it.*

Well but, say I, set those Pieces aside, and give one that represents you intire, such a one as you wou'd be measur'd by. And then what do you think is the best Part of your Performance? Is it this Part, or that? the Grace, or the Subject, the Invention, the Judgment, or the Learning? For I commonly find, that Men are as wide of the Mark, in judging of their own Works, as those of others; not only by reason of the Fondness they have for them, but for want of Ability to know and distinguish them. The Work, by its own Merit and Fortune, may second the Workman, and outstrip him beyond his Invention and Knowledge. For my Part, I do not judge of the Value of other Mens Works more obscurely than of my own; and the Rise and Fall of my *Essays*, in my Estimation, is very wavering and inconstant. There are many Books that are useful upon account of their Subjects, from which the Author derives no Praise; and there are good Books, as well as good Works, which are a Disgrace to the Operator. I may write of the Manner of our Feasts, of the Fashion of our Cloaths, and may treat of them with an ill Grace. I may publish the Edicts of my Time, and the Letters of Princes that are handed about. I may make an Abridgment of a
good

* *Ovid Trist. lib. i. Eleg. 6. v. 29.*

good Book (tho' all Abridgments of * good Books are ſilly) which Book may come to be loſt, and the like. Poſterity may receive ſingular Benefit from ſuch Compoſitions; but what Honour ſhall I get, unleſs it be by mere good Luck? A great Part of the Authors of Note are in this Condition. Several Years ago, when I read *Philip de Comines*, who is, doubtleſs, a very good Author, I took notice of this, as an uncommon Maxim, *That a Man ſhou'd be cautious of doing his Maſter ſo much Service as to binder him from meeting with a juſt Requital*. I ought to commend the Invention, not him; for I not long ago met with it in *Tacitus*, who ſays, 'That Benefits give us a Pleaſure, while they are not too great to be requited; but, when they far exceed that, Hatred is return'd inſtead of Thanks †.' And *Seneca* does not ſcruple to ſay, *Nam qui non putat eſſe turpe non reddere, non vult eſſe cui reddat ‡*, i. e. He who thinks it a Shame not to make a Requital wiſhes the Man, to whom he owes it, was not in Being. *Quintus Cicero* ſays, a little more faintly, *Qui ſe non putat ſatis facere, amicus eſſe nullo modo poteſt ¶*, i. e. He who thinks it is not in his Power to make you Satisfaction can by no means be your Friend. The Subject, according to what it is, may procure the Writer a Reputation for Learning, and a good Memory; but to inſpect him, and ſee what Talents are moſt his own, and moſt worthy, and the Vigour and Beauty of his Genius, 'tis neceſſary to know what is his own, and what is not ſo; and, in that which is not his own, to conſider how much we are oblig'd to him for the Choice, Diſpoſition, Ornament, and Language, which he has furniſh'd. What if he has borrow'd the Matter, and ſpoil'd the Form, as often happens? We, who have little Acquaintance with Books, are in this Difficulty, that, when we meet with ſome beautiful Invention in any modern Poet, any powerful Argument in a Preacher,

* Somebody, however, has thought fit to publiſh a Kind of Abridgment of *Montaigne's* Eſſays (call'd, *L'Eſprit des Eſſaii*, &c.) but, as if the Abridgment had been made only to juſtify *Montaigne's* Obſervation, it died as it were in its Birth, and is not like to be ever reprinted. † *Tacit. Annal. lib. iv. c. 18.* ‡ *Senec. Ep. 81.* ¶ *2. Cicer. de Petitione Conſulatus, c. 9.*

er, we dare not, however, commend them for it, till we have first inform'd ourselves by some learned Man whether the same be their own, or borrow'd. Till then I am always on my Guard.

*A Digression
concerning the
Genius, and
Character of
Tacitus.*

I have very lately read the History of *Tacitus*, from the Beginning to the End (which is the more remarkable in me, as it is twenty Years ago since I stuck to any one Book an Hour together) and I did it at the Persuasion of a Gentleman whom *France* holds in very great Esteem, not only for his own Worth, but for a constant Appearance of Capacity and Virtue, which is discover'd in many of his Brothers. I don't know any Author that, in a public Narrative, has interwoven such Remarks on Manners, and particular Inclinations; and I am of a quite contrary Opinion to him, which is that being, especially, to write the Lives of the Emperors of his Time, so various and extraordinary in every Shape; and, to relate so many notable Actions, as their Cruelty particularly produc'd in their Subjects, he had more important, and more engaging Matter to discourse of, and to relate, than if he had been to describe Battles, and universal Commotions; insomuch, that I often find him insipid when he runs over the Deaths of those brave Men, as if he fear'd we shou'd think them too numerous and tedious. This Kind of Historiography is by much the most useful. Public Commotions depend most upon the Conduct of Fortune; private ones upon our own. This Work of *Tacitus* is rather a Judgment given upon Facts, than a Deduction of History. There are more Lessons than Stories in it: 'Tis not a Book to read, but to study and learn; it is full of Opinions, some right, others wrong: 'Tis a Nursery of Ethics and Politics, for the Use and Ornament of such as have any Share in the Government of the World. He always uses solid and vigorous Arguments in a sharp, subtle Manner, according to the affected Stile of that Age; and was so fond of the Sublime that, where Sharpness and Subtlety were wanting in the Matter; he supply'd the Defect with lofty swelling Words. His Way of writing is much like that of *Seneca*. His Stile seems to me to be the more nervous, *Seneca's* more sharp.

ſharp. But *Tacitus's* Hiſtory is the moſt proper for a troubled, ſickly State, as ours is at preſent; and you wou'd often ſay, that he both paints and pinches us.

They who doubt of his Integrity, plainly enough confeſs they don't like him in other Reſpects. His Opinions are ſolid, and lean for the moſt Part, towards the *Roman* Affairs. Nevertheless, I am a little out of Temper with him for judging more ſeverely of *Pompey*, than ſuited with the Opinion of thoſe worthy Men that liv'd in the ſame Time, and treated with him; and for thinking *Pompey*, in all Reſpects, like *Marius* and *Sylla*, excepting that he was more cloſe *. His Intention, in the Management of Affairs, has not been exempted from Ambition, nor Revenge; and his very Friends were afraid that his Victory wou'd have tranſported him beyond the Bounds of Reaſon; but not to a Degree ſo much beyond all Reſtraint. There is nothing in *Pompey's* Life that carries the Marks of ſuch expreſs Cruelty and Tyranny. Neither ought we to compare Suspicion to Evidence; conſequently, I do not believe *Tacitus* in this Matter. Suppoſing his Narratives to be genuine and right, it might, perhaps, be argued, even from hence, that they are not always exactly apply'd to the Concluſions of his Judgments, which he always follows, according to the Biſs which he has taken, often beyond the Subject he opens to us, to which he has not deign'd to give the leaſt Regard. He needs no Excuse for having approv'd of the Religion of his Time, as it was injoin'd by the Laws, and for having been ignorant of the true Religion. This was his Misfortune, not his Fault.

I have principally conſider'd his Judgment, and do not fully underſtand it every where; as theſe Words, particularly in a Letter which *Tiberius*, when old and ſick, ſent to the Senate, *Whether he form'd a right Judgment of a Paragraph in a Letter from Tiberius to the Senate.*

‘† What ſhall I write to you, Sirs, or how
‘ ſhall I write to you, or what ſhall I not write
‘ to you at this Juncture? May the Gods and Goddeſſes
‘ lay

* *Tacit. Hiſt. lib. ii. c. 38.* † *Tacit. Annal. lib. vi. c. 6.*

‘ lay a worse Punishment upon me, than what I feel every Day, if I know.’ I do not see why he shou’d so positively apply them to a stinging Remorse of *Tiberius’s* Conscience. At least, when I was in the same Case, I perceiv’d no such Thing.

Blam’d by Montaigne for making an Apology for having spoke of himself in his History.

This also seem’d to me a little mean in *Tacitus*, that, being to say he had exercis’d a certain * honourable Office of the Magistracy, he excus’d himself by saying that he did not mention it by Way of Ostentation. This seems a little too low an Expression for such a Genius as his was ; since for a Man not to do himself Justice, implies some Want of Courage ; One of a rough and lofty Judgment, which is also safe and sound, makes use of his own Example upon all Occasions, as well as those of others ; and gives Evidence as freely of himself as of a third Person. We are to supersede these common Rules of Civility in Favour of Truth and Liberty. I presume not only to speak of myself, but of myself alone. When I write of any Thing else, I mistake my Way, and lose my Subject : Yet I am not so indiscreetly inamour’d with, or so bigotted to, and inwrapp’d up in myself, that I cannot distinguish, and consider myself apart, as I do a Neighbour, or a Tree. ’Tis equally a Failing for a Man not to discern all his Ability, or to say more than he sees in himself. We owe more Love to God than to ourselves, and know him less ; yet we speak of him as much as we please.

The Character of Tacitus to be judg’d of by his Writings.

Tacitus, and all Historians are to be commended for relating extraordinary Facts and popular Rumours.

If the Writings of *Tacitus* make any Discovery of his Qualities, he was a great Man, upright and bold ; not of a superstitious, but of a philosophical, and generous Virtue.

A Man may think him bold in his Stories ; as where he says that a Soldier carrying a Bundle of Wood, his Hands were so frozen, and stuck so fast to it, that they were sever’d by it from his Arms. I always, in such Things, submit to such great Authorities †. What he says also of *Vespasian* ‡, that, by the Favour

* Domitianus edidit ludos seculares, iisque intentius affui, sacerdotio Quindecimvirali præditus, ætium Prætor, quod non jactantiâ refero, &c. Tacit. Annal. lib. xi. c. 11. † Tacit. Annal. xiii. c. 35. ‡ Hist lib. iv. c. 81.

Favour of the God *Serapis*, he cur'd a blind Woman in *Alexandria*, by anointing her Eyes with his Spittle, and I know not what other Miracles; he does it by the Example and Duty of all good Historians, who keep Registers of such Events as are of Importance. Among public Accidents are also common Rumours and Opinions. 'Tis their Part to relate the Things commonly believ'd, not to regulate them. This is the Province of the Divines and the Philosophers, who are the Guides of Mens Consciences. Therefore it was that this Companion of his, and as great a Man as himself, very wisely said, *Equidem plura transcribo quàm credo: Nam nec affirmare sustineo, de quibus dubito, nec subducere quæ accepi* *, i. e. Indeed I set down more Things than I believe; for as I cannot endure to affirm Things whereof I doubt, so I cannot smother what I have heard. And this other; *Hæc neque affirmare neque refellere operæ pretium est — famæ rerum standum est* †, i. e. 'Tis not worth while to affirm, or to confute these Matters. We must stand to Report: And as he wrote in a Century when the Belief of Prodigies began to decline, he says, He wou'd not, nevertheless, omit to insert in his Annals, and to give a Place to Things receiv'd by so many worthy Men, and with so great a Reverence of Antiquity. This was well said. Let them deliver us History more as they receive, than believe it. I, who am Monarch of the Subject I treat of, and who am accountable to nobody, do not, however, believe every Thing I write. I often hazard the Sallies of my Fancy, of which I am very diffident, as well as certain Quibbles, at which I shake my Ears; but I let them take their Chance. I see that by such Things some get Reputation: 'Tis not for me alone to judge. I present myself standing, and lying on my Face, my Back, my right Side and my left, and in all my natural Postures. Wits, tho' equal in Force, are not always equal in Taste and Application. This is what my Memory has furnish'd me with in Gross, and with Uncertainty enough. All Judgments in the Gross are weak and imperfect.

C H A P.

* *Q. Curtius*, lib. ix. c. 1. translated by *Vaugelas*. † *Tit. Liv.* lib. i. in the Preface, and lib. viii. c. 6.

C H A P. IX.

Of Vanity.

Montaigne's
pleasant Apo-
logy for his un-
dertaking this
Register of his
own Humours.

THERE is not perhaps any Vanity more exprest, than to write of it so vainly. That which the Divinity has so divinely delivered of it to us, ought to be carefully and continually meditated by Men of Understanding. Who does not see that I have taken a Road, in which I shall incessantly and easily jog on, so long as I can come at Ink and Paper? I can give no Account of my Life by my Actions; Fortune has placed them too low: I must do it by my Fancies. And yet I have seen a Gentleman who only communicated his Life by the Workings of his Belly: You might see in his House a regular Range of Closetstool-pans of seven or eight Days standing: that was all his Study, all his Discourse; all other Talk stunk in his Nostrils. These here, but a little more decent, are the Excrements of an old Mind, sometimes Hard, sometimes Loose, and always indigested; and when shall I have done representing the continual Agitation and Mutation of my Thoughts, on whatever Subject comes into my Head, seeing that *Diomedes* * wrote six thousand Books upon the sole Subject of *Grammar*? What then must be the Product of Loquacity, if the World was stuffed with such a horrible Load of Volumes to facilitate Pronunciation and free Utterance? So many Words about Words only. O *Pythagoras*, why did'st not thou lay this Tempest! They

* Here *Montaigne* seems to have relied simply upon his Memory, and to have mistaken *Diomedes* for *Dydimus* the *Grammarians*, who, as *Seneca* says, wrote four Thousand Books on Questions of vain Literature, which was the principal Study of the antient *Grammarians*. In some of these Books was an Enquiry into *Homer's* native Country; in others who was the true Mother of *Aeneas*; in some, whether *Anacreon* was the greater Whore-master, or Drunkard; in others, whether *Sappho* was a common Strumpet, and the like Things; which were better unlearned, if you knew them. *Seneca*, Ep. 88.

accused one *Galba* of old for living Idly; he made answer, *That every one ought to give Account of his Actions, but not of his Leisure* *. He was mistaken, for *Justice* takes Cognizance of, and passes Censure even upon those that pick Straws.

But there should be some Restraint of Law against foolish and impertinent Scribes, as well as against Vagabonds and idle Persons; which, if there was, both I and an Hundred others would be banished the Kingdom. I do not speak this in Jest: Scribbling seems to be a Symptom of a licentious Age. When did we write so much as since our *Civil Wars*? When the *Romans* so much, as when their *Commonwealth* was running to Ruin? Besides that the refining of Wits does not make People wiser in State Policy. This idle Employment springs from hence, that every one applies himself negligently to the Duty of his Vocation, and is debauched from it. The Corruption of the Age is a Fund to which each of us contribute. Some Treachery, others Injustice, Irreligion, Tyranny, Avarice, and Cruelty, according as they are in Power; and the weaker Sort, of which I am one, contribute Folly, Vanity, and Idleness. It seems as if it were the Season for vain Things when the Hurtful oppresses us. In a Time when doing Ill is so common, to do nothing but what signifies nothing is a Kind of Commendation. It is my Comfort, that I shall be one of the last that shall be called to Account; and whilst the greater Offenders are taken to Task, I shall have Leisure to amend: For, it would, methinks be against Reason to prosecute little Inconveniences, whilst we are infected with the greater. As the Physician, *Philotimus*, said

*Sorry Scribes
ought to be sup-
pressed by the
Laws, and
why?*

* This was a Saying of the Emperor *Galba* in his Life by *Suetonius*, §. 9. It must be allowed here, either that *Montaigne* did not quote this from the Original, or that his Memory failed him; for, if he had meant the Emperor *Galba*, he would not have called him, as he here does, *one Galba of old*. This is so palpable, that in the Edition of his Essays, printed at Paris in 1602, by *Abel l'Angelier*, in that part of the Index referring to this Passage, care is taken to point out expressly, that the *Galba* here mentioned is to be distinguished from the Emperor of this Name.

to one who presented him his Finger to dress, and who he perceived, both by his Complexion and his Breath, had an Ulcer in his Lungs: *Friend*, said he, *This is not a Time for you to be paring your Nails* *.

*How Statesmen
amuse the Peo-
ple while they
most abuse
them.*

And yet I saw, some Years ago, a Person whose Memory I have in very great Esteem, who in the very Height of our great Disorders, when there was neither Law nor Justice, nor Magistrate that performed his Office, any more than there is now, published I know not what pitiful Reforms about Cloaths, Cookery, and Chicanery in Law. These are Amusements wherewith to feed a People that are ill used, to shew that they are not totally forgot. Those others do the same, who insist upon a strict Prohibition of the Forms of speaking, Dances and Games, to a People totally abandoned to all sort of execrable Vices. 'Tis no Time to bathe and clean a Man's self when he is seized on by a violent Fever. 'Tis for the *Spartiates* only to fall to combing and curling themselves, when they are just upon the Point of running head-long into some extreme Danger of their Life.

*Montaigne
wiser and more
moderate in
Prosperity than
Adversity.*

For my part, I have yet a worse Custom, that if my Shoe go awry, I let my Shirt and my Cloak do so too; I scorn to mend myself by Halves: When I am in a bad Plight, I feed upon Mischief; I abandon myself through Despair; let myself go towards the Precipice, and as the Saying is, *Throw the Helve after the Hatchet*. I am obstinate in growing worse, and think myself no more worth my own Care; I am either good or ill throughout. 'Tis a Favour to me, that the Desolation of this Kingdom falls out in the Desolation of my Age: I better suffer that my *Ills* be multiplied, than if my *Goods* had been disturbed. The Words I utter in Misfortune, are Words of Spite. My Courage sets up it's Bristles instead of letting them down; and, contrary to others, I am more devout in good than evil Fortune, according

* *Plutarch* in his Treatise, *How to distinguish the Flatterer from the Friend*, ch. 31.

according to the Precept of *Xenophon*, if not according to his Reason, and am more ready to turn up my Eyes to Heaven to return my Thanks, than to crave; I am more solicitous to improve my Health when I am well, than to recover it when I have lost it. Prosperities are the same Discipline and Instruction to me, that Adversities and Persecutions are to others: as if good Fortune were inconsistent with a good Conscience, Men never grow good, but in ill Fortune. Good Fortune is to me a singular Spur to Modesty and Moderation. Intreaty wins me, a Menace checks me, Favour makes me bend, Fear stiffens me.

Amongst human Conditions this is very common, *viz.* to be better pleased with strange Things than our own, and to love Motion and Change. *Change pleasing to Men.*

*Ipse dies idem nos grato perluit haustu,
Quod permutatis hora recurrit aquis *.*

The Sun itself makes the more pleasant Tour,
Because it changes Horfes ev'ry Hour.

I have my Share. Those who follow the other Extreme of being pleased with themselves; who value what they have above all the rest, and conclude no Beauty can be greater than what they see, if they are not wiser than we, are really more happy. I do not envy their Wisdom, but their good Fortune. This greedy Appetite for new and unknown Things makes me the more desirous of Travel: But many more Circumstances contribute to it. I am very willing to withdraw from the Government of my Family. There is, I confess, a Kind of Convenience in commanding, though it were but in a Barn, and to be obeyed by ones Servants: But it is too uniform and languishing a Pleasure, and is moreover of Necessity mixt with many vexatious Thoughts; as one while the Poverty and the Oppression of your Dependants; another, Quarrels

rels amongst Neighbours : another while the Ineroachment they make upon you afflicts you ;

*Aut verberata grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sydera, nunc hyemes iniquas* *.

Whether his Vines be smit with Hail,
Whether his promis'd Harvest fail,
Perfidious to his Toil ;
Whether his drooping Trees complain
Of angry Winter's chilling Rain,
Or Stars that parch the Soil.

and that *God* scarce in six Months sends a Season to the Satisfaction of your *Bayliff* ; but that if it serves the Vines, it hurts the Meadows.

*Aut nimis torret fervoribus ætherius Sol,
Aut subiti perimunt imbres, gelidæque pruinae,
Flabrâque ventorum violento turbine vexant* †.

Whether the Sun, with its too scorching Pow'rs,
Burns up the Fruits, or Clouds them drown with
Show'rs ;
Or chill'd by too much Snow, they soon decay ;
Or sudden Whirlwinds blow them all away.

To which may be added, the new and neat made Shoe of the Man of Old †, that hurts your Foot ; and that a Stranger does not understand how much it costs you, and what you contribute to maintain that Shew of Order which is seen in your Family, and which peradventure you buy too dear.

I came

* *Horat. lib. iii. Ode 1. v. 25. &c.*
v. 216. &c.

† *Lucret. lib. v.*
‡ *Plutarch's Life of Paulus Æmilius, ch. 3.*

I came late to the Government of a Family. They whom Nature sent into the World before me, eased me of that Trouble for a long while: so that I had already taken another Turn more suitable to my Humour; yet for so much as I have seen, it is an Employment more troublesome than difficult. Whoever is capable of any thing else will easily be capable of that. Had I a mind to be rich, that Way would seem too long; I had served my *Kings*, a more profitable Traffic than any other. Since I pretend to nothing but the Reputation of having got nothing, as I have squandered nothing, conformable to the rest of my Life, improper either to do Good or Ill of any Moment; and that I only desire to rub on, I can do it, thanks be to God, without any great Attention. At the worst, always prevent Poverty by lessening your Expence: 'Tis that which I make my great Concern, and to live within Bounds before Necessity compels me. As to the rest, I have sufficiently settled my Thoughts to live upon less than I have, and to live contentedly. *Non æstimatione census, verum victu, atque cultu, terminatur pecuniæ modus* *. It is not by the Value of our Possessions, but by our Diet and Clothing that our Expences should be regulated. My real Need does not so wholly take up all I have, but Misfortune may fasten her Teeth without biting me to the Quick. My Presence, as contemptible as it is, and as little as I know of Matters, is of Service in my domestic Affairs; I employ myself in them, but it goes against the Grain, considering also, that while I burn my Candle at one end by myself, the other end is not spared.

The Government of a Family more troublesome than hard, and little understood by our Author.

* *Cicer. Paradox. vi. c. 2.* Mere common Sense demonstrates this to the lowest Class of People, who when they see a purse-proud Creature, ridicule him by Saying: *If he is so rich, let him dine twice a Day.* This, though a common Sarcastm (in France) contains a wise Hint, very little known to most Great Men, who for Want of it are engaged in employing one Half of their Lives to render the other wretched.

The Expence of Travelling did not keep him from it.

Journeys do me no Harm but only by their Expence, which is great, and more than I am well able to bear; being always wont to travel with not only a necessary, but a handsome Equipage. I must make them so much the shorter and the fewer, and therein I spend but the Surplus, and what I have reserved for such Purpose, delaying and timing my Motion till that be ready. I desire not that the Pleasure of going abroad should spoil the Pleasure of my being retired at Home. On the contrary, I intend they shall nourish and favour one another. *Fortune* has assisted me in this, that since my principal Profession in this Life, was to live at Ease, and rather to have nothing to do than too much, she has spared me the Necessity of growing rich, to provide for a Multitude of *Heirs*. If there be not enough for one, of that whereof I had so much Plenty, at his Peril be it, his Imprudence will not deserve that I should wish him any more. And every one, according to the Example of *Phocion*, provides sufficiently for his Children, who provides for them so as they bear a Resemblance to himself. I should by no means like of *Crates* his Way. He left his Money in the Hand of a *Banker*, with this Condition; that if his Children were Fools, he should then give it to them; if witty, he should then distribute it to the most Fools of the People. As if Fools, for being less capable of living without Riches, were more capable of using them. So it is that the Damage which is occasioned by my Absence, seems not to deserve, so long as I am able to support it, that I should wave the Occasions of diverting myself from that troublesome Attendance.

Domestic Affairs are always teasing.

There is always something that goes cross. The Affairs one while of one House, and then of another, almost distract you. You pry into every Thing too near; your Perpicacity does you hurt here as well as in other Things. I steal away from Occasions of vexing myself, and turn from the Knowledge of Things that go amiss, and yet cannot I so order it, but that every Hour I stumble at something or other that displeases me. And the Tricks which

which they most conceal from me, are those that I best know. Some there are that a Man himself must help to conceal, that they may do the less Mischief. Vain Vexations, vain sometimes but always vexatious. The smallest and slightest Impediments are the most piercing: And as little Letters most tire the Eyes, so do little Affairs the most disturb us. A Rout of little Ills more offend than the Violence of any single one how great soever. Domestic Thorns, the more numerous and delicate they are, they prick the deeper; and without warning, easily surprize us, when we least suspect them. I am no *Philosopher*. Evils oppress me according to their Importance, and they import as much according to the Form as the Matter; and very often more. I see farther into them than the Vulgar, yet I have more Patience. Finally, they vex me, if they do not hurt me. Life is a tender Thing, and easily disturbed. Since my Face looks a little more morose, (*Nemo enim resistit sibi cum caperit impelli* *: For no Man recovers himself, after he once begins to stoop;) for the most trivial Cause imaginable, I irritate that Humour, which afterwards nourishes and exasperates itself of its own Accord; attracting and heaping up Matter upon Matter whereon to feed.

Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat †.

A falling Drop at last will cave a Stone.

Gutta cavat Saxum non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.

These continual trickling Drops corrode and prey upon me. Ordinary Inconveniences are never light, they are continual and irreparable; and when they spring from Family-Concerns are continual and inseparable. When I consider my Affairs at distance, and in gross, I find, because perhaps my Memory is none of the best, that

P 4

they

* *Seneca*, Epist 13.

† *Lucret.* lib. i. v. 314.

they have improved hitherto beyond my Reason and Reckoning. Methinks my Revenue is greater than it is; the Prosperity betrays me: But when I pry more narrowly into the Business, and see how all Things go separately,

Tum vero in curas animum diducimus omnes *.

—————then my Breast
Is with innumerable Cares oppress'd.

I have a thousand Things to desire and to fear. To give them quite over is very easy for me to do: But to look after them without Trouble is very hard. It is a miserable Thing to be in Place where every Thing you see employs and concerns you. And I fancy that I more cheerfully enjoy the Pleasures of another Man's House, and with freer and purer Relish. *Diogenes* †, according to my Humour, answered him who asked what sort of Wine he liked best, *That which is not my own*, said he.

Montaigne
had no Taste
for Building, or
other Pleasures
of a retired
Life.

My Father took a Delight in Building at *Montaigne*, where he was born; and in all the Management of domestic Affairs, I love to follow his Example and Rules; and shall engage those who are to succeed me, as much as in me lies, to do the same. Could I do better for him, I would; and am proud that his Will is still performing and acting by me. God forbid, that I should ever fail in any Resemblance of Life to so good a Father. And whereas I have taken in hand to finish a certain old Wall, and to repair a ruinous Piece of Building, I have really done it more out of respect to his Design, than my own Satisfaction; and am angry at myself, for being so lazy that I have not proceeded further to finish what he began in his House; and the more, because I am very likely to be the last Possessor of my Race, and to give the last Hand to it. For, as to my own particular

* *Virg. Æn. lib. v. v. 720,*
Diogenes the Cynic. lib. vi. § 54.

† *Diogenes Laert. in the Life of*

ticular Application, neither this Pleasure of Building, which they say is so bewitching, nor Hunting, nor Gardens, nor the other Pleasures of a retired Life, are capable of giving me much Amusement. And it is what I am angry at myself for, as I am for all other Opinions that are incommodious to me; which I would not so much care to have vigorous and learned, as I would have them easy and convenient for Life. They are true and sound enough, if they are profitable and pleasing. Such as hearing me declare my Ignorance in Husbandry, whisper in my Ear, that it is out of disdain, that I neglect to know the Instruments of Husbandry, its Season and Order; how they cultivate my Vines, how they Graft, and to know the Names and Forms of Herbs and Fruit, and the dressing the Meat by which I live, with the Names and Prices of the Stuffs I wear, because I have set my Heart upon some sublimer Knowledge, kill me in saying so. This is Folly, and rather Stupidity than Glory; I had rather be a good Horse-man than a good Logician.

*Quin tu aliquid saltem potius quorum indiget usus,
Viminibus mollique paras detexere junco *?*

Mind rather what the Wants of Life demand;
To weaving Willow Twigs apply thy Hand.

We embarrass our Thoughts about the general Concern, and about Universal Causes and Conducts, which are very well carried on without us, and leave our own Business behind, with the Care of our own Persons, which are nearer to us, than that of any one Man whatever. Now I am indeed for the most Part at home, and wish to be better pleased there than elsewhere.

*Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,
Sit modus lassæ maris, & viarum,
Militiæque †.*

May

* Virg. Eclog. 2. v. 71.

† Horat. lib. ii. Ode 6. v. 6.

May that which was the Græcians Seat
 Afford my Age a calm Retreat :
 Be it my Port of Rest and Ease,
 From Warfare, Journeys, and rough Seas.

I know not whether or no I shall bring it about ; I could wish, that instead of some other Parcel of his Estate, my Father had consigned to me the passionate Affection he had in his old Age to his Oeconomy. He was happy in that he could accommodate his Desires to his Fortune, and satisfy himself with what he had. *State-philosophy* may to much Purpose condemn the Meanness and Sterility of my Employment, if I can once come to relish it as he did. I am of Opinion, that the most honourable Calling is to serve the Public, and to be useful to many. *Fructus enim ingenii, & virtutis, omnisque præstantiæ tum maximus accipitur, quum in proximum quemque confertur* *. We reap most Advantage from Wit, Virtue, and all sorts of Merit, when every one of our nearest Relations has a Share of it. For my Part, I quit all claim to it ; partly out of Laziness, and partly out of Conscience ; for where I see the Weight that lies upon such Employments, I perceive also the little Means I have to contribute to them ; and *Plato*, who was a Master in all Political Government, did nevertheless abstain from them. I content myself with enjoying the World without being perplex'd with it, and only to live an irreproachable Life, and such a one as may neither be a Burthen to myself, nor to any other.

*His Wish that
 he could abandon
 himself to the Govern-
 ment of some
 trusty Friend.*

Never did any Man more fully and freely resign himself to the Care and Government of a Third Person, than I should do, had I any one to trust in. One of my Wishes at this Time would be, to have a Son-in-Law that knew how to humour my old Age, and to lull it asleep ; into whose Hands I might deposite the chief and sole Management and Use of all my Goods, that he might dispose of them as I do, and get by them what I get, provided that he had a Heart truly grateful and friendly.

* *Cicero de Amicitia. c. 19.*

friendly. But, what shall we say? we live in a World where Loyalty in one's own Children is unknown.

He that has the Charge of my Purse upon Travel, has it purely, and without Controul; so that he might easily deceive me in Reckoning; and, if he is not a Devil, I oblige him to be honest, by so entire a Trust: *Multi fallere docuerunt, dum timent falli, & aliis jus peccandi suspicando fecerunt* *. Many have taught others to deceive, by fearing to be deceived, and by suspecting them, have given them a Handle to be unjust. The most common Security I take of my People, is their Ignorance: I never suspect any to be vicious, till I have found them so, and repose the most Confidence in the younger Sort; who I think are least corrupted by bad Examples. I had rather be told at two Month's End, that I have expended four hundred Crowns, than to have my Ears dinned every Night with Three, Five and Seven; and yet I have suffered as little as any body by this kind of Larceny. It is true, I am willing enough not to know it; I do in some sort in good Earnest, harbour a kind of perplexed, uncertain Knowledge of my Money; for to a certain Proportion, I am content with room to doubt. One must leave a little for the Infidelity or Indiscretion of a Servant: If we have enough in gross to do our Business, let the Over-plus of Fortune's Liberality run a little more freely at her Mercy; it is the Gleaners Perquisite. After all, I do not so much value the Fidelity of my People, as I condemn their Injury. What a vile and ridiculous Thing it is for a Man to set his Heart on his Money, to delight himself with handling and telling it! That is the Way by which Avarice makes its Approaches.

In eighteen Years that I have had my Estate in my own Hands, I could never prevail with myself, either to inspect my Deeds, or my principal Affairs, which ought of Necessity to pass through my Knowledge and Care. It is not a Philosophical Disdain of worldly and transitory

He loved to repose a Confidence in his Domesticks.

He avoided an Inspection into his own Affairs by mere Negligence.

* Seneca, Epist. 3.

transitory Things. My Taste is not refined to that Degree ; and I value them at least at what they are worth ; but it is in Truth an inexcusable and childish Laziness and Negligence. What would I not rather do than read a Covenant, and sooner than be a Slave to my own Business, and to tumble over a Bundle of old musty Deeds ? or, which is worse, those of another Man, as so many do now a-days to get Money ? I grudge nothing but Care and Trouble, and aim at nothing so much as to be quite careless and indolent. I was much fitter, I believe, could it have been without Obligation and Servitude, to have lived upon another Man's Fortune : And yet I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether, according to my Humour, what I has to suffer from my Affairs and Servants, and Domestics, have not in it something more abject, troublesom and tormenting, than there would be in serving a Man better born than myself, who would guide me with a gentle Rein, and a little at my own Ease. *Servitus obedientia est fracti animi, et abjecti, arbitrio carentis suo* *. *Servitude is the Obedience of a broken Spirit and an abject Mind, wanting its own Free-will.* Crates did worse, who threw himself into the Franchise of Poverty, only to rid himself of the Inconveniencies and Cares of his Family. This is what I would not do ; I hate Poverty equally with Pain ; but I could be content to change the kind of Life I live for another that was meaner, and had less Business. When absent from Home, I strip myself of all such Thoughts ; and should be less concerned for the Ruin of a Tower, than I am, when present, at the Fall of a Tile. My Mind is easily composed when I am at a Distance, but suffers as much as that of the meanest Peasant when I am in Place. The Reins of my Bridle being wrong placed, or a Strap flapping against my Leg, will put me out of Humour a Day together. I raise my Courage well enough against Inconveniencies, lift up my Eyes I cannot.

Sensus

* *Cicero Paradox. 5. c. iv.*

Sensus, ô superi, sensus.

The Senses ! O ye Gods, the Senses !

I am at Home responsible for whatever goes amiss. Few Masters, I speak of those of middle Rank, as mine is, (and if there be any such, they are happy) can rely so much upon another, but that great part of the Burthen will lie upon their own Shoulders. This takes much from my Grace in entertaining Strangers, so that I have peradventure detained some rather out of Expectation of a good Dinner, than by my Behaviour ; and I lose much of the Pleasure I ought to reap at my own House, from the Visits and Company of my Friends. The most ridiculous Carriage of a Gentleman in his own House, is when he is bustling about the Business of the Family, whispering one Servant, and frowning at another. It ought insensibly to slide on like a gentle Stream ; and I think it equally unhandsome to talk much to their Guests of their Entertainment, whether by way of bragging or excuse. I love Order and Cleanliness,

Et cantbarus, Et lanx

*Ostendunt mihi me **.

Glasses well rins'd, my Table always grace,
And Dishes shine, in which I see my Face.

more than Profusion ; and at home have an exact Regard to Necessity, little to outward Shew. If a Footman falls to Cuffs at another Man's House, or if a Dish be spilt, you only laugh at it. You sleep whilst the Master of the House is stating a *Bill of Fare* with his Steward, for your next Day's Entertainment : I speak according as I do myself, esteeming nevertheless good Husbandry in general, and considering how pleasant an Amusement a quiet and happy Management, carried regularly on, is to some Natures :

* *Horat. lib. i. Epist. 5. v. 23. 24.*

Natures ; and not willing to annex my own Errors and Inconveniences to the Thing, nor to contradict *Plato*, who looks upon it as the most pleasant Employment for every one to do his own Business, without wrong to another. When I travel, I have nothing to care for but myself, and the laying out my Money ; which is disposed of by one single Precept.

Montaigne
not at all in-
clined to board
Money, but
knew how to
lay it out.

Too many things are required to the raking it together, of which I have no Notion ; in spending it I understand a little, and how to give my Expences a Reputation, which is indeed their principal Use. But I rely too vainly upon this, which renders it unequal and unfashionable, and moreover immoderate, in both Views. If it makes a Show, if it serve the Turn, I indiscreetly let it run, and as indiscreetly tie up my Purse-strings if it does not shine and please me. Whatever it be, whether *Art* or *Nature*, that imprints in us the Condition of Living to please others, it does us much more Harm than Good. We deprive ourselves of our own Profit, to accommodate Appearances to the common Opinion. We care not so much what our Being is, as to ourselves, and in Reality, as what it is in the public Observation. Even the Talents of Wit, and *Wisdom* itself, seem fruitless to us, if only enjoyed by ourselves, and if it produce not itself to the View and Approbation of others. There is a Sort of Men whose Gold runs in Clusters imperceptibly under-ground ; others expend it all in Plates and Leaves, so that to the one * a *Lyard* is worth a *Crown*, and to others the contrary : the World esteeming its Use and Value, according to the Display of it. All curious Solicitude about Riches smells of Avarice : Even the very disposing of it with a too punctual and artificial Liberality, is not worth a painful Thought. He that will order his Expence to just so much, makes it too pinched and narrow. The saving or spending Money are of themselves indifferent Things, and receive no Colour

* A Piece of Copper Money worth three Farthings.

our of Good or Ill, but according to the Application of
he Will.

The other Cause that tempts me to these
Journeys, is a Nonconformity to the pre-
sent Manners of our State; I could easily
put up with this Corruption for the Sake
of the public Interest,

*The depraved
Morals of his
Country, an-
other Motive
of Montaigne's
Travelling.*

*pejoraque sæcula ferri
Temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, & à nullo posuit natura metallo *.*

Worse than the Iron Age, so bad these Times!
Nature no Metal hath to name our Crimes.

but not for my own. I am in particular too much op-
pressed. For in my Neighbourhood we are of late, by
the long Licentiousness of our *Civil Wars*, grown old in
so riotous a Form of State,

Quippe, ubi fas versum atque nefas †.

Where impious Mortals Right and Wrong confound.

that in Earnest, 'tis a Wonder how it can subsist.

*Armati terram exercent, semperque recentes
Conveſtare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto ‡.*

With Arms upon their Backs they plow the Soil,
And their Delight is to subsist by Spoil.

In fine, I see by our Example, that the Society of Men
is maintained and held together at any Price soever: In
what Condition soever they are placed they will still close
and stick together, both moving and in Heaps; as un-
even

* *Juven. Sat. 13. v. 28. &c.*
Æn. lib. vii. v. 748.

† *Geo. lib. i. v. 504.*

‡ *Virg.*

even Bodies, that shuffled together without Order, find of themselves a means to unite and settle one among another, often better than they could have been disposed by Art. King *Philip* mustered up a Rabble of the most wicked and incorrigible Rascals he could pick out, and put them all together into a City he had caused to be built for that Purpose *, which bore their Name. I reckon that they even from the Vices, erected a Government amongst themselves, and a commodious and just Society. I see not one Action, either Three, or an Hundred, but Manners, in common and received Use, so cruel, especially in Inhumanity and Treachery, which are to me the worst of all Vices, that I have not the Heart to think of them without Horror; and almost as much admire as I detest them. The Exercise of these notorious Villanies carries as great Signs of Vigour and Fortitude of Mind, as of Error and Disorder. Necessity reconciles and brings Men together; and this accidental Union is afterwards cemented by itself into Laws: For there have been as savage ones as any human Opinion could conceive, which nevertheless have maintained their Body with as much Health and Length of Life as any that *Plato* or *Aristotle* could invent. And certainly, all these Descriptions of *Civil Government* feigned by Art, are found to be ridiculous, and unfit for Practice.

*The Drift of
all Disputes
about the best
Form of Go-
vernment.*

These great and tedious Debates about the best Form of Society, and the most commodious Rules to bind us, are Debates only proper for the Exercise of our Wits; as in the Arts there are several Subjects which have their Being in Agitation and Controversy, and have no Life but there. Such an *Idea* of Government might be of some Value in a new World; but ours is a World ready made to our Hands, and formed to certain Customs. We do not beget it as *Pyrrha*, or a *Cadmus* did theirs. By what Means soever we may claim the Privilege to set it to rights, and give it a new Form, we can hardly twist it from its wonted Bent, but we shall break all.

* Πειρηφόπολις, or *Rogues-Town*. *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. iv. c. 11.*

all. *Solon* being asked, whether he had established the best Laws he could for the *Athenians*; *Yes*, said he, of those they have received. *Varro* excuses himself after the same Manner, that if they were to begin to write of Religion, he would say what he believed; but being it was already received, he would write more according to Usance than Nature. Not according to Opinion, but in Truth and Reality, the best and most excellent Government for every Nation is that under which it is maintained. Its Form and essential Convenience depends upon Custom. We are apt to be displeased at the present Condition; but I do nevertheless maintain, that to desire an Oligarchy in a popular State, or another Sort of Government in Monarchy than that already established, is both Vice and Folly.

*Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre ;
S'il est Royal, ayme la royauté,
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'aussi, car Dieu t'y a fait naistre *.*

The Government approve, be't what it will,
If it be Royal, then love Monarchy :
If a Republic, yet approve it still,
For God himself to it has born thee.

So writ the good *Monsieur de Pybrac*, whom we have lately lost, a Man of so excellent a Wit, so sound Opinions, and so sweet a Behaviour. This Loss, and that at the same Time we have had of *Monsieur de Foix*, are of so great Importance to the Crown, that I do not know whether there is another Couple left in France worthy to supply the rooms of these two *Gascons* for Sincerity and Wisdom, in our King's Council. They were both great Geniuses, and certainly, according to the Age, rare and excellent, each of them in his Way. But what Destiny was it placed in these Times, Men so remote from and so proportioned to our Corruptions and intestine Tumults?

* *Pybrac aux Quadrins.*

Nothing is more dangerous to a State than a great Change.

Nothing presses so hard upon a State as Innovation: Change only gives Form to Justice and Tyranny. When any Piece is out of its Place, it may be propt; one may obviate the Alteration and Corruption natural to all Things left they carry us too far from our Beginnings and Principles: but to undertake to new cast so great a Mass, and to change the Foundations of so vast a Building, is for them to do, who to make clean, rub all out; who are for reforming particular Defects by an universal Confusion, and for curing Diseases by Death: *Non tam commutandarum quam evertendarum rerum cupidi* *. *Not so desirous of changing, as of overthrowing Things.* The World is incapable to cure itself; and so impatient of any Thing that presses it, that it thinks of nothing but disengaging itself from it, cost what it will. We see by a thousand Examples, that it ordinarily cures itself to its Cost: The Discharge of a present Evil is no Cure, if there be not a general Amendment of Condition. The Chirurgeon's end is not to deaden the bad Flesh, that is but the Beginning of his Cure; his View is moreover to fill up the Wound with natural Flesh, and to restore the Member to its due Estate. Whoever only proposes to himself to remove that which offends him, falls short, for Good does not necessarily succeed Evil; another Evil may succeed and a worse, as it happened to *Cæsar's* Assassins, who brought the *Republic* to such a Pass, that they had Reason to repent their having a hand in it. The same has since happened to several others, even down to our own Times. The *French*, my Contemporaries, know it well enough. All great Changes shake and disorder a State.

Remarkable Instance of the Difficulty that attends the Reformation of a State.

Whoever would aim directly at a Cure, and consider of it before he began, would not be so earnest to attempt it. *Pacuvius Calavius* corrected the Vice of this Proceeding by a notable Example. His *Fellow Citizens* having mutinied against their *Magistrates*, he being a Man of great Authority in the City of *Capua*,

* *Cicer. Offic. lib. ii. c. i.*

Tappia, found Means one Day to shut up the Senators in the Palace, and calling the People together in the Square, he told them, that the Day was now come, wherein they were at full Liberty to revenge themselves on the *Tyrants*, by whom they had been so long oppressed; and whom he had now all alone, and disarmed at his Mercy: advising them withal, that they should call them out one by one by Lot; and particularly determine of every one, causing whatever should be decreed to be immediately executed*; with this Caution also, that they should at the same Instant depute some honest Man in the Place of him that was condemned, to the end there might be no Vacancy in the *Senate*. They had no sooner heard the Name of one *Senator*, but a Clamor of universal Dislike was raised against him. I see, says *Pacuvius*, that this Man must be put out; he is a wicked Fellow, let us look out a good one in his room: immediately there was a profound Silence, every one being at a stand whom to choose. But one, more impudent than the rest, having named his Man, there arose yet a greater Consent of Voices against him, an hundred Imperfections being laid to his Charge, and as many just Reasons presently given for rejecting him. These contradictory Humours growing hot, it fared still worse with the second Senator and the third, there being as much Disagreement in the Election of the new, as there was Consent in the putting out of the old. In the end, growing weary of this Buffle to no Purpose, they began some one Way, and some another, to steal out of the Assembly; every one bearing this Resolution in his Mind, that the oldest and best known Evil was ever more supportable, than one that was new and untried.

To see how miserably we are torn in
Pieces:

For what have we not done?

*Governments
stand their
Ground tho'
very much
shattered.*

Q 2

Eheu

* All this is mentioned in *Titus Livius* lib. xxiii. c. 2. 3. and touched, as I think, by a masterly Hand,

*Eheu cicatricum, & sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque : quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas ? Quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus ? Unde manus Juventus
Metu Deorum continuit ? Quibus
Pepercit aris *?*

Alas ! the shameless Scars ! the guilty Deeds,
When by a Brother's Hand a Brother bleeds !
What Crimes have we, a harden'd Age, not dar'd ?
What sacred Altars have our rash Youth spar'd ?
Not by the Fear of Heaven's Wrath debarr'd. }

I do not presently conclude in the Stile of a Prophet,

*ipsa si velit salus,
Servare prorsus non potest banc familiam †.*

This Family does so behave
That Providence them cannot save.

We are not however peradventure at the last Gasp. The Preservation of States is a Thing that in all Likelihood surpasses our Understanding. A Civil Government, is, as *Plato* says, a mighty Thing, and so hard to be dissolved, that it holds out many times against mortal and intestine Diseases, against the Injury of unjust Laws, against Tyranny, the Extravagance and Ignorance of Magistrates, and the Licentiousness and Sedition of the People. We compare ourselves in all our Fortunes to what is above us, and still look towards our Betters : But let us measure ourselves with what is below us, there is no one so miserable but he may find a thousand Examples that will administer Consolation to him. 'Tis our Vice that we more unwillingly look upon what is above, than willingly what is below us ; and *Solon* was used to say, that

* *Hor. lib. i. Ode 35. v. 33.*

† *Ter. Adel. Act. 4. Scene 7. v. 43.*

that were we to make a Heap of all Evils together, there is no one would not rather choose to bear with those which he suffers, than to come to an equal Division with all other Men from that Heap, and take his particular Share. Our Government is indeed sick, but there have been others sicker, without dying. The *Gods* play at Tennis with us, and bandy us every way. *Enim vero Dii nos Homines quasi pilas habent* *.

The Stars have fatally destined the State of *Rome* for an Example of what they could do in this kind: In it are comprized all the Forms and Adventures that concern a State; all that Order or Disorder, good or evil Fortune can do. Who then can despair of his Condition, seeing the Shocks and Commotions wherewith she was tost, and yet supported them all? If the extent of Dominion be the Health of a *State*, which I by no means think it is, (and *Isocrates* pleases me, when he instructs *Nicocles* not to envy Princes who have large Dominions †, but them who know how to preserve those that fall into their Hands) that of *Rome* was never so sound, as when it was most sick: The worst of her Forms was the most fortunate. A Man can hardly discern any Image of Government under the first *Emperors*; it was the most horrible and gross Confusion that can be imagined. It supported it notwithstanding, and therein continued, preserving a *Monarchy* not limited within its own Bounds, but so many *Nations*, so differing, so remote, so ill-affected, so irregularly, commanded, and so unjustly conquered.

*Witness the
Roman Empire,
and its divers
Forms.*

—nec gentibus ullis.

*Commodat in populum, terræ pelagique potentem,
Invidiam fortuna suam ‡.*

No foreign Potentates did Fortune yet
Inspire with Envy against *Rome* so great,
That over Kingdoms, and their mighty Kings,
O'r Land, and Seas she stretcht her Eagle's Wings.

Q 3

Every

* The Words of *Plautus* in his Prologue to the *CAPTIVES*, v. 22.

† *Isocrates* ad *Nicoclem*, p. 94.

‡ *Lucan.* lib. i. v. 82.

Every thing that totters does not tumble. The Contexture of so great a Body holds by more Nails than one. It holds even by its Antiquity, like old Buildings, from which the Foundations are worn away by time, without Rough-cast or Mortar, which yet live and support themselves by their own Weight;

——— *nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
Pondere tuta suo est* *.

Like an old lofty Oak, that heretofore
Great Conq'rours Spoils, and sacred Trophies bore.

Montaigne
*very rationally
concludes from
the general Cor-
ruption of the
States of Eu-
rope that
France may be
able to stand
her Ground.*

Moreover, to discover only the Flank and the Graff, is not the right Way. In order to judge of the Security of a Place, it must be examined which way Approaches can be made to it, and in what Condition the Assailant is. Few Vessels sink with their own Weight, and without some exterior Violence. Let us cast our Eyes where we will; every thing about us totters: Look into all the great States, both of Christendom and elsewhere, that are known to us, you will there see evident Menaces of Alteration and Ruin.

*Et sua sunt illis incommoda, parque per omnes
Tempestas.*

They all of them do in Misfortunes share,
And the rude Tempest rages every-where.

Astrologers may very well as they do, warn us of great Revolutions, and approaching Changes: Their Starry *Prophecies* are present and palpable, they need not look up to Heaven to foretel this. There is not only Consolation to be extracted from this universal Combination of Ills and Menaces,
but

* *Lucan. lib. i. v. 138.* † *Virg. Æneid. 11.*

but moreover, some hopes of the Continuation of our State; forasmuch as naturally nothing falls, where all does. An universal Sickness is particular Health: Conformity is an Enemy to Dissolution. For my part, I despair not, and fancy that I discover Ways to save us.

*Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice *.*

The Gods perhaps with gracious Sway
Will soon restore the happy Day.

Who knows but that God will have it happen, as it does in human Bodies, that are purged, and recover a better State by long and grievous Maladies; which restore them a more intire and perfect Health than that which they took from them? What weighs the most with me, is, that in reckoning the Symptoms of our Ill, I see as many natural ones, and such as Heaven sends us, and that are properly its own, as of those that are owing to our Irregularity and Imprudence. The very Stars seem to declare, that we have continued long enough, and beyond the ordinary Term: And this also afflicts me, that the nearest Mischief which threatens us, is, not an Alteration in the intire and solid Mass, but its Dissipation and Divulsion; the extremest of all our Fears.

I moreover fear, lest in these Ravings of mine, the Treachery of my Memory, should through Inadvertence make me write the same thing twice. I hate to examine myself; and never review, but with an Ill-will, what has once escaped my Pen. I here set down nothing new of Instruction. These are common Thoughts; and having peradventure conceived them an hundred times, I am afraid I have set them down somewhere else already. Repetition is every where disgusting, though it were in *Homer*; but 'tis ruinous in things that have only a superficial and transitory Shew. I do not love Inculcation,

Repetition disagreeable.

Q 4

even

even in useful Things, as in *Seneca*. And I don't like the Custom of the Stoical School, to repeat upon every Subject at length, the Principles and Presuppositions that serve in general, and always to realledge common and universal Reasons.

*Our Author's
treacherous
Memory.*

My Memory grows infinitely worse every day than other :

*Pocula Letheos ut si ducentia somnos
Arente fauce traxerim.*

Apt to let slip my Argument or Theme,
As if I had drank deep of *Lethe's* Stream.

Though hitherto, thanks be to God, no Difficulty has happened; and though others seek Time and Opportunity to think of what they have to say, I must for the future avoid all such Preparation, for fear of tying myself to some indispensable Obligation. To be tied and bound to a Thing, and to depend upon so weak an Instrument as my Memory, puts me quite out: I never read this following Story, but I am offended at it with a proper and natural Resentment. *Lyncestes*, accused of Conspiracy against *Alexander*, the Day that he was brought before the Army, according to Custom, to be heard what he could say for himself, had prepared a studied Speech †, of which, with Hesitation and Trembling he pronounced some Words; but still more perplexed, whilst he was struggling with his Memory, and recollecting what he had to say, the Soldiers nearest to him levelled their Pikes at him, and killed him, looking upon him as guilty. His Astonishment and Silence they judged as a Confession. For having had so much Leisure to prepare himself in Prison, they concluded that it was not his Memory that failed him, but that his Conscience hamper'd his Tongue, and stopped his Speech. This was very truly said. The Place, the Spectators, and the Expectation, astonish him, even at the Time,

* *Horat. Epod. Ode 14. v. 3.* † *2. Curt. lib. vii. c. 1.*

Time, when it was incumbent on him to speak the best he could. What can a Man do, when his Life is dependant on his Oratory ?

For my part, the very being tied to what I am to say is enough to make me lose hold of it. When I wholly commit and refer myself to my Memory, I lay so much stress upon it, that it sinks under me, and startles at the Burthen. So much as I trust to it, so much do I put myself out of my own Power, even so as to know what Countenance to put on ; and have been sometimes very much put to it to conceal the Slavery wherein I was shackled ; when at the time my Design was to manifest in speaking a perfect Negligence both of Face and Accent, and to shew casual and unpremeditated Motions, as rising from present Occasions ; chusing rather to say nothing to purpose, than to shew that I came prepared to speak well ; a Thing especially unbecoming a Man of my Profession, and a Thing of too great Obligation upon him that cannot retain much ; the Preparation is far short of producing the expected Effect. A Man oft strips himself to his Doublet to leap no further than he would have done in his Gown. *Nihil est his qui placere volunt, tam adversarium, quam expectatio* *. Nothing is so mortifying to those who are desirous to please, as raising an Expectation of 'em before-hand. It is recorded of the Orator *Curio* †, that when he proposed the Division of his Oration into three or four Parts, it often happened, either that he forgot some one, or added one or two more. I have always avoided falling into this Inconvenience, out of a Hatred to these Promises and Prescriptions, not only from a Distrust of my Memory, but also because this Method relishes too much of the Artist. *Simpliciora militares decent*. 'Tis enough that in the Mind I am in at present, I will never more take upon me to speak in a place of Respect ; for as to speaking, when a Man reads his Speech, besides that it is very absurd, it is a mighty Disadvantage to those who naturally could give it

*Even when he
had learnt a
Speech by
Heart.*

* *Cic. Acad. lib. iv. c. 4.*
lus, c. 60.

† *Cicero in lib. de claris Oratori-*

a Grace by Action; and much less will I throw myself upon the Mercy of my present Invention; 'tis heavy and perplexed, and such as would never furnish me in sudden and important Necessities.

*He is ready
enough to make
Additions to
his Book, but
not Corrections.*

Permit, Reader, this Essay its Course also, and this third Sitting to finish the rest of my Picture, I add, but I correct not; First, because I conceive, that a Man having once made a Transfer of his Labours to the World, he has no farther Right to them; let him do better if he can in some new Undertaking, but not adulterate what he has already sold; of such Dealers nothing should be bought till after they are dead: let them well consider what they do, before they produce them to the Light. Who hastens them? My Book is always the same, saving that upon every new Edition, (that the Buyer may not go away quite empty handed) I take the Liberty to add as it were by an ill join'd inlaying) some few Things supernumerary. They are no other but over-weight, that do not disfigure the primitive Form of those Essays, but by a little ambitious Subtilty, give a kind of particular Repute to every one of those that follow. From thence however there will easily happen some Transposition of Chronology; my Stories taking place according to their Fitness, and not always according to the Age. Secondly, because that for what concerns myself, I fear to lose by the Change: My Understanding does not always go forward, it goes backward too. I do not much less suspect my Fancies for being the second or the third, than for being the first, either present, or past; we oft correct ourselves as foolishly as we do others. I am grown older by a great many Years since my first Publications, which were in the Year 1580: But I very much doubt whether I am grown an Inch the wiser. I now, and I anon, are two several Persons; but whether the better, now, or anon, I am not able to determine. It were a fine Thing to be old, if we only travelled towards Improvement; but 'tis a Drunken, Stumbling, Reeling, ill-favoured Motion, like that of Reeds, which the Air casually waves to and fro as it lists.

Antiochus

Antiochus had in his Youth written strenuously in favour of the Academy *, but in his old Age he wrote as much against it : which of these two soever I should follow, would not he be still *Antiochus* ? After having established the Incertainty, to go about to establish the Certainty of human Opinions, was it not to establish Doubt, and not Certainty, and to promise, that had he yet another Age to live, he would be always upon Terms of altering his Judgment, not so much for the better, as for something else ? The public Favour has given me a little more Confidence than I expected ; but what I most fear, is, lest I should glut the World with my Writings : I had rather of the two spur my Reader than tire him : as a learned Man of my Time has done. Praise is always pleasing, let it come from whom, or upon what account it will ; yet ought a Man to understand why he is commended, that he may be self-consistent. The vulgar and common Esteem is seldom right ; and I am mistaken, if amongst the Writings of my Time, the worst are not those which have most gained the popular Applause. For my part, I return my Thanks to those good-natured Men, who are pleased to take my weak Endeavours in good part. The Faults of the Workmanship are no where so apparent, as in a Matter which of itself has no Recommendation. Blame me not, Reader, for those that slip in here, by the Fancy or Inadvertency of others ; every Hand, every Artizan, contribute their own Materials. I neither concern myself with Orthography (and only direct it after the old Way) nor Pointing, being very unexpert both in the one and the other. Where they wholly break the Sense, I am very little concerned, for they at least discharge me ; but where they substitute a false one, as they so often do, and wrest me to their Conception, they ruin me. When the Sentence nevertheless is not strong enough for my Proportion, a civil Person ought to reject it as none of mine. Whoever shall know how lazy I am, and how indulgent to my own Humour, will easily believe that I had rather

write

The Writings of Antiochus corrected by himself in his more mature Age.

Orthography and Pointing despised.

* *Cicer. Acad. Quæst. l. iv. c. 22.*

write as many more *Essays*, than be ty'd to revise these over again for so puerile a Correction.

Montaigne
very much ex-
posed at his
House to the In-
sults of his
Neighbours
during the Ci-
vil Wars.

I was saying elsewhere, that being planted in the deepest Mine of this new Metal, i. e. the very Center of this new Religion, I am not only deprived of any great Familiarity with Men of other kind of Manners than my own, and of other Opinions, by which they hold together, as by a Tie that supercedes all other Obligations; but moreover, I do not live without Danger, amongst Men to whom all Things are equally lawful, and of whom the most part cannot offend the Laws more than they have already done; from whence the extremest Degree of Licentiousness does proceed. All the particular Circumstances respecting me being considered, I do not find one Man of my Country, who pays so dear for the Defence of our Laws both in Cost and Damages (as the Lawyers say) as myself. And some there are who brag of their Ardor and Zeal, that if Things were justly weighed, do much less than I. My House, as one that has ever been free to all Comers, and at the Service of all, (for I could never be induced to make a Garrison of it, which is most desired when the War is farthest off) has sufficiently merited a popular Kindness, and so that it would be a hard matter to insult over me upon my own Dung-hill; and I look upon it as a wonderful and exemplary Thing, that it yet continues a Virgin free from Blood and Plunder during so long a Storm, and so many Revolutions and Tumults in the Neighbourhood. For to confess the Truth, it had been possible enough, for a Man of my Complexion, to have quitted any one constant and continued Form whatever. But the contrary Invasions and Incurfions, Alterations and Vicissitudes of Fortune round about me, have hitherto more exasperated than mollified the Humour of the Country, and involve me in fresh Difficulties and Dangers that are invincible.

I escape

I escape, 'tis true, but am troubled that it is more by Chance, and something of my own Prudence, than by Justice, and am not satisfied to be out of the Protection of the Laws, and under any other Safe-guard than theirs. As matters stand, I live above one half by the Favour of others, which is an untoward Obligation. I do not like to owe my Safety either to the Generosity or Affection of great Persons, who concur in my Legality and Liberty, or to the obliging Manners of my Predecessors, or my own. For what if I was another kind of Man? If my Deportment, and the Frankness of my Conversation oblige my Neighbours or Relations, 'tis cruel that they should acquit themselves of that Obligation, in only permitting me to live; and that they should say, 'We allow him the free Liberty of having divine Service read in his own private Chapel, all the Churches round about being destroyed, and grant him the Use of his Goods, and the Fruition of his Life, as one that protects our Wives and Cattle in time of Need.' For my House has for many Descents shared in the Reputation of *Lycurgus*, the *Athenian*, who was the general Trustee and Treasurer of his Fellow-Citizens *. Now I am clearly of Opinion, that a Man should live by his own Right and Authority, and not either by Recompence or Favour. How many gallant Men have rather chose to lose Life, than to owe it? I hate to subject myself to any sort of Obligation, but above all, to the Dues of Honour. I think nothing so expensive to me as what is given me, and that because my Will lies at pawn under the Title of Gratitude, and more willingly accept of Offices that are to be sold; being really of Opinion, that for the last I give nothing but Money, but for the other I give myself.

How disagreeable this Sort of Dependancy was to him.

Lycurgus the general Trustee for all his Fellow-Citizens.

The Tie that holds me by the Laws of Courtesy, binds me, I think, more than that of legal Constraint; and I am much more at Ease when bound by a Scrivener, than by my-

The Obligations of Probity, as well as Promises, to be strictly observed.

* *Plutarch* in the Lives of the ten Orators, of whom *Lycurgus* was the 7th, c. 1.

*Why he is for
dispensing with
his Acknow-
ledgments even
towards
Princes.*

After all, according to what I understand in the Science of Benefits and Acknowledgment (which is a subtle Science, and of great Use) I know no Person whatever more free and less indebted than I am at this Hour, What I do owe, is simply to common and natural Obligations; as to any thing else, no Man is more absolutely clear.

— — — *nec sunt mihi nota potentum
Munera* * . — — —

Nor are the Gifts of Men in Pow'r known to me.

Princes give me enough, if they take nothing from me; and do me good enough, if they do me no harm: That is all I ask of them. Oh, how am I obliged to Almighty God, who has been pleased that I should receive all I have, immediately from his Bounty, and particularly reserved all my Obligation to himself! How earnestly do I beg of his divine Mercy, that I may never owe real Thanks to any one! O happy Liberty wherein I have hitherto lived! May it continue with me to the last. I endeavour to have no absolute Need of any one. *In me omnis spes est mihi* †. *All my Hope is in myself.* This is what every one may be able to place in himself, but more easily they whom God has sheltered from natural and urgent Necessities. It is a wretched and dangerous Thing to depend upon another. Ourselves, on whom is our most just and safest Dependance, are not sufficiently assured. I have nothing mine but myself, and yet the Possession is in part defective and borrowed. I fortify myself both in Courage, which is the strongest Assistant ‡, and also in Fortune,

* *Virg. Æneid. lib. xii. v. 519.* † *Ter. Adelpb. Act. 3. Scene 5. v. 9.*

‡ In the fourth Edition of 1588, when this third Volume was first published, Montaigne only says, *I cultivate and enlarge myself with all the Care I can, that I may have wherewithal to satisfy me when I am by all abandoned.*

tune, therein to satisfy myself, though every thing else should forsake me. *Eleus Hippias* * did not only furnish himself with Science, that he might at Need chearfully retire from all other Company to enjoy the Muses, nor with the Knowledge of Philosophy only to teach his Soul to be contented with it, and bravely to subsist without external Conveniencies, when Fate would have it so; he was moreover so curious, as to learn Cookery, to shave himself, to make his own Cloaths, his own Shoes and Drawers, and as far as possible, to rely upon himself, and to shift without the Assistance of others. A Man more freely and chearfully enjoys borrowed Conveniencies, when it is not an Enjoyment forced and constrained by Necessity, and when a Man has in his own Will and Fortune wherewithal to live without them. I know myself very well. But I can hardly expect to meet with such pure Generosity, such free and frank Hospitality from any Person, as would not appear to me unhandson, tyrannical, and tainted with Reproach, if Necessity had reduced me to it. As giving is an ambitious Quality and Prerogative, so is accepting a Quality of Submission. Witness the injurious and

abandoned. 'Tis my Opinion that it would have been best if he had stopped there; because *for a Man to arm himself with Courage so as to be contented though he should be on all Sides abandoned*, is the greatest Effort that Man is capable of. Nor is this Point attainable but by Practice, which whoever has once arrived to, he has nothing more to do but to persist in it, in order to be sheltered from the Insults of Fortune. Now to add after this *to fortify himself in Fortune*, &c. is reducing the first Thought to nothing, or making a Distinction where in Fact there is none. This Criticism does not appear to me to be too refined; If it be, I consent that it may not have a Place in any future Edition of *Montaigne's Essays*.

* *Eleus Hippias* made his Boast at the *Olympic Games*, that there was nothing in any Art of which he was ignorant, not only of the Liberal Arts, as Geometry, Music, Literature and Poetry, together with Natural Philosophy, Ethics and Politics, but that he made with his own Hand the Ring and the very Cloathes he wore, &c. as above. *Cicero de Oratore*, lib. iii. c. 32. If at the Time here mentioned there had been public Places in *Greece*, where Men of the first Rank had spent the Prime of Life in Splendor, in Gaming, or in doing nothing, poor *Hippias*, instead of gaining Applause at the *Olympic Games* would have been hissed out of the Theatre.

quarrellsome Refusal that *Bajazet* made of the Presents that *Themir* sent him : And those that were offered in the Behalf of the Emperor *Solyman* to the Emperor of *Calicut*, were so much disdained by him, that he not only rudely rejected them ; saying, that neither he nor any of his Predecessors had ever been wont to take, and that it was their Office to give ; but moreover caused the Ambassadors sent for that Purpose to be put into a Dungeon. When *Thetis*, says *Aristotle*, flatters *Jupiter*, when the *Lacedemonians* flatter the *Athenians*, they never put them in mind of the good they have done them, which is always odious, but of the Benefits they have received from them ; They who I see so familiarly employ every one in their Affairs, and thrust themselves into so much Obligation, would never do it, did they but relish the Sweetness of pure Liberty as I do, and did they but weigh, as wise Men should, the Burthen of an Obligation. 'Tis sometimes peradventure returned, but 'tis never dissolved ; this is a miserable Slavery to a Man that loves to be at full Liberty upon all accounts. My Acquaintance, both better and meaner Men than myself, are able to say whether they have ever known a Man less importuning, soliciting, entreating, and less burdensome to others than I have been. And in this, 'tis no great Wonder, if I am not to be parallel'd, since so many parts of my Manners contribute to it ; as a little natural Pride ; an Impatience of being refused ; the Contraction of my Desires and Designs ; an Incapacity for all kind of Business ; and my most beloved Qualities, Idleness, and Freedom ; from all these together I have conceived a mortal Hatred to being obliged to or by any other than myself. I leave no Stone unturned, rather than employ the Beneficence of another in any slight or important Occasion or Necessity whatever. My Friends do strangely importune me, when they advise me to call in a third Person ; and I think it as painful to disengage him who is indebted to me, by making use of him, as it is to engage myself to him that owes me nothing : These Conditions being removed, provided they require of me nothing of any great Trouble or Care, (for I have declared

mortal

mortal War against all Care) I am easily intreated, and ready to do Service to every one that needs it. But yet I have, I confess, more avoided receiving than sought Occasions of giving; and, according to *Aristotle*, it is much more easy. My Fortune has allowed me but little to do others good withal, and the little it can afford is put into a pretty close Hand. Had I been born to be a Person of Rank, I should have been ambitious to have made myself beloved, not to make myself feared or admired; shall I more vainly express it? I should have been as proud to please as to do good. *Cyrus* very wisely, and, by the Mouth of a great Captain, and better Philosopher, prefers his Bounty and Benefits much before his Valour and warlike Conquests. And the elder *Scipio*, where-ever he would raise his Esteem, sets a higher Value upon his Affability and Humanity, than his Prowess and Victories, and has always this glorious Saying in his Mouth, *that he has given his Enemies as much Cause to love him, as his Friends*. I will say then, that if a Man must of Necessity owe something, it ought to be by a more lawful Claim than that whereof I am speaking, to the Necessity I am engaged in by this miserable War; and not by so great a Debt as that of my total Preservation; a Debt that overwhelms me. I have a thousand times gone to Bed at my own House with an Apprehension that I should be betrayed and murdered that very Night compounding with Fortune, that it might be without Terror, and with quick Dispatch; and after my Pater noster have cried out,

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit *?*

Shall impious Soldiers have these new-plow'd Lands?

What remedy? 'tis the Place of my Birth, and most of my Ancestors have here fixed their Affection and Name; we harden ourselves to whatever we are accustomed.

* *Virg. Eclog. 1. v. 71.*

And in so miserable a Condition as ours is, Custom is a great Bounty of Nature, which takes off the Acuteness of many Evils that we suffer. A civil War has this with it worse than other Wars have, to make us all stand Centry in our own Houses.

*Quam miserum, portâ vitam muroque tueri,
Vixque suæ tutum viribus esse domus *!*

To ones own Walls and Gates, 'tis wretched sure
To trust one's Life, yet scarce to be secure.

'Tis a grievous Extremity for a Man to be straitened for room, and to be disturbed in his own House. The Country where I live is always the first that takes up Arms, and the last that lays them down, and which never enjoys an intire Calm.

Tum quoque cum pax est, trepidant formidine belli †.

In time of Peace, they quake for Fear of War.

————— *quoties pacem fortuna lacescit ;
Hac iter est bellis ; melius, fortuna, dedisset
Orbe sub Eoo sedem, gelidaque sub Arcto,
Errantesque domos ‡.*

Oh ill built City, too too near the Gaul !
Oh sadly situated Place ! when all
The World hath Peace, this is the Scene of War,
And first that is invaded ; happier far
Might we have liv'd in farthest North or East,
Or wand'ring Tents of *Scythia*, than possessest
The edge of *Italy*.

* *Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 1. v. 69.* † *Ovid. Trist. lib. iii. Eleg. 10. v. 67.* ‡ *Lucan. lib. i. v. 255. 256.—251. 252. 253.*

Carelessness and Indolence sometimes fortify me
 st these Considerations, and they do also in some mea-
 ead us on to Resolution. I oft imagine and expect
 al Dangers with a kind of Delight *. I stupidly
 ge myself head-long into Death, without considering
 king a View of it, as into a dark and deep Vortex,
 1 swallows me up in a Trice, and smothers me in an
 it by a profound Sleep, without any Sense of Pain, or

And in these short and violent Deaths, the Conse-
 ce that I foresee administers more Consolation to me
 the Effects do Fear. They say, that as Life is not
 r for being long, so Death is better for not being

I do not so much avoid the Thoughts of Death as
 r into Confidence with it. I wrap and shrowd my-
 n the Storm that is to blind and hurry me away
 a sudden and insensible Attack. Moreover, if it
 d fall out, (as some Gardiners say of Roses and Vio-
 hat they are more odoriferous by growing near Garlick
 Onions, by reason that the last suck and imbibe what
 smell there is in the Soil,) that these depraved Natures
 d also attract all the Malignity of my Air and Cli-
 , and render me so much better and purer by their
 ity, that I should not lose all; that is not so; but

To comprehend the Author's true Meaning here, the Words must
 isidered with regard to their necessary Connection with what goes
 . *Montaigne* represents himself as surrounded in his House by a
 of Banditti, who are authorised by War to commit all manner
 imes with Impunity. In such a Situation wherein he is always
 nger of having his Throat cut, and in a mortal Dread of seeing
 f every moment at the Mercy of those Villains, he one while
 s himself actually in their Hands, and feeling a kind of Pleasure
 at last delivered thereby on a sudden from the continual Anguish
 rendered his Life insupportable. Full of these Ideas he stupidly
 s himself headlong, *as he says above*, into Death, *without taking*
of it, as into a dark and deep Vortex, which swallows him up, &c.
 1 is as much as to say, that by taking his Resolution, he expects,
 he least thinks of it, to be in that state of Surprise and Horror
 he Barbarity of those Villains who shall come to knock him on
 lead, or cut his Throat before he has time to look about him.
 mages which *Montaigne* here makes use of are lively but innocent,
 ry natural, and such as no judicious fair Critic will, I believe,
 nd Fault with.

there may be something in this, that Goodness is more beautiful and attractive when it is rare, and that Contrariety and Diversity binds and shuts up Well-doing within itself, and inflames it by the Jealousy of Opposition and by Vain-glory. Thieves and Robbers (of their special Favour) have no particular Spite at me; no more have I to them: If I had, I should have my hands too full. Consciences of the same Cast are lodged under several sorts of Robes, like Cruelty, Treachery, and Rapine; and so much the worse as they are the more mischievous, and the more secure, and the darker by being concealed under the Colour of the Laws. I don't so much hate a professed Injury, as one that is treacherous; an Enemy in Arms, as an Enemy in a Gown. Our Fever has seized upon a Body that is not much the worse for't. There was Fire before, and now 'tis broke out into a Flame. The Noise is greater, the Evil much the same. I usually answer such as ask me the reason of my Travels, *That I know very well what I fly from, but not what I seek*. If they tell me that there may be as little Health amongst Strangers, and that their Manners are no purer than ours: I first reply, that that is a hard case.

*Tam multæ scelerum facies **.

Where Crimes in many Shapes abound.

Secondly, that it is always an Advantage to change an ill Condition for one that is uncertain, and that the Ills of others ought not to afflict us so much as our own.

The Commendation of Paris. I will not here omit, that I never rail so much against *France*, as to be out of Humour with *Paris*; that City has ever had my Heart from my Infancy; and it has fallen out to me, as of excellent things, that the more of other fine Cities I have seen since, the more the Beauty of this gains upon my Affection. I love it for its own sake, and more in its

* *Virg. Georg. lib. i. v. 506.*

own native Being, than the Addition of foreign Pomp; I love it tenderly, even with all its Warts and Blemishes. I am not a *Frenchman* but by this great City, great in People, great in the Felicity of her Situation; but above all, great and incomparable in Variety and Diversity of Commodities; the Glory of *France*, and one of the most noble Ornaments of the World. May God of his Goodness drive our Divisions far from it. While it remains intire and united I think it safe from all other Violence. I give it caution, that of all the Parties, that will be the worst that shall set it at Variance; I have no Fears for her, but for her own sake; and certainly I have as much fear for her as for any other City in the Kingdom. Whilst she shall continue, I shall never want a Retreat where I may be safe, sufficient to make me Amends for parting with any other Retreat whatever.

'Tis not because *Socrates* has said so, but because it is in Truth my own Humour, and peradventure too much so. I look upon all Men as my Countrymen, and embrace a *Pollander* as heartily as a *Frenchman*, preferring the universal and common Tye, to this national Tye. I am not much taken with the Sweetness of a native Air: Acquaintance wholly new, and wholly my own, appear to me full as good as the other common and accidental ones with our Neighbours. Friendships that are purely of our own acquiring, ordinarily surpass those to which we are joined by the Communication of the Clime or of Blood. Nature has placed us in the World free and unbound; we confine ourselves to certain Limits, like the Kings of *Persia*, who obliged themselves to drink no other Water but that of the River *Choaspes*, foolishly quit claim to their right of Usage in all other Streams; and as far as concerned themselves, dried up all the other Rivers of the World. What *Socrates* did towards his End, to look upon a Sentence of Banishment, as worse than a Sentence of Death against him, I shall, I think, never be such an old Fool, or so strictly begotted to my own Country, as to be of that Opinion. Such celestial Lives as his have many Ideas, which I embrace more by Esteem than Affection;

Montaigne
considered all
Nations as his
Countrymen.

and they have some also so elevated and extraordinary, that I cannot embrace them so much as by Esteem, forasmuch as I cannot conceive them. This Humour was very effeminate in a Man that thought the whole World his City. It is true, that he disdained Travel, and had hardly ever set his Foot out of the *Attick* Territories. What say you to his grudging the Money his Friends offered to save his Life, and his Refusal to come out of Prison by the Mediation of others, because he would not disobey the Laws, at a time when they were otherwise so much corrupted? These Examples are of the first Rate for me; of the second there are others that I could find out in this same Person. Many of these rare Examples surpass the Force of my Action; nay some of them do moreover surpass the Force of my Judgment.

The Advantages which Montaigne reaped by Travel.

These Reasons set aside, Travel is in my Opinion a profitable Exercise; the Soul is therein continually employed in observing Things new and unknown. And I do not know, as I have often said, a better School wherein to form Life, than by incessantly exposing to it the Diversity of so many other Lives, Fancies, and Usances; and to make it relish so perpetual a Variety of the Forms of human Nature. The Body is therein neither idle nor overwrought, and this moderate Motion puts it in Breath. I can keep on Horseback, as much tormented with the Stone as I am, without alighting or being weary, for eight or ten Hours together.

*Vires ultra sortemque senectæ *.*

Beyond the Strength and common Lot of Age.

No Weather hurts me, but the parching Heat of a scorching Sun; for the Umbrella's made use of in *Italy*, ever since the time of the antient *Romans*, are a greater Burthen to the Arm than a Relief to the Head. I would fain

* *Virg. Æneid. lib. vi. v. 114.*

know where was the Industry of the *Persians* so long ago, and in the Infancy of their Luxury, to make such Ventilators, and plant such Shades about their Abodes, as *Xenophon* reports they did. I love Rain, and to dabble in the Dirt, like the Ducks; the change of Air and Climate never concern me: Every Sky is alike to me. I am only troubled with inward Ailments, which I breed within myself, and those are not so frequent in Travel. I am hard to be got out, but when once upon the Road, I hold out as well as the best. I take as much pains in little, as in great Undertakings; and to equip myself, for a short Journey, if but to visit a Neighbour, as for a long one. I have learned to travel after the *Spanish* Fashion, and to make but one Stage of a tolerable Length; and in excessive Heats, I always travel by Night, from Sunset, to Sun-rising. The other Method of baiting by the way, in Haste and Hurry to gobble up a Dinner, is, especially in short Days, very inconvenient. My Horses thereby perform the better, for never any Horse tired under me, that was able to hold out the first Day's Journey: I water them at every Brook I meet, and only take care they have so much way to go before I come to my Inn, as will digest the Water in their Bellies. My being so loth to rise in a Morning, gives my Servants leisure to dine at their Ease before they set out. For my own part, I never eat too late; my Appetite comes to me in eating, and not else, and am never hungry but at Table.

Some of my Friends blame me for continuing this travelling Humour, being married and old. But they are in the wrong; for it is the best Time for a Man to leave his Family, when he has put it into a way of subsisting without him, and continuing as he left it. 'Tis indeed much greater Imprudence to abandon it to a less faithful Housekeeper, and one who will be less solicitous to look after your Affairs.

*Unjustly blam'd
for travelling
when old and
married.*

*The most useful
and the most bo-
nourable Ac-
complishment of
a Mother of a
Family.*

The most useful and honourable Knowledge and Employment for the Mother of a Family, is the Management of Household Affairs. I see some that are covetous indeed, but very few that are saving. 'Tis the supreme Quality of a Woman, and what a Man ought to seek after before any other, as the only Dowry that tends to ruin or to preserve our Families. Let Men say what they will, according to the Experience I have learned, I require in married Women the oeconomical Virtue above all other Virtues; I put my Wife to it, as a Concern of her own, leaving her by my Absence the whole Government of my Affairs. I am ashamed to see, in several Families, the Master of which has been bustling about all Morning, I am sorry to see him return at Noon, quite jaded and ruffled to find his Madam just got out of her Bed, and dressing herself at the Toilet. This is for Queens to do; tho' that is a Question too. 'Tis ridiculous, and unjust, that the Laziness of our Wives should be maintained with our Sweat and Labour. No Man, forasmuch as in me lies, shall have a clearer and a more quiet and free Enjoyment of his Estate than I. If the Husband furnish Matter, Nature herself requires that the Wife find the Form.

*That Conjugal
Friendship
grows warm
by Absence.*

As to the Duties of conjugal Friendship, which some think to be cooled by this Absence, I am not of that Opinion; it is on the contrary an Intelligence that easily cools and is hurt by a too close and constant Attendance. Every strange Woman appears graceful, and every one finds by Experience, that being continually together is not so pleasing, as to part for a time, and meet again. These Interruptions give me a fresh Gust to enjoy my Family, and render my own House more pleasant to me. Change of Place warms my Appetite, now to one, then to the other. I know that the Arms of Friendship are long enough to reach and join Hands from the one end of the World to the other, and especially, when there is a continual Communication of Offices that rouse the Obligation and Remembrance of it. The Stoicks say, that there

is so great a Connection and Relation amongst wise Men, that he who dines in *France*, feeds his Companion in *Egypt*; and that whoever does but hold out his Finger, in what part of the World soever, all the wise Men upon the habitable Earth feel themselves assisted by it. Fruition and Possession principally appertain to the Imagination; and this more fervently and constantly embraces what it is in quest of, than what we have hold of. Let a Man but consider his daily Amusements, and he will find, that he is most absent from his Friend when in his Company. His Presence releases your Attention, and gives your Thoughts Liberty to absent themselves at every turn, for every Occasion. When I am at *Rome*, I keep and govern my House, and the Conveniencies I there left, see my Walls rise, my Trees shoot, and my Revenue increase, or decrease, very near as well as when I am there.

Ante oculos errat domus, errat forma locorum *.

My House, and forms of Places, constantly
Present themselves unto my Fancy's Eye.

If we enjoy nothing but what we touch, we may say farewell to the Money in our Closets, and to our Sons when they are gone a hunting. We will have them nearer to us. Is the Garden, or half a Day's Journey from home so far? What is ten Leagues, far or near? If near, what is eleven, twelve, or thirteen? and so on by Degrees. In earnest, if there be a Woman who can tell her Husband what Step ends the near, and what Step begins the remote, I would advise her to stop between the two.

—————*excludat jurgia finis.*

Some certain Point should finish the Debate.

*Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo etiam unum
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi* †.

* *Ovid. Trist. lib. iii. Eleg. 4.*
46. 47.

† *Horat. lib. ii. Ep. 1. v. 38. 45.*

I take the Grant, and by degrees prevail ;
 Thus hair by hair, I pluck the Horse's Tail,
 And while I take them one by one away
 The *Numbers* to a *Nought* at last decay.

And let them in God's Name call Philosophy to their Assistance ; in whose Teeth it may be cast, that since it neither discerns the one nor the other end of the Joint, betwixt the too much and the little, the long and the short, the light and the heavy, the near and the remote ; and since it discovers neither the Beginning nor the End, it must needs judge very uncertainly of the Middle. *Rerum natura nullam nobis dedit cognitionem finium* *. *Nature has not given us any Knowledge of the end of Things.* Are they not still Wives and Friends to the Dead, who are not only at the end of this, but in the other World ? We include those who have been, and those who are not yet, much more the absent. We did not promise in Marriage to be continually brooding and twining together, like some little Animals that we see, or tied like those of *Karenty* †, that were so bewitched in the conjunctive Mood that they clung together ever after like the Canine Race. And a Wife ought not so greedily to fix her Eyes on her Husband's Fore-parts, that she cannot endure to see him turn his Back, if occasion be. But may not this Saying of that excellent Painter of Women's Humours be here introduced, to shew the Reason of their Complaints ?

* *Cicer. Acad. lib. iv. c. 29.* † 'Tis *Saxo Grammaticus* that has left us the Story of these hagridden Creatures, in the 14th Book of his History of *Denmark*; where, speaking of the Conversion of the People of *Rugen*, an Island in the *Baltic*; he says, that the Inhabitants of *Karanti*, or *Kerantia*, one of their Towns, after having renounced their Worship of Idols, were nevertheless still afraid of their Power, remembering how often they had been punished for their Lewdness, when both Sexes were tied together in the Action after the manner of Dogs, and even faster. Sometimes when they were taken in the Fact they were, for the Diversion of the People, hoisted upon a Perch, the Man on one side, and the Woman on the other, without being able to separate. If this Fact was true, one could hardly help inferring, that the Devil was at that time much more severe or more mischievous than he is now.

*Uxor, si cesses, aut te amare cogitat,
Aut tete amari, aut potare, aut animo obsequi,
Et tibi bene esse soli, cum sibi sit male *.*

Thy Wife, if thou stay'st long abroad, is mov'd,
Thinking thou either lov'st, or art belov'd;
Drinking, or something else, thyself to please,
And that thou'rt well, whilst she is ill at ease.

Or may it not be, that of itself Opposition and Contradiction entertains and nourishes them, and that they sufficiently accommodate themselves, provided they incommode you?

In true Friendship, wherein I am expert, I more give myself to my Friend, than I attract him to me. I am not only better pleased in doing him service, than if he did me one; but moreover, had rather he should do himself good than me, and he most serves me when he does so. And if Absence be either pleasant or convenient for him, 'tis more acceptable to me than his Presence; neither is it properly Absence, when there are Means of corresponding. I have sometimes made good Use of our Separation. We better filled, and further extended the Possession of Life in being parted. He lived, rejoiced, and saw for me, and I for him, as plainly as if he had himself been there; one part remained idle, and we confounded one another when we were together. The distance of Place rendered the Conjunction of our Wills more rich. This insatiable Desire of personal Presence, implies some Weakness in the Fruition of Souls.

As for old Age, which is alledged against me, 'tis for Youth on the contrary to subject itself to the common Opinions, and to curb itself for the sake of others. It has where-withal to please both the People and itself; we have but

*The Aim of
true Friendship.*

*The Utility of
the Absence of
a Friend.*

*Whether old
Age ought to
hinder us from
Travelling.*

† *Ter. Adel. Act 1. Scene 1. v. 7. &c.*

too much ado to please ourselves alone. As natural Conveniencies fail us, let us support ourselves with those that are artificial. 'Tis Injustice to excuse Youth for pursuing its Pleasures, and to forbid old Men to seek them. When young, I concealed my wanton Passions with Prudence; now I am old, I get rid of melancholy ones by a Debauch *. Sure it is that the *Platonick* Laws forbade Travel till forty or fifty Years old, that it might be more useful and instructive at so mature an Age. I should sooner subscribe to this other second Article of the same Laws, which forbids it after threescore; for at such an Age you will never return from a long Journey. What care I for that? I undertake it neither to return nor to finish it. I do it only to keep myself in Motion whilst Motion pleases me, and only walk for the Walk's sake. They who hunt after a Benefice, or a Hare, run not; they only run who run at Prison-Base, and to exercise their running. My Design is divisible throughout, it is not grounded upon any great Hopes; every Day concludes my Expectation. And the Journey of my Life is carried on after the same manner; and yet I have seen Places enough far off, where I could have wished to have been detained. And why not, if *Chrysippus*, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno*, *Antipater*, so many Sages of the sourest Sect †, cheerfully abandoned their Country, without Oc-

* If that be, as I really think, *Montaigne's* Sentiment, the Word *Debauch* must be taken in a moderate Sense, and such as is suitable to *Montaigne's* Genius and Character, and to the Subject he here treats of, that is to say, to his Passion for Travel, which he is pleased to term a *Debauch*, by an Excursion which is very common to him. There is scarce any Writer who has more need than *Montaigne* of a judicious Reader, and one especially that is fair and candid. His Style, which abounds with bold Expressions and Figures, is very likely to deceive a cavilling Censor, or to give a Handle to those ill-natured Critics who, without Regard to Truth, boldly censure the most innocent Expressions, when they think they can represent them to other Persons in a criminal Light.

† *Chrysippus* was of *Soles*, *Cleanthes* of *Assos*, *Diogenes* of *Babylon*, *Zeno* of *Citium* in the Isle of *Cyprus*, *Antipater* of *Tarsus*, all Stoic Philosophers, who passed their Lives at *Athens*, as *Plutarch* has observed in his Treatise of Banishment, c. 12.

casion to complain of it, and only for the Enjoyment of another Air? In earnest, that which most displeases me in all my Travels, is; that I cannot resolve to settle my Abode where I should best like, but that I must always propose to myself to return, to accommodate myself to the common Humours.

If I feared to die in any other Place than that of my Birth; if I thought I should die more uneasily remote from my own Family, I should hardly go out of *France*; I should not without fear step out of my Parish; for I feel Death always twitching me by the Throat, or by the Back: But I am of another Temper, Death is in all Places

*As indifferent
as it was to
Montaigne
where he died,
he preferred to
die abroad
rather than at
home; and
why?*

alike to me; yet might I have my Choice, I think I should rather choose to die on Horseback than in a Bed, out of my own House, and far enough from my own People. There is more Heart-breaking than Consolation in taking leave of ones Friends; I am willing to omit this Act of Civility; for, of all the Offices of Friendship, that is the only one that is unpleasant; and could with all my Heart forget to bid this great and eternal Farewel. If there be any Convenience in so many Standers-by, it produces a hundred Inconveniencies. I have seen many miserably dying, surrounded with all this Train: 'Tis a Crowd that choaks them. 'Tis against Duty, and a Testimony of little Kindness, and little Care, to permit you to die in Quiet; one torments your Eyes, another afflicts your Ears, another tires your faultring Tongue; you have neither Sense nor Limb that is not battered and bruised by them: Your Heart melts with Pity to hear the Lamentation of those that are your real Friends, and perhaps with Vexation, to hear the Bewailings of others that are feigned and counterfeit. Whoever has been delicate in his Taste, when well, is much more so in his Weakness. In such a Necessity a gentle Hand is required, and suitable to his Sentiments, to scratch him just in the Place where he itches, or not to meddle with him at all. As we stood in need of a *Knowing Woman* * to bring us

* viz. A Midwife, called in *French* Sage Femme.

into the World, we have much more need of a wiser Man to help us out of it. Such a one, and a Friend to boot, a Man ought to purchase at any rate for such an Occasion. I am not yet arrived to such a Pitch of Bravery and Self-sufficiency, as to disdain all Assistance, or defy all Trouble in that Hour. I endeavour to hide myself, and to make my Exit by Stealth, not thro' Fear, but by Art. I do not intend in this Act of dying to give Proof, and make a Shew of my Constancy. For whom should I do it? All the Right and Title I have to Reputation will then cease. I content myself with a Death collected within itself, quiet, solitary, and all my own, suitable to my retired and private Life. Quite contrary to the *Roman* Superstition, where a Man was looked upon as unhappy, who died without speaking, and that had not his nearest Relations to close his Eyes.

The Eyes of dying Persons closed by their nearest Relations.

I have enough to do to comfort myself, without giving myself the Trouble of consoling others; too many Thoughts in my Head, to need that Circumstances should possess me with new; and Matter enough to entertain myself withal without borrowing. This critical Minute is out of the Share of Society, 'tis the Act of one single Person. Let us live, and be merry amongst our Friends, let us go among Strangers to repine and die. A Man may find those for his Money that will shift his Pillow, and rub his Feet, and trouble him no more than he would have them; who will present him with an indifferent Countenance, and suffer him to govern himself, and to complain according to his own Method. I wean myself daily by my Reason from this childish and inhumane Humour, of desiring by our Sufferings to move the Compassion and Mourning of our Friends. We stretch our Inconveniences beyond their just Extent when we extract Tears from them, and the Constancy in which we commend every one who supports his own adverse Fortune, we accuse and reproach in our Friends when the case is our own; we are not satisfied that they should be sensible of our Condition only, unless they be moreover afflicted. A Man should extend his Joy, but as much as he can, contract his Grief:

Grief: He that makes himself lamented without Reason, is a Man not to be lamented when there shall be real Cause. To be always complaining, is the way never to be lamented; and he who too often calls for Pity, is never commiserated by any. He that feigns himself dying when he is alive, is subject to be thought likely to live when he is dying. I have seen some, who have taken it in Dudgeon when they have been told that they looked well, and that their Pulse was regular, who refrained Laughter, because it betrayed a Recovery, and hated Health, because it was not to be lamented: And which is much worse, they were not Women neither. I describe my Infirmities, *Mourning very improper about sick Persons.* but such as they really are, at most, and avoid all ominous Expressions and formal Exclamations. If not Mirth, at least a sedate Countenance in the Standers-by, is proper in the Presence of a Wise sick Man. He does not quarrel with Health, for seeing himself in a contrary Condition. He is pleased to contemplate it sound and intire in others, and to enjoy it at least for Company. He does not, because he feels himself melt away, abandon all Thoughts of Life, nor avoid common Conversation. I am inclinable to study Sickness whilst I am well; when it has seized me it will make its Impression real enough, without the Help of my Imagination. We prepare ourselves before-hand for the Journey we undertake and resolve upon; we leave the Appointment of the Hour when to take Horse, to the Company, and in their Favour defer it. I find this unexpected Advantage in the Publication of my Manners, that it in some sort serves me for a Rule. I have sometimes some Consideration of not betraying the History of my Life. This public Declaration obliges me to keep on my way, and and not to give the Lye to the Image I have drawn of my Qualities, commonly less deformed and contradicted than the Malignity and Infirmity of the Judgments of this Age would have them. The Uniformity and Simplicity of my Manners produce a Face of easy Interpretation, but because the Fashion is a little new, and unaccustomed, it gives great Opportunity to slander. Yet so it is, that

whoever will go about justly to injure me, I do think I so assist his Malice by my known and avowed Imperfections, that he may that way glut his Ill-nature, without skirmishing with the Wind. If I myself, to prevent the Accusation and Discovery, confess enough to make his Satyr toothless, as he conceives, he is welcome to make use of his Right of Amplification, and Extension; (Offence has its Rights beyond Justice;) and let him make the Roots of those Vices I have laid open to him shoot up into Trees: Let him make his Use, not only of those I am really infected with, but also of those that only threaten me; injurious Vices both in Quality and Number. Let him cudgel me that way. I should willingly follow the Example of the Philosopher *Bion* *. *Antigonus* being about to reproach him with the Meanness of his Birth, he presently cut him short, with this Declaration †, *I am, said he, the Son of a Slave, a Butcher, and stigmatized, and of a Whore, my Father married in the lowest of his Fortune, who both of them were chastized for some Misdemeanour. An Orator bought me, when a Child, and finding me a pretty and a forward Boy, bred me up, and when he died left me all his Estate, which I have brought into this City of Athens, and here settled myself to the study of Philosophy.* Let the Historians never trouble themselves with inquiring after me. I shall tell them what I am; and a free and generous Confession enervates Reproach, and disarms Slander. So it is, that all things considered, I fancy Men as oft commend, as undervalue me beyond reason. And methinks also, from my Infancy, they have given me a Place, in rank and degree of Honour, rather above than below my Right. I should find myself more at ease in a Country where these Degrees were either regulated or not regarded. Amongst Men, when the Difference about the Precedency either of walking or sitting exceeds three Replies, 'tis reputed uncivil. I never stick at giving, or taking place out of Rule, to avoid the Trouble of Ceremony. And never denied Pre-

* Not *Dion* as it is in all the Editions of *Montaigne*, as well as Mr. Cotton's Translation. † *Diogenes Laertius* in the Life of *Bion*, lib. iv. Sect. 46.

cedency to any Man who affected it. Besides this Profit I reap from writing of myself, I have also hoped for this other Advantage, that if it should fall out that my Humour should please, or jump, with those of some honest Man, before I die, he would then desire, and seek to be acquainted with me. I have given him a great deal of Space; for all that he could have in many Years acquired by a long Acquaintance and Familiarity, he has seen in three Days in this Register, and more surely and exactly set down. A pleasant Fancy: Many Things that I would not confess to any one in particular, I deliver to the Publick; and refer my best Friends to a Bookseller's Shop, to know what are my most secret Attainments and Thoughts.

*Excutienda damus prœcordia *.*

Fain would the Muse lay open to thy Test,
Each latent Thought, each winding of my Breast;

Had I by such plain Tokens known where to have sought for any one proper for my Conversation, I should certainly have gone a great way to find him: For the Sweetness of suitable and agreeable Company, cannot, in my Opinion, be bought too dear. Oh! What a rare Thing is a Friend! How true is that old Saying, *That the Use of a Friend is more pleasing and necessary than the Elements of Water and Fire!* To return to my Subject; there is then no great Harm in dying privately, and far from home. And we think it a Duty to retire for natural Actions not so disagreeable nor terrible as this. But moreover, such as are reduced to spin out a long languishing Life, ought not perhaps to wish to incur a great Family with their continual Miseries. Therefore the *Indians*, in a certain Province, thought it just to dispatch a Man,

*How useful
and necessary
a Friend is.*

* *Perf. Sat. 5. v. 22.*

when reduced to such a Necessity: And in another of their Provinces they all forsook him, to shift for himself as well as he could. To whom do they not at least become irksome, tedious and insupportable? You teach your best Friends to be cruel in spite of them; hardening Women and Children by long Usage, neither to lament, nor to regard your Sufferings. The Groans extorted from me by the Stone, are not now regarded by any-body. And though we should extract some Pleasure from their Conversation, (which does not always happen, by reason of the Disparity of Conditions, which easily begets Contempt or Envy toward any one whatever) is it not too much to be troublesome all the Days of a Man's Life? The more I should see them strain out of real Affection to be serviceable to me, the more I should be sorry for their Pains. We are allowed to lean, but not to lay our whole Weight upon others, so as to prop ourselves by their Ruin. Like him who caused little Childrens Throats to be cut, to make use of their Blood for the Cure of a certain Disease he had: Or that other, who was continually supplied with tender young Girls, to keep his old Limbs warm in the Night, and to mix the Sweetness of theirs with his sour and stinking Breath. Decrepit old Age is a solitary Quality. I am sociable even to excess; yet I think it reasonable that I should now withdraw my Ailments from the Sight of the World, and keep them to myself. Let me shrink and draw up myself like a Tortoise. I learn to visit Men without hanging upon them; I should endanger them in so steep a Passage. It is now time to turn my back to Company.

Montaigne's
*Preparations
with a View
to Death.*

But in these Travels you may be surprized with Sickness in some wretched Cot or Hovel, where nothing can be had to relieve you: I always carry most Things necessary with me; and besides, we cannot evade Fortune, or escape Fate, if it once resolve to attack us. I need nothing extraordinary when I am sick. I will not be beholden to my Bolus to do that for me which Nature cannot. At the very Beginning of my Fevers, and Sicknesses that cast me down, whilst I am yet intire, and but little disorder'd

order'd in my Health, I reconcile myself to God by the last Christian Offices, and find myself by so doing more free and lithsom, and have got methinks so much the better of my Disease. And I have still less need of a Scrivener or Counsellor, than of a Physician. What I have not settled of my Affairs when I was in Health, let no one expect I should do it when I am sick. Death is what I am ever prepared for. I durst not so much as one Day defer it. And if nothing be done, 'tis as much as to say, either that Doubt delayed my Choice, (and sometimes 'tis well chosen not to choose) or that I was positively resolved not to do any thing at all. I write my Book for few Men, and for few Years. Had it been a Matter of Duration, it should have been put into a more durable Language; for according to the continual Variation that ours has to this Day been subject to, who can expect that the present Stile should be in use fifty Years hence? It slips every Day through our Fingers, and since I was born is altered one half. We say that it is now perfect; and every Age says the same of the Language then spoken: But I shall hardly trust to that, so long as it varies and changes as it does *. 'Tis for good and useful Writings to rivet it to them, and its Reputation will rise or fall with the Fortune of our State. For which Reason, I am not afraid to insert in it several private Articles, which will spend their Use amongst the Men that are now living, and that concern the particular Knowledge of some who will see further into them than every common Reader. I will not after all, as I oft hear dead Men's Memories worried, that Men should say of me, *He judged and lived so and so; he would have done*

* There are in *Montaigne* so many solid Thoughts, and so agreeably expressed, Paintings so just, lively, and natural, that his Book will be read and regarded as long as the *French* Language shall last, how different soever be the Turn of it from what it had in his Time; which, though it be already so different, the *Essays* have lost nothing of their former Credit with Men of a good Taste, who love Study, and to make an Advantage of the Discoveries to which they are naturally led by such Study. This will be an inexhaustible Source, from which they will always draw with Pleasure.

this or that, could he have spoke when he was dying, he would have said so or so, and have given this Thing or t'other; I knew him better than any. Now, as much as Decency permits, I here discover my Inclinations and Affections; but I do it more willingly and freely by word of Mouth, to any one who desires to be informed. So it is, that in these Memoirs, if any observe, he will find, that I have either told, or designed to tell all. What I cannot express, I point out with my Finger.

*Verum animo satis hæc vestigia parva sagaci
Sunt, per quæ possis cognoscere cætera tute *.*

But by these Foot-steps a sagacious Mind
May certainly all other Matters find.

I leave nothing to be desired, or to be guessed at concerning me. If People must be talking of me, I would have it to be justly and truly. I would come again with all my Heart from the other World, to give any one the Lie that should report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. I perceive that People represent, even living Men, quite another Thing than what they really are: And had I not stoutly defended a Friend, whom I have lost, they would have represented him to me in a thousand contrary Shapes.

*What Kind of
Death relished
best.*

To conclude the Account of my frail Humours, I do confess, that in my Travel, I seldom come to my Quarters, but it runs in my Mind whether I could like to be sick, and diethere; I wish to be lodged in some private part of the House, remote from all Noise, and Nastiness, not smoaky, nor close. I aim to sooth Death by these frivolous Circumstances; or to say better, to discharge myself from all other Incumbrances, that I may have nothing to do, but to wait for an Event which will be enough to weigh me

* *Lucret. lib. i. v. 403.*

down without any other Load. I would have my Death share with my Life in Ease and Convenience; 'tis a great Lump of it, and of Importance, and hope it will not now contradict what is past. Death has some Forms that are more easy than others, and assumes divers Qualities, according to every one's Fancy. Amongst the natural Deaths, those that proceed from Weakness and a Stupor, I think the most favourable: Amongst those that are violent, I dread a Precipice worse than the Fall of Ruins, that would crush me in a Moment; and think worse to be killed by a Sword than to be shot: I should rather have chosen to poison myself with *Socrates*, than stab myself with *Cato*. And though it be the same thing, yet my Imagination makes as wide a Difference as betwixt Death and Life, to throw myself into a fiery Furnace, or plunge into the Channel of a smooth River: So idly does our Fear more concern itself for the Means than the Effect. It is but a Moment, 'tis true, but withal, a Moment of such Weight, that I would willingly give many Days of my Life to shoot the Gulf after my own Way. Since every one's Imagination renders it more or less terrible, and since every one has some Choice amongst the several Forms of dying, let us try a little further, to find some one that is wholly clear from all Irksomeness. Might not one render it even pleasant, as they did * who were Companions in Death with *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*? I set aside the severe and exemplary Efforts produced by Philosophy and Religion. But amongst Men of low Rank, such as a *Petronius* †, and a *Tigellinus* at *Rome* ‡, there have been found Men condemned to dispatch themselves, who have as it were lulled Death asleep with the Delicacy of their Preparations; they have made it slip and steal away, even in the Height of their accustomed Diversions, amongst Whores and good Fellows. There is not a Word of Consolation, no mention of making a Will, no ambitious Affectation of Constancy, no Talk of their future State, amongst Sports, Feasts,

* *Plutarch* in the Life of *Mark Anthony*, c. 15.
gal. lib. xvi. c. 19.

† *Tacit. Hist. lib. i. c. 71.*

‡ *Tacit. An-*

Wit and Mirth, Table-talk, Music, and amorous Verses. Is it not possible for us to imitate this Resolution after a more decent Manner? Since there are Deaths that are fit for Fools, and fit for the Wise, let us find out such as are fit for those who are betwixt both. My Imagination suggests to me one that is easy, and since we must die, one that is also to be desired. The *Roman* Tyrants thought they did in a Manner give a criminal Life, when they gave him the Choice of his Death. But was not *Theophrastus*, that Philosopher, so delicate, so modest, and so wise, compelled by Reason, when he durst repeat this Verse translated by *Cicero*?

*The Manner of
dying left to
the Choice of
Criminals by
the Tyrants.*

Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia *.

Fortune, not Wisdom, human Life doth sway.

Fortune is assisting to the Facility of the Progress of my Life; having placed it in such a Condition, that for the future it can be no Advantage nor Hindrance to me. 'Tis a Condition that I would have accepted at any Stage of my Life: But now that I am packing up my Baggage, and marching off, I am particularly pleased, that in dying I shall neither leave them merry, nor sorry; she has so ordered it by a cunning Compensation, that they who may pretend to any considerable Advantage by my Death, will at the same time sustain a material Inconvenience. Death sometimes is more grievous to us, in that it is grievous to others, and interests us in their Interest as much as in our own, and sometimes more.

*His Method of
Travelling.*

In this Conveniency of Quarters which I desire, I am for nothing pompous and sumptuous, I hate it rather; but am for a certain plain Neatness, which is often found in Places where there is less of Art, and which Nature has adorned

* *Cic. Tuscul. lib. v. c. 9.*

with some Grace that is altogether her own. *Non ampliter, sed munditer convivium. Plus salis quam sumptus* *. i. e. *I love a Feast that is elegant rather than abundant, in which there is more Savor than Superfluity.* As for those whose Affairs compel them to travel in the Winter-season through the *Grisons* Country, they must expect to be reduced to Extremity upon the Road. I, who for the most part travel for my Pleasure, do not order my Affairs so ill. If the Way be foul on my Right-Hand, I turn on my Left; if I find myself unfit to ride, I stay where I am: And really when I do so, I see nothing that is not as pleasant and commodious as my own House. 'Tis true, that I always think Superfluity superfluous, and observe a kind of Trouble even in Delicacy and Abundance. Have I left any-thing behind me unseen, I go back to see it; I am never out of my Way. I trace no certain Line, either straight or crooked. If I do not find in the Place to which I go what was reported to me, as it oft falls out that the Judgments of others do not jump with mine, and that I have found them for the most part wrong; I never complain of losing my Labour: I have at least informed myself that what they told me was not there. I have a Constitution of Body as free, and a Palate as indifferent as any Man living.

The different Fashions of several Nations no further concern me than the mere Pleasure of Variety. Every Usage has its Reason. Be the Plate and Dishes, Pewter, Wood, or Earth, my Meat boiled or roasted, let them give me Butter or Oil, Nuts, or Olives, hot, or cold, 'tis all one to me: And

He accommodated himself to the different Manners and Customs of the several Countries he saw.

'tis so indifferent, that growing old, I accuse this generous Faculty, and have need that Delicacy and Choice should correct the Indiscretion of my Appetite, and sometimes relieve my Stomach. When I have been abroad out of *France*, and the People in Civility have asked me, if I would be served after the *French* Manner, I laughed at the Question, and always frequented Tables the most filled with Strangers. I am ashamed to see my Country-

* *Cor. Nepos in vita Pompon. Attic. c. 13.*

men besotted with this foolish Humour of quarrelling with Forms contrary to their own. They seem to be out of their Element, when out of their own Village. Wherever they go, they keep strictly to their own Fashions, and abominate those of Foreigners. If they meet with one of their own Country in *Hungary*; they hail the happy Day. They renew their Acquaintance; they cling together, and rail at the barbarous Manners they see there. And why not barbarous, since they are not *French*? And those are reckoned to have made the best Use of their Travels, who rail most at what they have seen; and indeed most of them return no wiser than they went. In their Travels very close and reserved, with a silent and incommunicable Prudence, preserving themselves from the Contagion of an unknown Air. What I am saying of them, puts me in mind of something like it, which I have sometimes observed in some of our young Courtiers, who will not mix with any but those of their own Class; and look upon us as Men of another World, with Disdain or Pity. Put them upon any Discourse but the Intrigues of the Court, and they are utterly at a loss; as very Blockheads and Novices to us, as we are to them. And 'tis truly said, that a well-bred Man is of a compound Education. I, on the contrary, travel very much sated with our own Fashions; not to look for *Gascons* in *Sicily*, I have left enough of them at home: I rather seek for *Greeks* and *Persians*; they are the Men I want to be acquainted with, and the Men I study; 'tis with them that I bestow and employ myself: And, which is more, I fancy that I have met but with few Customs that are not as good as our own. I have not, I confess, travelled very far; scarce out of the Sight of the Fanes of my own House!

*He seldom joins
a Company
upon the Road.*

As to the rest, most of the accidental Company a Man falls into upon the Road, give him more Trouble than Pleasure; I wave them as much as I civilly can, especially now that Age seems in some sort to privilege and sequester me from the common Forms. You suffer for others, or others suffer for you; both of them Inconveniencies of

Impor-

Importance enough, but the latter appears to me the greater.

'Tis a rare Fortune, but of inestimable Solace, to have a worthy Man, one of a sound Judgment, and of a Temper conformable to your own, who takes a delight to bear your Company. I have been at a very great Loss for one in all my Travels. But such a Companion should be chose, and taken with you from your first setting out. There can be no Pleasure to me without Communication : There is not so much as a spritely Thought comes into my Mind, which it does not grieve me to have produced alone, without one to communicate it to. *Si cum hac exceptione detur sapientia, ut illam inclusam teneam, nec enunciem, rejiciam **. If Wisdom were conferred with this Condition, that I must keep it to myself, and not communicate it to others, I would refuse it. This other has strained it one Note higher : *Si contigerit ea vita sapienti, ut omnium rerum affluentibus copiis, quamvis omnia, quæ cognitione digna sunt, summo otio secum ipse consideret, & contempletur, tamen si solitudo tanta sit, ut hominem videre non possit, excedat è vita †*. If such a Condition of Life should happen to a wise Man, that in the greatest Plenty of all Conveniencies, he might at the most undisturbed Leisure, consider, and contemplate all Things worth the knowing, yet if his Solitude must be such that he must not see a Man, he had much better quit Life ‡. I approve of Architas's Opinion, when he said, That it would be unpleasant, even in Heaven itself, to survey the Glory of those great and divine celestial Bodies without a Companion. But yet it is much better to be alone, than in foolish and troublesome Company. *Aristippus* loved to live as a Stranger in all Places :

*Worthy Men a
great Relief in
Travel.*

*Mea si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auspiciis ||.*

* Seneca, Epist. 6.
de amicitia, c. 23.

† Cicero de Offic. lib. i. c. 43.
|| *Æneid.* lib. iv. v. 340.

‡ Cicero

But if the Fates would so propitious be,
To let me live at my own Liberty.

I should chuse to pass away the greatest part of my Life
on Horse-back.

——— *visere gestiens,
Qua parte debacchentur ignes
Qua nebulae pluviique rores* *.

To view the Stores of Snow and Hail,
And where excessive Heats prevail.

*Arguments for
diverting
Montaigne's
Passion for
Travel.*

‘ But it may be asked, Have you not more
‘ easy Diversions at home? What do you
‘ there want? Is not your House situated
‘ in a sweet and healthful Air, sufficiently
‘ furnished, and more than sufficiently large?
‘ The Royal Majesty has more than once been entertained
‘ there with all his Pomp. Are there not more below
‘ your Family in good Government, than there are above
‘ it in Eminence? Is there any local Thought which is
‘ extraordinary, and indigestible, that afflicts you?

Quæ te nunc coquat, Et vexet sub pectora fixa †?

That now lies broiling in thy troubled Breast,
And ne’er will suffer thee to be at rest?

‘ Where do you think to live without Molestation and
‘ Disturbance? *Nunquam simpliciter fortuna indulget* ‡.
‘ *The Favours of Fortune are always mixed with some*
‘ *Gall.* You see then, it is only you that trouble your-

* *Horat. lib. iii. Ode 3. v. 54. &c.*

† *Cic. de Senect. ex Ena.*

‡ *Curtius lib. iv. c. 14.*

‘ self, and that you every-where follow yourself, and
 ‘ every-where complain; for there is no Satisfaction here
 ‘ below, but for Souls that are either brutish or divine. He,
 ‘ who in so just an Occasion has no Contentment, where
 ‘ will he think to find it? How many Millions of Men
 ‘ would be content to be in such a Condition as yours?
 ‘ Do but reform yourself; for that is wholly in your own
 ‘ Power; whereas you have no other Right, but Pa-
 ‘ tience towards Fortune. *Nulla placida quies est, nisi*
 ‘ *quam ratio composuit* *. i. e. *There is no perfect Tranquility but*
 ‘ *what is produced by Reason.*

I see the Reason of this Remonstrance, and *The Answer to*
 I see it perfectly well; but it would have *those Argu-*
 been more laconic, and more pertinent, to *ments.*
 bid me in one Word, *Be wise.* This Resolution is beyond
 Wisdom, 'tis her Work and Product. Thus the Physi-
 cian lies preaching to a poor languishing Patient to be
 cheerful, but he would advise him a little more discreetly
 in bidding him be well. For my part, I am but a Man
 of the common Sort. 'Tis a wholesome Precept, certain,
 and easy to be understood, *Be content with what you have,*
 that is to say, with Reason: And yet to follow this Ad-
 vice, is no more in the Power of the wisest Men than in
 mine. 'Tis a common Saying, but of a terrible Extent:
 What does it not comprehend? All Things fall under
 Discretion and Qualification. / I know very well, that in
 the literal Sense, this Pleasure of travelling is a Testimony
 of Uneasiness and Irresolution; therefore these two are
 our governing and predominating Qualities. Yes, I do
 confess they are: I see nothing, not so much as in a
 Dream, and in a Wish, whereon I could set up my Rest:
 Variety only, and the Possession of Diversity, can satisfy
 me, if any thing can. In travelling, it pleases me that I
 may stay where I like without Inconvenience, and that I
 have wherewithal commodiously to divert myself. I love
 a private Life, because 'tis my own Choice that I love it,
 not from any Dislike of the public Way of living, which

* Seneca, Epist. 56.

peradventure is as much according to my Complexion. I serve my Prince by it more chearfully, because it is by the free Reflection of my own Judgment and Reason, without any particular Obligation; and that I am not compelled so to do, for being rejected or disliked by the other Party; and so of all the rest. I hate the Morfels that Necessity carves for me. I should think that any Convenience upon which I were only to depend, would stick in my Throat:

*Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas *.*

Let me in Water plunge one Oar,
And with the other rake the Shore.

One Cord will never hold me fast enough. You will say there is Vanity in such an Amusement. But where is there not? And these fine Precepts are Vanity, and all Wisdom is Vanity. *Dominus novit cogitationes sapientium, quoniam vanæ sunt. The Lord knoweth the Thoughts of the Wise that they are vain †.* These exquisite Subtilties are only fit for the Pulpit. They are Discourses that will send us all fadled into the other World. Life is a material and corporal Motion, an Action imperfect and irregular of its own proper Essence; I make it my Business to serve it according as it is.

Quisque suos patimur manes ‡.

We are all punish'd for our proper Crimes.

Sic est faciendum, ut contra naturam universam nihil contendamus: Ea tamen conservata, propriam sequamur ||. We

* Prop. lib. iii. Eleg. 3. v. 23.

† *1 Corinth.* iii. v. 20.

lib. i. c. 31.

‡ *Æneid.* vi. v. 743.

† *Psalms* xciv. v. 11. 1 *Co-*

|| *Cicero de Offic.*

must so order it, as by no means to contend against universal Nature; but yet, that Rule being observed, to conform to our own. To what end are these sublime Points of Philosophy, upon which no human Being can settle? And those Rules that exceed both our Use and Force:

I often see that we have Ideas of Life set before us, which neither the Proposer, nor those that hear him, have any manner of Hope, nor which is more, of Inclination, to follow. Of the same Sheet of Paper whereon the Judge has but just writ a Sentence against an Adulterer, he steals a piece whereon to write a Love-letter to his Companion's Wife. She with whom you had but just now an illicit Commerce, will presently, even in your own hearing, exclaim more loudly against the same Fault in her Companion, than a *Porcia*. And such there are, who will condemn Men to Death for Crimes that they do not themselves repute so much as Faults. I have in my Youth seen a Gentleman with one Hand present the People with Verses that excelled both in Wit and Debauchery, and with the other, at the same time, the most quarrelsome theological Reformation that the World has been teased with these many Years. Men proceed at this Rate; we let the Laws and Precepts take their course; ourselves keep another; not only by Debauchery of Manners, but often by Judgment and contrary Opinion. Do but hear a Philosophical Lecture; the Invention, Eloquence, and Pertinency immediately strike upon your Mind, and move you; there is nothing that either pricks or stings your Conscience; 'tis not to it that they address. Is not this true? This made *Aristo* say, that neither a Bath nor a Lecture signified any thing, unless they scowred and made Men clean *. One may stop at the outward Skin; but 'tis after the Marrow is pickt out: As after having quafft off the good Liquor in a fine Bowl, we consider the Graving and Workmanship. In all the Schools of antient Philosophy this is to be found, that the same Philosophy-Reader there

*Philosophical
Remonstrances
as much despis'd
by the Author
of them as by
the Person to
whom they are
made.*

* *Plutarch* in his *Treatise of Hearing*, c. 8.

publishes the Rules of Temperance, and at the same time reads Lectures of Love and Wantonness. And *Xenophon*, even in the Bosom of *Clinias*, writ against the *Arristippick* Virtue, 'Tis not that there is any miraculous Conversion in it that makes them thus wavering, but 'tis as *Solon* represents himself, sometimes in his own Person, and sometimes in that of a Legislator. One while he speaks for the Crowd, and another for himself; taking the free and natural Rules for his own Share, assuring himself of intire Health and Vigour.

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri *.

A desp'rate Wound must skilful Hands employ.

*A wise Man
permitted to
love.*

Antisthenes allowed a wise Man to be in love †, and do whatever he saw opportune, without regard to the Laws; so far as he was better advised than they, and had a greater Knowledge of Virtue ‡. His Disciple *Diogenes* said, that Men to Perturbations were to oppose Reason, to Fortune Confidence, and to the Laws Nature. For tender Stomachs, forced and artificial Recipes must be prescribed: Strong Stomachs serve themselves simply with the Prescriptions of their own natural Appetite. After this manner do our Physicians proceed, who eat Melons, and drink iced Wines, whilst they confine their Patients to Syrup and Panada. I know not, said the Courtezan *Lais*, what they mean by their Books, their Wisdom and Philosophy, but those Men knock as oft at my Door as any other. In as much as our Licentiousness always carries us beyond what is lawful and allowed, Men have often stretched the Precepts and Rules of Life beyond the universal Reason.

* *Juven. Sat. 13. v. 124.*
nes, lib. vi. Sect. 11.
Sect. 38.

† *Diog. Laert. in the Life of Antisthe-*
‡ *Idem, in the Life of Diogenes, lib. vi.*

*Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere quantum
Permittas* *.—

The wretched Sinner always is in quest
Of Crimes unpractis'd, Pleasures unpossess'd.

It were to be wished, that there were more Proportion betwixt the Command and the Obedience, and the Mark seems to be unjust to which one cannot attain. There is no Man so good, but if he measure all his Thoughts and Actions by the Laws, he will find he has deserved hanging ten times in his Life; and at the same time it might be great pity and very unjust to punish and ruin him.

—*Olle, quid ad te
De cuse quid faciat ille vel illa sua* † ?

Ollus, what matters it to thee
What with their Skin does he or she?

And such a one there may be, as has no way offended the Laws, who nevertheless would not deserve the Character of a virtuous Man, and whom Philosophy would justly condemn to be whipt; so unequal and perplexed is this Relation. We are so far from being good Men, according to the Laws of God, that we cannot be so according to our own. Human Wisdom could never yet arrive at the Duties it had prescribed to itself; and could it arrive thereto, it would prescribe itself others beyond it, to which it would ever aspire and pretend: So great an Enemy to Consistency is our human Condition. Man enjoins himself to be necessarily in Fault. He is not very discreet to cut out his own Duty by the Measure of any other Being than his own. To whom does he prescribe that which he does not expect any one can perform? Is he unjust in not

* *Juven. Sat. 14. v. 233.* † *Mart. lib. vii. Ep. 9. v. 1. 2.*

doing what is impossible for him to do? The Laws, by whose Sentence we are not able, condemn us for not being able.

Montaigne
is obliged to
more *Examine's*
than those who
so much preach
up Virtue in
the Character
he attempts to
draw of him-
self.

At the worst this disagreeable Liberty of presenting themselves two several Ways, the Actions after one manner, and the Discourses after another way, may be allowed to those who speak of Things; but it cannot be allowed to those who speak themselves, as I do. I must march my Pen as I do my Feet. The common Life ought to have a Relation to other Lives. The Virtue of Cato was vigorous beyond the Reason of the Age he lived in, and for a Man who undertook to govern others, as being devoted to the public Service, this might be called a Justice, if not unjust, at least vain, and out of Season. Even my own Manners, which differ scarce an Inch from those that are current amongst us, do yet render me at my Age a little rough and unsociable. I know not whether it be without Reason that I am disgusted with the Company I frequent, but I know very well that it would be without Reason, should I complain of its being disgusted with me, seeing I am so with it. The Virtue that is assigned to the Affairs of the World, is a Virtue of many Wavings, Corners, and Elbows, to join and adapt itself to human Frailty; a Virtue mixed and artificial; not strait, clean, constant, nor purely innocent. Our Annals to this very Day reproach one of our Kings for suffering himself simply to be carried away by the conscientious Persuasions of his Confessor. Affairs of State have bolder Precepts.

exeat Aula,
*Qui vult esse pius *.*

Let him who will be Good from Court retire.

* *Lucan*, lib. viii. v. 493.

I have

I have formerly tried to employ in the Management of public Affairs, Opinions, and Rules of living, as rude, new, unpollished, or unpolluted, as either were born with me, or I was formed to from my Education, and wherewith I serve my own Turn, if not so commodiously, at least as securely, in my own particular Concerns : But I have found a scholastic and novice Virtue, foolish and dangerous. He that goes into a Crowd, must now go one way, and then another, keep his Elbows close, retire, or advance, and quit the direct Way, according to what he encounters ; and must live not so much according to his own Method, as that of others ; not according to what he purposes to himself, but according to what is proposed to him, according to the Time, according to Men, according to Occasions. *Plato* says, that whoever escapes unhurt from the World's handling, escapes by Miracle ; And he says withal, that when he appoints his Philosopher to be the Head of a Government, he does not mean a corrupt one like that of *Athens*, and much less such a one as this of ours, wherein Wisdom itself would be at a Loss. And a good Herb transplanted into a strong Soil very contrary to its own Nature, much sooner conforms itself to the Soil, than it reforms the Soil to it. I find, that if I were wholly to form myself to such Employments, I must undergo a great deal of change and new modelling. And though I could so far prevail upon myself, (and why might I not with Time and Diligence work such a Feat) I would not do it. By the little Tryal I have had of public Employment, it has been so much disgust to me ; I feel by times some Temptations toward Ambition rising in my Soul, but I obstinately oppose them.

*He was unfit
for the Management of public
Business.*

*At tu, Catulle, obstinatus obdura *.*

But thou, *Catullus*, hold out to the last.

* *Catul. Epig. 9. v. 19.*

I am seldom called to it, and as seldom offer myself uncalled. Liberty and Laziness, the Qualities most predominant in me, are Qualities diametrically contrary to public Employment. We cannot distinguish the Faculties of Men. They have Divisions and Limits hard and delicate to choose. To conclude from the discreet Conduct of a private Life, a Capacity for the Management of public Affairs, is to conclude wrong. A Man may govern himself well, that cannot govern others so, and compose Essays that could not work Effects. One Man may order a Siege well, that cannot marshal a Battle, and another may speak well in private, who would not be able to harangue a People, or a Prince. Nay, 'tis peradventure rather a Testimony in him who can do the one, that he cannot do the other, than otherwise. I find that elevated Souls are not much more proper for low Things, than mean Souls are for high ones. Could it be imagined that *Socrates* should have administer'd Occasion of Laughter to the *Athenians* at the Expence of his own Reputation, for having never been able to sum up the Votes of his Tribe, to deliver it to the Council? Doubtless, the Veneration I have for the Perfections of this great Man, deserves that his Fortune should furnish so magnificent an Example for the Excuse of my principal Imperfections. Our Sufficiency is cut out into small Parcels, mine has no Latitude, and is also very contemptible in Number. *Saturninus* * said, to those who had conferred upon him the Command in Chief, *My Fellow Soldiers you have lost a good Captain, to make him a bad General † of an Army.*

Virtue which is genuine and sincere cannot be employed in the Management of a corrupt State.

Whoever boasts, in so sick a Time as this, to employ a true and sincere Virtue in the World's Service, either he knows not what it is, Opinions growing corrupt with Manners, (and in Truth to hear them describe it, to hear how most of 'em boast of their Deportment, and to see what Rules they lay

* One of the thirty Tyrants who rose in the Time of the Emperor *Galian*.
 † *Trebellii Pollionis* triginta Tyranni, p. 126. Hist. *August.*

down ; instead of painting Virtue, they paint mere Vice and Injustice altogether, and represent them in this false Light in the Education of Princes) or if he does know it, boasts unjustly, and let him say what he will, does a thousand Things of which his own Conscience accuses him. I should willingly take *Seneca's* Word, of the Experience he made of it upon the like Occasion, provided he would deal frankly with me. The most honourable Mark of Goodness in such a Necessity, is for a Man freely to confess both his own Fault, and those of others ; with the Power of his Virtue to stop his Inclination toward Evil, unwillingly to follow this Bias, to hope better, and to desire better. I perceive that in these Dismemberments and Divisions wherein we are involved in *France*, every one strives to defend his Cause ; even the best of 'em with Dissimulation and Lyes. He that would write roundly of the true State of the Quarrel, would write rashly and viciously. What is the most just Party, other than a Member of a canker'd and Worm-eaten Body ? But of such a Body, the Member that is least affected, is said to be sound, and with good Reason, forasmuch as our Qualities have no Title but in Comparison. The civil Innocency is measured according to Times and Places. I should like to read in *Xenophon* such a Commendation of *Agessilaus* ; being intreated by a neighbouring Prince with whom he formerly had War, to permit him to pass through his Country ; he granted his Request, giving him free Passage through the *Peloponnesus*, and not only did not imprison or poison him, when he had him at his Mercy, but courteously received him according to the Obligation of his Promise, without doing him the least Injury. To such Humours as those, this was an Act of no great Lustre ; elsewhere, and in another Age, the Frankness and Magnanimity of such an Action will be in high Esteem, Our rascally Capets * would have laughed at it, so little

*The Students of
Montague
College in
Paris.*

T 3

does

* These Capets are properly the Scholars of *Montague-College* at *Paris*. In 1480 *John Standencht* of *Mechlin*, a Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, settled a Fund

does the *Spartan* Innocence resemble that of *France*. We are not without virtuous Men, but they are according to what we repute so. Whoever has his Manners established in a Regularity above the Standard of the Age he lives in, let him either wrest and blunt his Rules ; or, which I would rather advise him to, let him retire, and not meddle with us at all. What would he get by it.

*Egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimembri
Hoc monstrum puero, & miranti jam sub aratro
Piscibus inventis & fætæ comparo mulæ*.*

To me an honest Man more Monster seems
Than Nature shews ev'n when a Woman teems
A Child with two Heads ; than Mules foaling found,
Or wond'rous Fishes plow'd out from the Ground.

A Man may regret that Times are no better, but not fly from the present ; we may wish for other Magistrates, but, we must notwithstanding obey those we have ; and peradventure 'tis more laudable to obey the bad than the good. So long as the Image of the antient and received Laws of this Monarchy shall shine in any Corner of the Kingdom, there will I pitch my Tent. If they unfortunately happen

Fund for maintaining in this College 84 Scholars, in Honour of the 12 Apostles, and the 72 Disciples of Jesus Christ. These Scholars were called so from short Cloaks they wore, called *Capes*. And as they were treated very harshly, both with regard to their Table, and to their Discipline, they were *commonly* such low Geniuses, that the Word Capette was made use of to signify a Scholar of the most contemptible Character, a Fool, an Impertinent. *Montaigne* by the Term of *rascally Capets* intends the Bulk of his Cotemporaries, who would not have failed to ridicule the frank and generous Spirit of *Agésilæus*. In the same Predicament may be placed those *French* Historians, who having accused *Charles V.* of Imprudence in relying on the good Faith of *Francis I.* when his Imperial Majesty passed through *France* in 1540, have thereby signified their Opinion, that *Francis* was very weak in slipping so fair an Opportunity of making himself Master of his most formidable Enemy. The whole of this Note was furnished me by M. de la *Mazaye*.

* *Juvén. Sat. 13. v. 64. &c.*

to thwart and contradict one another, so as to produce two Factions of doubtful and difficult Choice, I shall most readily chuse to escape and shun the Tempest. In the mean time Nature, or the hazards of War may lend me a hand. Betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, I should frankly have declared myself; but amongst the three Robbers * that came after, a Man must have been necessitated either to hide himself or have gone along with the current of the Time; which I think lawful, when Reason no longer rules.

Quo diversus abis †?

Whither dost thou wand'ring run?

This Farrago is a little wide from my Subject. I go out of my Way, but 'tis rather from a Wantonness than Headlessness. My Fancies follow one another, but sometimes at a great Distance; and look towards one another, but 'tis with an oblique Glance. I have read a Dialogue of *Plato*, of a motly and fantastic Composition beginning with the Subject of Love, and ending with that of Rhetoric. They stick not at these Variations, and with a marvellous Grace let themselves be carried away at the pleasure of the Wind; or at least to seem as if they were. The Titles of my Chapters do not always comprehend the Subject, they oft but denote it by some Mark only, as those others, *Andria*, *Eunuchus*, or these, *Syllia*, *Cicero*, *Torquatus*. I love the Poetic Ramble, by Leaps and Skips; 'tis an Art, as *Plato* says, light, nimble, and a little maddish. There are Pieces in *Plutarch*, where he forgers his Theme, where the Proposition of his Argument is only found by Incidence; and stuf't throughout with foreign Matter. Do but observe his Progress in the Dæmon of *Socrates*. Good

The Reason why Montaigne sometimes deviated from his Subject as he does here.

* *Octavius*, *Mark Anthony* and *Lepidus*.

† *Æn. lib. v. v. 166.*

God, how beautiful then are his Variations and frolicksom Sallies, and then most of all, when they seem to be fortuitous, and introduced for want of heed. 'Tis the unattentive Reader that loses my Subject, and not I; there will always be found some Phrase or other in a Corner that is to the purpose, though it lie very close. I ramble indiscreetly and tumultuously, my Stile and my Wit wander at the same rate; a little Folly is tolerable in him that will not be guilty of too much, say the Precepts, and much more the Examples of our Masters. A thousand Poets flag and creep in the Prosæic Stile, but the best old Prose, (and I strow it here up and down indifferently for Verse) shines throughout, and has the Lustre, Vigour and Boldness of Poetry, not without some Air of its Frenzy; and certainly Prose ought to have the Preheminence in speaking. The Poet, says *Plato*, when set upon the *Muses Tripod*, pours out with Fury whatever comes into his Mouth, like the Spout of a Fountain, without considering and pausing upon it; and Things come from him of various Colours, of a contrary Substance, and with an uninterrupted Torrent: And all the old Theology, (as the Learned inform us) as well as the first Philosophy, are Poesy. 'Tis the original Language of the Gods; I mean, that the Matter should distinguish itself; it sufficiently shews where it changes, where it concludes, where it begins, and where it rejoins, without interlacing it with Words of Connexion, introduced for the Service of dull or inattentive Ears, and without commenting on myself. Who is there that had not rather not be read at all, than after a drowsy or cursory Manner? *Nil est tam utile, quod in transitu proficit* *. No Work can be profitable, when 'tis read cursorily. If to take a Book in hand, were to learn it; if to look upon it, were to consider it; and to run it slightly over, were to make it a Man's own; I were then to blame to make myself altogether so ignorant as I say I am. Seeing I cannot fix the Attention of my Reader by the Weight of what I write, *Manco male, I am much mistaken*, if I should chance to do it by perplex-

* *Seneca*, Epist. 2.

ng him; nay, he will afterward repent that he ever amused himself with it: 'Tis very true, but he will yet amuse himself with it. And besides, there are some Humours in which Intelligence produces Disdain: who will think better of me for their not understanding what I say, and will conclude the Depth of my Sense by it's Obscurity; which to speak sincerely, I mortally hate, and would avoid, if I knew how. *Aristotle* boasts somewhere in his Writings, that he affected it; vicious Affectation. The frequent Breaks in Chapters that I chose to make in the Beginning of my Book, I have since thought, broke and dissolved the Attention before it was raised, as making it disdain to settle and recollect itself to so little; and upon that account I have made the rest longer, such as require Propositions, and assigned Leisure. In such an Employment, to whom you will not give an Hour, you give nothing; and do nothing for him, for whom you only do whilst you are doing something else. To which may be added, that I have peradventure some particular Obligation to speak only by halves, confusedly and inconsistently. I am therefore displeased with this impertinent way of talking, these extravagant Projects that trouble Life, and those Opinions so refin'd, that though they have Truth, I think it too dear bought, and too disagreeable. On the contrary, I make it my Business to bring Vanity itself in Repute, and Folly too, if it bring me any Pleasure; and chuse to follow my own natural Inclinations, without bearing too strict a hand upon them.

I have seen elsewhere Palaces in rubbish, and Statues both of Gods and Men defaced, and yet there are Men still; all this is true, and yet for all that, I cannot so often review the Ruins of that so great and so powerful City, that I do not admire and reverence it. The care of the Dead is recommended to us; besides I have been bred up from my Infancy with these People: I had Knowledge of the Affairs of *Rome* long before I knew those of my own House. I knew the *Capitol*, and its platform, before I knew the *Louvre*; and the River *Tiber*, before the River *Seine*.

*His particular
Liking to the
City of Rome.*

*Meaning
Rome.*

Seine. The Qualities and Fortunes of *Lucullus*, *Metellus*, and *Scipio*, have ever run more in my Head than those of any of my own Countrymen. They are all dead, and so is my Father as absolutely dead as they, and is removed as far from me and Life in eighteen Years, as they are in Sixteen Hundred; whose Memory, Friendship and Society, I do nevertheless cherish and embrace with a very *Gratitude to-* perfect and lively Union. Nay, my Hu-
wards the mour is to render myself more officious to
Dead. the Dead; they no longer help themselves, and therefore methinks the more require my Assistance: 'Tis there that Gratitude appears in its due Lustre. Benefits are not so generously placed where there is Retrogradation and Reflection. *Arcefilaus* * going to visit *Clefbius* who was sick, and finding him in a very poor Condition, privately conveyed some Money under his Pillow; and, by concealing it from him, acquitted him moreover from the Acknowledgment due to such a Benefit. Such as have merited from me my Friendship and Gratitude, have never lost them by being no more; I have better and more carefully paid them, when they were gone, and ignorant of what I did. I speak most affectionately of my Friends when 'tis no longer in their Power to know it. I have had a hundred Quarrels in defending *Pompey*, and for the Cause of *Brutus*. This Acquaintance does yet continue betwixt us. We have no other hold even of Things present but by Fancy. Finding myself of no use to this Age, I throw myself back upon that other; and am so enamoured of it, that the free, just, and flourishing Estate of that antient *Rome* (for I neither like it in its Birth, nor in its old Age) engross my Affection to a degree of Passion; and therefore I cannot so oft review the Situation of their Streets and Houses, and those Ruins as profound as the *Antipodes*, but they always amaze me. Is it by Nature, or through Error of Fancy, that the sight of Places which we know have been frequented and inhabited by Persons whose Memories are

* *Diogenes Laert.* in the Life of *Arcefilaus*, lib. iv. § 37.

recommended in Story, does in some sort, work more upon us than to hear a Recital of their Actions, or to read their Writings? *Tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis. Et id quidem in hac urbe infinitum: quacumque enim ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus* *. So great a Power of Admonition is there in Places; and truly in this City so infinite, that which way soever we go we tread upon some History. It pleases me to consider their Face, Port, and Vestments. I still ruminate on those great Names, and make them ring in my Ears. *Ego illos veneror, & tantis nominibus semper assurgo* †. I reverence them, and rise up in Honour of Names so great. Of things that are in any measure great and admirable, I admire even the common Parts. I could wish to see them talk, walk, and sup. It were Ingratitude to condemn the Relicks and Images of so many worthy and valiant Men as I have seen live and die, and who, by their Example give us so many good Instructions, if we knew how to follow them.

And moreover, this very *Rome* that we now see deserves to be beloved; so long, and by so many Titles a confederate with our Crown; the only common and universal City. The sovereign Magistrate that commands there, is equally acknowledged elsewhere: 'Tis the Metropolitan City of all the Christian Nations. The *Spanish* and *French* are there at home. To be a Prince of this Estate, there needs no more but to be a Prince of Christendom. There is no Place upon Earth, that Heaven has embraced with such an Influence and Constancy of Favour; its very Ruins are glorious, and stately.

Rome the common and universal Metropolis of the Nations.

Laudandis preciosior ruinis ‡.

More glorious by her wond'rous Ruins.

* *Cic. de fin. lib. v. c. 2.* † *Seneca, Epist. 64.*
Apol. Carm. 27. intitled Nurbus ad Consentiam, v. 62.

‡ *Sidonius.*

She yet in her very Ruins retains the Marks and Image of Empire. *Ut palam sit uno in loco gaudentis opus esse naturæ.* So that 'tis manifest that Nature is in this one Place enamoured of her own Work. Some would blame, and be angry at themselves to find themselves tickled with so vain a Pleasure. Our Humours are never too vain that are pleasant. Whatever they are that always content a Man of common Understanding, I could not have the heart to accuse him.

*In what Sense
Montaigne is
obliged to For-
tune.*

I am very much obliged to Fortune, in that to this very Hour she has offered me no outrage beyond what I was able to bear. Is it not her Way to let those live in quiet by whom she is not importuned?

*Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret: nihil cupientium
Nudus castra peto: multa petentibus
Desunt multa*.*

The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the bounteous Gods supply,
The more indulgent Heav'n bestows;
Far from the Quarters of the Great
Happy, tho' naked, I retreat;
Who covet much, their Want is great.

}

If she continue her Favour, she will dismiss me very well satisfied.

—— *nihil supra
Deos laceſſo †.*

Nor for more
Do I the Gods implore.

* *Hor. lib. iii. Ode 16. v. 21.*

† *Hor. lib. ii. Ode 18. v. 11, 12.*

But beware a Shock. There are a Thousand that perish in the Port. I am very easy as to what shall here happen when I shall be gone. Present Things take up enough of my Thoughts.

Fortune cetera mando.

I leave the rest to Fortune.

Besides, I have not that strong Obligation, that which is said to attach Men to Futurity by the Issue that succeeds to their Name and Honour; and peradventure I ought the less to covet them, if they are to be so much desired. I am of myself but too much tyed to the World, and to this Life. I am content to be in Fortune's Power by Circumstances properly necessary to my Being, without otherwise extending her Jurisdiction over me; and never thought, that to be without Children was a Defect that ought to render Life less compleat, and less contented. The Want of Issue has its conveniences too. Children are of the Number of things that are not very much to be desired, especially now, when it would be so hard to make them good. *Bona jam nec nasci licet, ita corrupta sunt semina* *. i. e. *Nor can any thing good spring from seed so corrupt.* And yet they are justly to be lamented by such as lose them when they have them.

He who left me my House in charge prognosticated that I should ruin it, considering my rambling Humour: But he was mistaken, for I am in the same Condition now as when I first entered into it, or rather better; and yet without Office, or any place of Profit.

He did not think himself a whit the more unhappy for having no Children to bear his Name.

Children not much to be coveted, and why.

His Household Affairs not the worse for being in his Hands.

* *Tertull, de pudicit.*

He received no substantial Favours from Fortune but such only as were windy and titular.

As to the rest, if Fortune has never done me any violent or extraordinary Injury, neither has she favoured me. Whatever our Family derives from her Bounty, was there above an hundred Years before my time. I have, as to my own particular, no essential and solid good, that I stand indebted for to her Liberality; she has indeed done me some airy Honours, and titular Favours that are not substantial; and those in Truth she has not granted, but offered me, who, God knows, am all material, and like nothing but what is real and solid. And who, if I durst confess so much, should not think Avarice much less excusable than Ambition; nor Pain less to be avoided than Shame; nor Health less to be coveted than Learning, or Riches than Nobility.

Amongst her empty Favours there is none that so much pleases the silly Humour natural to my Country, as an authentic Bull of a *Roman* Burgeſs, that was granted me when I was last there, embellished with pompous Seals and gilt Letters; and granted in the most bountiful manner. And because 'tis couched in a mixt Stile, more or less favourable, and that I could have been glad to have seen the Copy of it before it had passed the Seal, I will, to satisfy any one that may be sick of the same Curiosity I was, transcribe it here in its true Form.

A Bull investing Montaigne with the Freedom of the City of Rome.

Quod Horatius Maximus, Martius Cecius, Alexander Mutus, almæ urbis conservatores, de Illustrissimo viro, Michaele Montano, equite Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Christianissimi, Romana Civitate donando, ad Senatum retulerunt, S. P. Q. R. de ea re ita fieri censuit.

CUM veteri more & instituto cupide illi semper studioſeque suscepti sint, qui virtute ac nobilitate præstantes, magno Reip. nostræ usui atque ornamento fuissent, vel esse aliquando possent: Nos majorum nostrorum exemplo, atque auctoritate permoti, præclaram hanc Consuetudinem nobis imitandam, ac
servan-

servandam fore censemus. Quamobrem cum Illustrissimus Michael Montanus Eques Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Christianissimi, Romani nominis studiosissimus, & familiæ laude, atque splendore, & propriis virtutum meritis dignissimus sit, qui summo Senatus Populique Romani judicio ac studio in Romanam Civitatem adsciscatur; placere Senatui P. Q. R. Illustrissimum Michaellem Montanum rebus omnibus ornatissimum, atque huic inchoato populo charissimum, ipsum posterosque in Romanam Civitatem adscribi, ornarique omnibus & præmiis & honoribus, quibus illi fruuntur, qui Cives Patriiique Romani nati, aut jure optimo facti sunt. In quo censere Senatum P. Q. R. se non tam illi jus Civitatis largiri, quam debitum tribuere, neque magis beneficium dare quam ab ipso accipere, qui hoc Civitatis munere accipiendo, singulari Civitatem ipsam ornamento, atque honore affecerit. Quam quidem S. C. auctoritatem iidem Conservatores per Senatus P. Q. R. scribas in aëla referri atque in Capitolii curiâ servari, privilegiumque hujusmodi fieri, solitoque urbis sigillo communiri curant. Anno ab urbe condita CXCCCCXXXI. Post Christum natum M.D. LXXXI. III. Idus Martii.

Horatius Fuscus Sacri S. P. Q. R. scriba.

Vincent. Martholus Sacri S. P. Q. R. scriba.

Being before Burgeis of no City at all, I was glad to be created free of the most noble City that ever was, or ever will be. If other Men would consider themselves, as attentively as I do, they would, as I do, discover themselves to be full of Vanity and Foppery; and rid myself of it I cannot without making myself away. We are all leavened with it, as well one as another; but they who are sensible on't, have the better bargain, and yet I know not whether they have or no.

This Opinion, and common Custom to observe others more than ourselves, has very much relieyed us. 'Tis a very displeasing Object: We see nothing in it but Misery and Vanity. Nature, that we may not be dejected with the sight of our own Deformities, has wisely projected

Why Man does not love to know and observe himself.

our optic Organ outward. We go forward with the current, but to turn back towards ourselves is a painful Motion; thus is the Sea agitated and troubled when the Waves are repelled against one another, Observe, says every one, the Motion of the Heavens; the Revolution, of public Affairs; observe the Quarrel of such a Person; feel such a one's Pulse; mind another's last Will and Testament; in short, be always looking high or low, or on one side, or before or behind you. It was a Paradoxical Command anciently given us by the God at *Delphos*: *Look into yourself, discover yourself, keep close to yourself; call back your Mind and Will, that elsewhere consume themselves into yourself; you run out, you waste yourself; collect yourself; support yourself; Men betray you, Men spoil you, Men steal you from yourself.* Dost not thou see that this World keeps all its Views confined within, and its Eyes open to contemplate itself? 'Tis always Vanity for thee, both within and without; but 'tis less Vanity when less extended. Excepting thee, (O Man) said that God, every thing studies itself first, and has Bounds to its Labours and Desires, according to its need. There is nothing so empty and necessitous as thou who embracest the Universe; thou art the Explorator without Knowledge, the Magistrate without Jurisdiction; and after all, the Fool in the Play.

CHAP. X.

Of managing the Will.

Montaigne
kept his Affec-
tions in a mo-
derate State.

FEW Things in comparison of what commonly affect other Men, move, or to say better, captivate me: For 'tis but reason they should concern a Man, provided they do not wholly engross him. I am very solicitous, both by Study and Argument, to enlarge this Privilege of
Insens.

Insensibility, which in me is naturally far advanced, so that I espouse, and am consequently moved with few Things. I have a clear Sight; but I fix it upon very few Objects; have a Sense delicate and tender, but an Apprehension and Application hard and dull; I am very unwilling to engage myself. As much as in me lies, I employ myself wholly for myself; and in this very Subject, should rather chuse to curb and restrain my Affection from plunging intirely into it, it being a Subject that I possess at the Mercy of others, and over which Fortune has more right than I. So that even so far as to Health, which I so much value, it were necessary for me, not so passionately to covet and desire it, as to think Diseases insupportable. There ought to be a Medium betwixt the Hatred of Pain, and Love of Pleasure. And *Plato* prescribes the very Thing.

But against such Affections as carry me away from myself, and fix me elsewhere, against those, I say, I oppose myself with all my Force. 'Tis my Opinion, that a Man should lend himself to others, and only give himself to himself. Were my Will easy to be engaged and swayed, I should not stick there: I am too tender both by Nature and Habit,

*Why he strove
against those
which attacked
him to what
was foreign to
himself.*

——— *Fugax rerum, securaque in otia natus* *.

I fly from Business as from a Disease;
Having been bred in Negligence and Ease,

for hot and obstinate Disputes wherein my Adversary would at last have the better; and the Issue, which would render my Heat of Argument disgraceful, would peradventure vex me to the last degree. Should I set myself to it as earnestly as others do, my Soul would never be

* *Ovid. de Trist. l. iii. Eleg. 2. v. 9.*

able to bear the Emotion and Alarms, which those feel who grasp so much, and it would immediately be distracted by this inward Agitation. If sometimes I have been put upon the Management of other Mens Affairs, I have promised to take them in hand, but not into my Lungs and Liver; to charge myself with them, not to incorporate them: To take pains, but not to be passionate in them; I have a Regard to them, but I will not brood over them: I have enough to do to order and govern the domestic Throng that I have in my own Veins and Bowels, without harbouring and loading myself with a Crowd of other Mens Affairs, and have enough of my own proper and natural Business to mind, without calling in the Concerns of others. Such as know how much they owe to themselves, and how many Offices they are bound to of their own, find, that Nature has cut them out Work enough of their own to keep them from being idle. Thou hast Business enough at home, look to that. Men let themselves out to hire; their Faculties are not for themselves, but are employed for those to whom they have enslaved themselves; this common Humour pleases not me. We must be thrifty of the Liberty of our Souls, and never let them out but upon just Occasions, which, if we judge aright, are very few. Do but observe such as have accustomed themselves to be at every one's Call and Command; they are so upon all, as well little as great, Occasions, in what does not concern them, as well as in what does. They intrude themselves indifferently where-ever there is Business, and are without Life, when not in some Bustle of Affairs. *In negotiis sunt negotii causa* *. i. e. *They only seek Business for Business sake*. It is not so much that they desire to go, as it is that they cannot stand still; Like a rowling Stone from a Hill, that stops not, till 'tis at the Bottom. Business, in a certain sort of Men, is a Mark of Understanding, and Dignity. Their Minds are not easy but in Agitation, as Children that must be rocked in a Cradle. They may pronounce themselves as serviceable to their Friends, as

* Seneca, Epist. 22.

troublesome to themselves. No one is lavish of his Money to another, but every one is ready to give him his Time and his Life. There is nothing of which we are so prodigal as of these Things, of which to be thrifty, would be both commendable and useful. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I look to myself, and commonly covet with no great Ardour what I do desire, and desire little : I employ and busy myself likewise but rarely and temperately. Whatever they aim at, and take in hand they do it with their utmost Desire and with Vehemency. There are so many wrong Steps in Life, that for the more Safety, we must a little lightly and superficially slide through the World, and not plunge into it over Head and Ears. Pleasure itself is painful at the bottom,

———*incedis per ignes*
*Suppositos cineri doloso **.

Thou upon glowing Coals dost tread,
Under deceitful Ashes hid,

The Parliament of *Bordeaux* chose me Mayor of their City, at a time when I was far from *France*, and much farther from any such Thought : I intreated to be excused ; but I was told that I was to blame, the King having moreover interposed his Command in that Affair. 'Tis an Office that ought to be looked upon the more honourable, as it has no Salary nor Advantage but the bare Honour of its Execution : It continues two Years, but may be extended by a second Election, which very rarely happens ; but it did to me, though it never did so but twice before : *viz.* some Years ago to Monsieur *de Lansac*, and lately to Monsieur *de Biron*, Marechal of *France*, in whose Place I succeeded, and left mine to Monsieur *de Matignon*, Marechal of *France* also, proud of so noble a Fraternity.

Montaigne
obliged to serve
the Office of
Mayor of
Bordeaux.

* *Her. lib. ii. Ode 1. v. 7.*

and this Humour of his proceeded from great good Nature. Never was there a more charitable and public-spirited Soul. Yet this proceeding which I commend in another, I do not love to follow myself, and am not without Excuse. He had learnt, that a Man must forget himself for his Neighbour, and that Particulars were of no manner of Consideration in comparison with the general Concern.

Most of the Rules and Precepts of this World tend to drive us out of ourselves to go a hunting for the Benefit of the public Society. They thought to do a great Feat, to divert and separate us from ourselves, presuming we were but too much attached to ourselves, and by a too natural Inclination, and have left nothing unsaid to that Purpose: For 'tis no new Thing for wise Men to preach up Things as they serve, not as they are. Truth has its Obstructions, Inconveniencies, and Incompatibilities with us. We must be often deceived, that we may not deceive ourselves. Our Eyes must be shut, and our Understandings stupified to recover and amend them. *Imperiti enim judicant, & qui frequenter in hoc ipsum fallendi sunt, ne errent. i. e. For the Ignorant judge, and therefore are oft to be deceived lest they should err.*

Why the Sages recommended it to Men to neglect themselves for the sake of the Public.

When they prescribe us to love three, four, and fifty Degrees of Things above ourselves, they do like Archers, who to hit the White, take their Aim a great deal higher than the Butt. To set a crooked Stick straight, we bend it the contrary way. I believe that in the Temple of *Pallas*, as we see in all other Religions, there were apparent Mysteries to be exposed to the People, and others more secret and sublime, that were only to be shown to such as were the *Professors*.

'Tis likely that the true Point of Friendship that every one owes to himself is to be found in these Things; not a false Friendship, that makes us embrace Glory, Knowledge, Riches, and the like, with a principal and immoderate Affection, as Members of our Being; nor an indiscreet and effemi-

The truly wise Man is convinced of the Obligation which he owes to others, by knowing what he owes to himself.

nate Friendship, which, like Ivy, decays and ruins the Walls it does embrace: but a sound and regular Friendship, equally profitable and pleasant. Whoever knows the Duties of this Friendship, and does practise them, is truly of the Cabinet-Council of the Muses, and has attained to the Height of human Wisdom, and our Happiness. Such a one, exactly knowing what he owes to himself, will on his part find that he ought to apply the Use of the World, and of other Men to himself, and for this end to contribute the Duties and Offices appertaining to him to the public Society. He who does not in some sort live for others, does not live much for himself. *Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus esse* *. i. e. *He who is his own Friend, is a Friend to all Men.* The principal Charge we have, is, to every one to take care of himself: And 'tis for this that we here live. As he who should omit to lead a virtuous and holy Life, and think he acquitted himself of his Duty, by instructing and training others up to it, would be a Fool; even so he, who abandons his own healthful and pleasant Life to serve others, takes in my Opinion a Course that is wrong, and unnatural.

*He that is too
eager in the
Exercise of an
Office cannot
manage it with
Prudence nor
Equity.*

I would not that Men should refuse, in the Employments they take upon them, their Attention, Pains, their Eloquence, and if need be, their Sweat and Blood.

*non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire †.*

He for his Country or his Friend,
Is not afraid to die.

But this is by way of Loan and accidentally; his Mind being always in Repose and in Health; not without Ac-

* Sen. Epist. 6. at the End. † Hor. lib. iv. Ode 9. v. 52.

tion, but without Vexation, without Passion. Meerly to act, costs him so little, that he acts even sleeping. But it must be put into brisk Motion with Discretion; for the Body receives the Offices imposed upon it, just according to what they are; the Mind oft extends, and makes them heavier at its own Expence, giving them what Measure it pleases. Men perform like Things with different Efforts, and a different Contention of the Will; the one does well enough without the other. For how many People hazard themselves every day in War, without any Concern which way it goes, and thrust themselves into the Dangers of Battles, the Loss of which will not break their next Night's Sleep? And there are Men at home, out of such Danger, which they durst not have faced, who are more passionately concerned for the Issue of this War, and whose Soul is more anxious about the Events of it than the Soldier who spends his Life and Blood in it. I could have engaged myself in public Employments, without quitting myself a Hair's Breadth, and have given myself to others, without abandoning myself; this Eagerness and Vehemence of Desires more hinders than advances the Conduct of what we undertake; fills us with Impatience against slow or contrary Events, and with Bitterness and Suspicion against those, with whom we have to do. We never carry on that Thing well, by which we are wholly possessed and governed.

*Male cuncta ministrat
Impetus *.*

For Heat does still
Carry on Things very ill.

He, who therein employs only his Judgment and Address, proceeds more chearfully: He counterfeits, he gives way, he defers all Things at his Ease, according to the Necessities of Occasions; he fails in his Attempts

* *Statius in Thebais lib. x. v. 4. and 5.*

without Trouble and Affliction, ready and entire for a new Enterprize: He always marches with the Bridle in his Hand. In him who is intoxicated with this violent and tyrannic Intention, we discover by Necessity much Imprudence and Injustice. The Impetuosity of his Desire carries him away. These are rash Motions, and, if Fortune do not very much assist, of very little Fruit.

That the Chastisement of Offences ought to be performed without Anger.

Philosophy requires, that in the Punishment of Injuries received, we should divest ourselves of Choler; not that the Revenge should be less, but, on the contrary, that it may be the better applied and the more heavily laid on, which, it is conceived, will be by this Impetuosity hindered. For Anger does not only trouble, but of itself does also weary the Arms of those who chastise. This Fire benumbs and wastes their Strength. As in Precipitancy, *Festinatio tarda est*. i. e. *The more Haste, the worse Speed*. Haste trips up its own Heels, fetters and stops itself, *ipsa se velocitas implicat* *. For example: According to what I commonly see, Avarice has no greater Impediment than itself. The more intense and vigorous it is, the less it rakes together, and commonly sooner gathers Riches when disguised under a Mask of Liberality.

Excellent Character of a Prince who was superior to the Accidents of his Fortune.

A very honest Gentleman, a Friend of mine, had like to have cracked his Brains by a too passionate Attention and Affection to the Affairs of a certain Prince, his Master; which Master has thus painted himself to me; that he foresees the Weight of Accidents as well as another; but that in those for which there is no Remedy, he presently resolves upon Patience. In others, having taken all the necessary Precautions, which by the Vivacity of his Understanding he can soon do, he calmly waits what may follow. And, in truth, I have accordingly seen him maintain a great Indifferency and Freedom of Actions, and Countenance, in very great and perplexed Affairs. I find him a greater, and

* *Seneca*, Epist. 44. at the end.

a more able Man in Adversity than Prosperity. His Losses are to him more glorious than his Victories, and his Mourning than his Triumphs.

Do but consider, that even in vain and frivolous Actions, as at *Chefs*, *Tennis*, and the like, this eager and ardent engaging with an impetuous Desire, immediately throws the Mind and Members into Indiscretion and Disorder. A Man puzzles and bewilders himself. He that carries himself the most moderately both towards Gain and Loss, has always his Wits about him. The less peevish and passionate he is at Play, he plays with much more Advantage and Safety.

'Tis an Advantage in Gaming to keep one's Temper both in Gain and Loss.

As to the rest, we hinder the Mind's Grasp and Holdfast in giving it so many things to seize upon. Some Things we are only to offer to it, to tie it to others, and with others to incorporate it. It can feel and discern all things, but ought to feed on nothing but self; and should be instructed in what properly concerns itself, and what is properly of its own Possession and Substance: The Laws of Nature teach us what we are justly to have. After the Sages have told us, that no one is indigent by Nature, and that every one is so according to Opinion, they very subtilly distinguish betwixt the Desires that proceed from the former, and those that proceed from the Irregularity of our own Fancy. Those, of which we can see the End, are Nature's; those that fly before us, and of which we can see no End, are our own. There is an easy Cure for the Want of Goods; but the Poverty of the Soul is incurable.

A Man ought to know his own solid Interest.

*Nam si, quod satis est homini, id satis esse potestet,
Hoc sat erat: nunc, quum hoc non est, qui credimus porro,
Divitias ullas animum nū explere potesse *?*

* *Lucilius*, lib. v. apud *Nunnius*. c. 5. § 98.

If what's for Man enough, enough could be,
 It were enough; but as we plainly see
 That wont suffice; how can I e'er believe
 That any Wealth my Mind Content can give?

Socrates seeing a Heap of Treasure, Jewels, and costly Furniture, carried in Pomp through the City, *How many Things* *, said he, *do I not desire!* *Metrodorus* lived on the weight of twelve Ounces a Day; *Epicurus* upon less: *Metrocles* † in Winter slept abroad amongst Sheep, in Summer in the Cloysters of Churches. *Sufficit ad id natura quod poscit* ‡. i. e. *Nature furnishes what it absolutely needs.* *Cleanthes* lived by the Labour of his own Hands, and boasted, *That Cleanthes, if he would, could yet maintain another Cleanthes* ||.

Why his Necessities may be extended a little beyond the necessary Demands of Nature

If that, which Nature exactly and originally requires of us for the Preservation of our Being, be too little, (as in truth, how much it is, and how good cheap Life may be maintained, cannot be better made out, than by this Consideration, that it is so little, that by its Littleness it escapes the Gripe and Shock of Fortune) let us allow ourselves a little more, let us even call every one of our Habits and Conditions Nature; let us tax and treat ourselves by this measure, let us stretch our Appurtenances and Accompts thus far; for so far I fancy we have some excuse. Custom is a second Nature, and no less powerful. What is wanting to my Custom, I reckon as wanting to me; and I should be almost as well content that they took away my Life, as retrench me in the way wherein I have so long lived. I am past the Terms of any great Change, nor able to put myself into a new and unwonted Course, though it were to my Ad-

* *Cic. Tusc. Quæst. lib. v. c. 32.* † *Plutarch* in his Tract, intitled, *That Vice alone is sufficient to make a Man unhappy*, ch. 4.

‡ *Seneca*, Epist. 18. || 'Twas *Zeno*, who said this of *Cleanthes*, his Disciple, if we may believe *Diogenes Laertius* in the *Life of Cleanthes*, lib. vii. § 169. 170.

intage; 'tis past the Time for me to become other than
 hat I am. And as I should complain of any great good
 dventure that should now befall me, that it came not in
 ime to be enjoy'd;

*Quo mihi fortunas, si non conceditur uti? **

Might I have the World's Wealth, I should refuse it;
 What Good will't do me, if I may not use it?

should I complain of any inward Acquisition. It were
 most better never, than so late, to become honourable;
 and to know the World thoroughly when a Man has no
 nger to live. I, who am going out of it, would easily
 sign to any new Comer all the Prudence I have acquir'd
 the World's Commerce. *After Meat comes Mustard.*
 have no need of Goods, of which I can make no Use.
 f what Use is Knowledge to him that has lost his Head?
 s an Injury and Unkindness in Fortune, to tender us
 esents that will inspire us with a just Resentment that
 e had them not in their Season. Guide me no more, I
 n no longer go. Of so many Parts as make up a Suffi-
 ciency, Patience is the best. Assign the Part of an ex-
 lent Treble to a Chorister that has rotten Lungs, and
 oquence to a Hermit exil'd into the Desarts of *Arabia*.
 ere is no Art necessary for a Fall; the End comes of it-
 f, at the Conclusion of every Affair. My World is at
 End, my Form expired; 'tis all over with me; and I am
 und to authorise it, and to conform my Exit to it. I
 ll here declare, by Way of Example, that the late ten
 ys Diminution of the Year by the Pope, *The Abridgment
 of ten Days
 offered by the
 Pope.*
 s taken me so low, that I cannot well re-
 cile myself to it. I follow the Years
 erein we kept another kind of Account:
 antient, and so long a Custom, challenges and calls
 e back to it; so that I am constrained to be a kind of
 ertick in that point, impatient of any, tho' corrective,

* *Hor. lib. i. Epist. 5. v. 12.*

Innovation. My Imagination, in spite of my Teeth, always pushes me ten Days forward or backward, and is ever murmuring in my Ears. This Rule concerns those who are to begin to be. If Health itself, as sweet as it is, returns to me by Intervals, 'tis rather to give me cause of Regret than Possession of it; I have no longer the Means of recovering it. Time leaves me, without which nothing can be possessed. Oh, what little account should I make of those great elective Dignities that I see in the World, which are only confer'd upon Men who are taking leave of it! Wherein 'tis not so much regarded how well he will discharge them, as how little a while; from the very Entrance they have an Eye to the Exit. To conclude, I am ready to finish this Man, and not to rebuild another. By long Custom, this Form is, in me, turn'd into Substance, and Fortune into Nature. I say therefore, that every one of us feeble Creatures is excusable in thinking that his own, which is compriz'd under this Measure; but withal, beyond these Limits, 'tis nothing but Confusion, 'tis the largest Extent we can grant to our Prerogative. The more we amplify our Possessions, so much the more do we expose ourselves to the Strokes of Fortune and Adversity. The Career of our Desires ought to be circumscrib'd, and restrain'd to a short Limit of near and contiguous Conveniencies; and ought moreover to perform their Course, not in a right Line, that ends elsewhere, but in a Circle, of which the two Points by a short Circumvolution meet and terminate in ourselves. Actions that are carried on without this Reflection, a near and essential Reflection I mean, such as those of ambitious and avaritious Men, and many more, who run from the Point, and whose Career always carries them before themselves, such Actions, I say, are erroneous and crazy.

*An honest
Man is not corrupted by the
Employment he
exercises.*

Most of our Business is Farce. *Mundus universus exercet histrioniam* *. We must play our Part duly, but withal as the Part of a borrow'd Person; we must not make real Essence out of a Vizard and outward Ap-

pearance, nor of a strange Person our own; we cannot distinguish Things that are near from those that are remote; 'tis enough to meal the Face, without mealing the Breast. I see some, who transform and transubstantiate themselves into as many new Shapes and new Beings as they undertake Employments, and who, with the Pride of *Lucifer*, carry their Office along with them, even to their Closet: I cannot make them distinguish the Salutations made to them, from those that are made to their Commission, their Train, or their Mule. *Tantum se Fortune permittunt, etiam ut naturam dediscant* *. i. e. *They are so intoxicated with their Fortune, as even to forget their Nature.* They swell and puff up their Souls, and their natural Tone of speaking according to the Height of their Place. The Mayor and *Montaigne* have ever been two Persons, by very manifest Separation. To be an Advocate or a Treasurer, a Man must not be ignorant of the Knavery of such Callings; an honest Man is not accountable for the Vices or Folly of his Profession, and yet ought not to refuse to take it upon him: 'Tis the Custom of his Country, and there is Money to be got by it; a Man must live by the World, and make his best of it, such as it is. But the Judgment of an Emperor ought to be upon his Empire, and the seeing and considering of it, as of a foreign Accident; and he ought to know how to enjoy himself apart from it, and to communicate himself, as *James* and *Peter*, to himself at least. I cannot engage myself so deep and so entire.

When my Will gives me up to a Party, 'tis not with so violent an Obligation as to infect my Understanding. In the present Broils of this Kingdom, my Interest has not made me forget the Qualities of our Adversaries that are laudable, nor those that are reproachable in our Party. They adore all of their own Side; for my part I do not so much as excuse most Things in mine: A good Piece has never the worse Grace for being levell'd at me. The Knot of the Controversy ex-

Montaigne, by espousing a Party, did not espouse its Fury, Injustice and ridiculous Whimsies.

* *Quin. Cur. lib. iii. cap. 2.*

cepted, I have always kept myself in Equanimity and pure Indifference. *Neque extra necessitates belli præcipuum odium gero.* i. e. *And have no particular Hatred beyond the Necessities of War.* For which I am pleased with myself, and the more, because I see common Failings on the contrary Side. Such as extend their Anger and Hatred beyond the Dispute in question, as most Men do, shew that they spring from some other Motive and particular Cause; like one, who being cur'd of an Ulcer, has yet a remaining Fever, by which it appears that the latter had another Source more conceal'd. Thus they are not concern'd in the common Cause, as it is wounding to the Interest of the State and the Public, but are only animated by their private Concerns. This is the true Reason why they are so particularly piqued, and to a Degree beyond Justice and publick Reason. *Non tam omnia universi, quam ea, que ad quemque pertinent, singuli carpebant.* i. e. *Every one was not so much angry at Things in general, as at those that particularly concerned themselves.* I would have Matters go well on our Side; but if they do not, I shall not run mad. I am heartily for the right Party; but I do not affect to be taken Notice of in particular for an Enemy to the others, and beyond the general Reason. I am a mortal Enemy to this vicious Form of Censure: *He is of the League, because he admires the Person of the Duke of Guise. Another is astonish'd at the King of Navarr's Activity, and therefore he is a Hugonot. Another finds such and such Faults in the King's Conduct, and therefore he is seditious in his Heart.* And would not grant to a Magistrate himself, that he did well in condemning a Book, because it had rank'd a Heretick among the best Poets of the Time. Shall we not dare to say of a Thief, that he has a handsome Leg? If a Woman be a Strumpet, must it needs follow that she has a stinking Breath? Did they in the wisest Ages revoke the superb Title of *Capitolinus*, which they had before confer'd upon *Marcus Manlius*, as the Conservator of Religion and the publick Liberty; did they stifle the Memory of his Liberality, his Feats of Arms and the military Rewards granted to his Virtue, because he afterwards aspir'd to the Sovereignty, in Prejudice of the Laws of his Country? If they

they have taken an Hatred against an Advocate, he will not be allow'd the next Day to be eloquent. I have elsewhere spoke of the Zeal that push'd on worthy Men to the like Faults. For my part, I can say, such an one does this Thing wickedly, and another Thing virtuously. In like manner, in the Prognosticks, or sinister Events of Affairs, they pronounce every one in his Party to be blind, or a Blockhead, and require our Persuasion and Judgment to be subservient, not to Truth, but to the Project of our Wishes. I should rather incline towards the other Extream, so much do I fear being suborn'd by my Desire: To which may be added, that I am a little tenderly distrustful of Things that I wish.

I have in my time seen Wonders in that indiscreet and prodigious Readiness of People in suffering their Hopes and Belief to be led and govern'd which Way has best pleas'd and serv'd their Leaders, through a hundred Mistakes one upon another; and through Dreams and Phantasms. I no longer wonder at those who have been seduc'd by the Fooleries of *Apollonius* and *Mabomet*. Their Sense and Understanding is absolutely stifled in their Passion; their Discretion has no more any other Choice than that which smiles upon them, and encourages their Cause. I had principally observ'd this in the Beginning of our intestine Heats; this other, which is sprung up since, by imitating, has surpass'd it; by which I am induc'd to think that it is a Quality inseparable from popular Errors. After the first that starts, Opinions drive on one another like Waves with the Wind. A Man is not a Member of the Body, if it be in his Power to forsake it, and if he do not run with the Herd; but certainly they wrong the just Side, when they go about to assist it with Fraud. I have ever been against that Practice. This can only work upon weak Heads; as for the sound, there are surer, as well as more honest ways to keep up their Courage, and to excuse cross Accidents.

The indiscreet Facility of People in suffering themselves to be imposed upon by the Leaders of a Party.

Difference betwixt Cæsar and Pompey's War and that which was fomented betwixt Marius and Sylla.

Heaven never saw so great an Animosity as that betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, nor ever will; and yet I observe methinks in those brave Souls a great Moderation towards one another. It was a Jealousy of Honour and Command, which did not transport them to a furious and indiscreet Hatred; their's was Hatred, without Malignity and Detraction. In their hottest Exploits, I discover some Remains of Respect and Good-will; and therefore am of opinion, that, had it been possible, each of them would rather have done his Business without the Ruin of the other, than with it. Take notice how much otherwise Matters went with *Marius* and *Sylla*?

The Danger of a Man's being a Slave to his Affections.

We must not be so desperately drove by our Affections and Interest. As when I was young, I oppos'd the Progress of Love, which I perceived to advance too fast upon me, and took care lest it should at last become so pleasing, as to captivate, and wholly reduce me to its Mercy: So I do the same upon all other Occasions where my Will runs on with too keen an Appetite. I lean opposite to the Side it inclines to, as I find it going to plunge and make itself drunk with it's own Wine; I avoid nourishing its Pleasure so far, that I cannot recover it without a cruel Loss. Souls that, through their own Stupidity, only discern Things by halves, have this Happiness, that they smart least with hurtful Things. 'Tis a mental Leprosy that has some Appearance of Health, and such a Health as Philosophy does not altogether condemn; but yet we have no reason to call it Wisdom, as we often do. And after this manner one antiently mocked *Diogenes*, who in the depth of Winter, and stark-naked, went to embrace a Statue covered with Snow for a Trial of his Patience*. The other meeting him in this Plight, *Art thou not very cold*, said he †? *Not at all*, replied *Diogenes*. *Why then* said the other, *What*

* *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Diogenes* the Cynic. Lib. vi. § 23.

† *Plutarch* in the notable Sayings of the *Lacedemonians*.

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great and exemplary Thing canst thou think
Cold. thou dost, in embracing the Snow? A Man,
ke a true Measure of Constancy, must necessarily
what Suffering is.

its Souls that are to meet with crosses
its, and the Injuries of Fortune in their
h and Severity, that are to weigh
taste them according to their natural
ght and Sharpness, let such shew their
in avoiding the Causes and diverting
Blow. What did King Cotys do *?

said liberally for the rich and beautiful
l that had been presented him; but it be-
ceeding brittle, he immediately broke it
event in good time so easy a matter of
easure against his Servants. In like Manner, I have
gly avoided all Confusion in my Affairs, and never
ed to have my Estate contiguous to those of my Re-
s, and such with whom I coveted a strict Friendship;
ce Matters of Unkindness, and which has oft occa-
l a Strangeness and a Separation. I have formerly
the hazardous Games of Cards and Dice, but have
since left them off, only for this Reason, That though
a good Face on my Losses, I was vexed at my
t. Let a Man of Honour, who ought heartily to
a Lie and an Affront, and who is not to take a
y Excuse for Satisfaction, avoid Occasions of Dis-

I shun melancholick and morose Men, as I would
e Plague. And in Matters I cannot treat of without
ion and Concern, I never meddle, if not compelled
y Duty. *Melius non incipient, quam desinent* †. A
bad better never to have begun, than to leave undone.
surest Way therefore, is, to prepare a Man's self be-
and for Occasions. I know very well, that some
Men have taken another Course, and have not feared
apple and engage to the utmost upon several Subjects.
are confident of their own Strength, under which

*How Mon-
taine endea-
voured to pre-
vent bad Acci-
dents in the
Management of
his Affairs and
Actions.*

*A rich Vessel
purposely broken
by King Cotys,
and why.*

Antarch in the notable Sayings of antient Kings, &c. in the Ar-
ists.

† Senec. Ep. 92.

L. III.

X

they

they protect themselves in all ill Successes, making their Patience wrestle with Disasters.

—*Velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expositaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cælique marisque,
Ipsa immota manens.* *

He as a Rock amongst vast Billows stood,
Scorning loud Winds, and raging of the Flood,
And fix'd remaining all the Force defies
Muster'd from threat'ning Seas and thund'ring Skies †.

Let us never attempt these Examples, we shall never come up to them. They set themselves resolutely, and without Trouble, to behold the Ruin of their Country, which had a Right to all the Good they could do. This is too much, and too harsh for our vulgar Souls to undergo. *Cato* indeed gave up the noblest Life that ever was upon this account; but it is for us meaner spirited Men to fly from the Storm as far as we can; we ought to make Provision of Resentment, not of Patience, and evade the Blows we cannot put by. *Zeno* seeing *Chremonides*, a young Man whom he loved, draw near to sit down by him, suddenly started up, and *Cleanthes* demanding of him the Reason why he did so, *I bear*, said he, *that Physicians especially order Repose, and forbid Emotion in all Tumours* ‡. *Socrates* does not say, Do not surrender to the Charms of Beauty, stand your ground, and do your utmost to oppose it. Fly from it, says he, shun the Sight and Encounter of it, as you would from strong Poison that darts and wounds at a Distance. And his good Disciple ||, either feigning or reciting, but in my opinion, rather reciting than feigning the rare Perfections of that great *Cyrus*, makes him distrustful of his own Strength, to resist the Charms of the divine Beauty of that illustrious *Panthea*, his Captive, in committing her to the

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. x. v. 693.* † *Mr. Ogilby.*

‡ *Diogenes Laert. in the Life of Zeno. lib. vii. § 17.*

|| *Xenophon in his Cyropædia. lib. v. c. 1. v. 3, 4, 5, 6.*

Observation and Keeping of another, who was more enamoured than himself. And the Holy Ghost in like manner, *Ne nos inducas in tentationem.* i. e. *Lead us not into Temptation*, Matth. vi. ver. 13. We do not pray that our Reason may not be combated and overcome by Concupiscence, but that it should not be so much as tried by it; that we may not be brought into a State wherein we may be so much as liable to suffer the Approaches, Sollicitations, and Temptations of Sin: And we beg of Almighty God to keep our Consciences quiet, fully, and perfectly free from all Communication with Evil.

Such as say that they have Reason for their revenging Passion, or any other sort of troublesome Agitation of Mind, do oft say true, as Things now are, but not as they were. They speak to us when the Causes of their Error are by themselves nourished and advanced. But look backward, recal these Causes to their Beginning, and there you will put them to a nonplus; will they think their Fault less for being of longer Continuance, and that of an unjust Beginning, the Sequel can be just? Whoever shall desire the Good of his Country as I do, without fretting or pining himself, will be chagrined, but will not swoon to see it threatening either its final Ruin, or a not less ruinous Continuance. Poor Vessel, which the Waves, the Winds, and the Pilot, steer to with such contrary Views!

*He endeavoured
to check the first
Sally of his
Passions.*

*—in tam diversa, magister,
Ventus, & unda trabunt.**

He who does not pant for the Favour of Princes, as a Thing he cannot live without, does not much concern himself at the Coldness of their Reception and Countenance, nor at the Inconstancy of their Humors. He who does not brood over his Children, or his Honours, with a slavish Fondness, lives commodiously enough after their Loss. He that does Good principally for his own Satisfaction, will not be much troubled to see Men judge of

his Actions contrary to his Merit. A quarter of an Ounce of Patience will be enough against such Inconveniencies. I find Satisfaction in this Receipt, redeeming myself in the Beginning as cheap as I can; and am sensible that I have thereby escaped much Trouble and many Difficulties. With very little ado I stop the first Sally of my Passions, and leave the Subject that begins to be troublesome before it transports me. He who stops not the Start, will never be able to stop the Career. He who cannot keep the Passions out, will never drive them out when they are once got in; and he who cannot crush them at the beginning, will never do it in the End, nor ever recover his Fall, if he cannot stand the Shock. *Et enim ipsæ se impellunt, ubi semel à ratione discessum est: ipsaque sibi imbecillitas indulget, in altumque provebitur imprudens: ne creperit locum consistenti* *. i. e. For Men are precipitant, when once they lose their Reason; and Frailty does so far indulge itself, that it is indiscreetly carried out into the Deep, and can find no Port to stop at. I am betimes sensible of the little Breezes that begin to whistle in the Shrowds, the Forerunners of a Storm.

— *ceu flamina prima*
Cum deprensa fremunt sylvis, & cæca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos †.

— As when Winds rise,
 And stoppt by Woods, a sudden Murmur send,
 Which doth a Storm to Mariners portend ‡.

How oft have I done myself a manifest
With what Injustice to avoid the Hazard of having yet
Care be avoided a worse done me by the Judges, after an
Law Suits. Age of Vexations, dirty and vile Practices, more Enemies
 to my Nature than Fire, or the Rack? *Convenie à litibus*
quantum licet, & nescio an paulò plus etiam quàm licet, ab-
horrentem esse. Est enim non modò liberale paululum nonnun-
quam de suo jure decedere, sed interdum etiam fructuosum ||.
A Man should be an Enemy to all Contention as much as be

* Cicero *Tusc.* lib. iv. c. 18,

‡ Mr. Ogilby.

† *Æneid.* lib. x. ver. 97, &c.

|| *Cicer. de Offic.* lib. ii. c. 8.

lawfully may, and for ought I know something more: For it is not only generous, but sometimes also advantageous, to recede a little from one's Right. Were we wise, we ought to rejoice and boast, as I one Day heard a young Gentleman of a good Family very innocently do, that his Mother had lost her Trial, as if it had been a Cough, a Fever, or something very troublesome to keep: Even the Favours that Fortune might have given me through Relations, or Acquaintance with those who have sovereign Authority in those Affairs, I have very conscientiously waved, and very carefully avoided imploying them to the Prejudice of others, and of advancing my Pretentions above their true Value. In fine, I have so much prevailed by my Endeavours, in a happy Hour I may speak it, that I am to this Day a Virgin from all Suits in Law; though I have had very fair Offers made me, and with a very just Title, would I have hearkened to them: And a Virgin from Quarrels too. I have almost past over a long Life without any Offence of Moment, either active or passive, or without ever hearing a worse Word than my own Name: A rare Favour of Heaven.

Our greatest Agitations arise from ridiculous Motives and Causes. What Ruin did our last Duke of *Burgundy* run into by a Quarrel about a Cart-load of Sheep-skins *? And was not the graving of a Seal the first and principal Cause of the greatest Commotion that this Machine of the World did ever undergo †? For *Pompey* and *Cæsar* are but the Off-sets and Slips of the two others. And I have, in my time seen the wisest Heads in this Kingdom assembled with great Ceremony, and at the publick Expence, about Treaties and Agreements, of which the true Decision did in the mean time absolutely depend upon a Cabinet-Council of Ladies, and the Inclination of some foolish Woman. The Poets had a right Notion of this, when they put all *Greece* and *Asia* to Fire and Sword for an Apple. Enquire why such a Man stakes his Life and

The most violent Passions raised from trifling Causes.

* See the Memoirs of *Philip de Comines*. lib. v. c. 1

† The civil War betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla*. See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Marius*, chap. 3. of *Amyot's* Translation.

Honour upon the Fortune of his Rapier and Dagger; let him acquaint you with the Occasion of the Quarrel, he cannot do it without blushing, it is so idle and frivolous.

*The Necessity of
Deliberation
before we en-
gage in Affairs,
especially Quar-
rels.*

A little thing will do at setting off, but being once embarked, all Cords draw; great Provisions are then required, more hard, and more important. How much easier is it not to enter in, than it is to get out?

Now, we should proceed contrary to the Reed, which at its first springing, produces a long and strait Stalk, but afterwards, as if tired and out of Breath, it runs into thick and frequent Knots, as so many Pauses; which demonstrates that it has no more its first Vigour and Constancy. It were better to begin fair and softly, and to keep a Man's Breath and vigorous Efforts for the Height and Strefs of the Business. We guide Affairs in their Beginnings, and have them then in our own Power; but afterwards when they are in Motion, it is they that guide and govern us, and we are to follow them. Yet do I not pretend by this to say, that this Counsel has discharged me of all Difficulty, and that I have not often had enough to do to curb and restrain my Passions. They are not always to be governed according to the measure of Occasions, and the Entrance on them is often sharp and violent; so it is, that thereby much may be saved and got; except for those, who in well-doing are not satisfied with any Benefit, if Reputation be wanting: For in truth, such an Effect is of no Estimation but by every one to himself. You are better contented with it, but not more esteemed; seeing you reformed yourself before you had the Subject in View. Yet not in this only, but in all other Duties of Life, the way of those who aim at Honour, is very different from that they proceed by, who propose to themselves Order and Reason. I find some who rashly and furiously rush into the Lists, and cool in the Course. As *Plutarch* says, That as those who through false Modesty are soft and ready to grant whatever is desired of them, are afterwards as apt to break their Word, and to recant; so likewise he who enters lightly into a Quarrel, is subject to go as lightly out. The same Difficulty that keeps me from entering
into

into it, would, when I am once provoked and warmly engaged in it, spur me to maintain it with great Obstinacy. It is the Tyranny of Custom; that when a Man is once engaged, he must persist, or die. *Under-take coldly, said Bias, but pursue with Ardour* *. For want of Prudence, Men grow faint-hearted, which is still more intolerable.

Most Accommodations of the Quarrels of these Days of ours, are shameful and false; we only seek to save Appearances, and in the mean time betray and disavow our true Intentions. We put a Gloss on the Fact. We know very well how we said the Thing, and in what Sense we spoke it, and both all the Company, and our Friends, whom we would make sensible of our Advantage, understand it well enough too. It is at the Expence of our Liberty, and the Honour of our Courage, that we disown our Thoughts, and seek Subterfuge in Falshoods to make us Friends. We give ourselves the Lie, to excuse the Lie we have given to another. You are not to consider, if your Word or Action may admit of another Interpretation; it is your own true and sincere Interpretation that you are thenceforward to maintain, whatever it cost you. Men speak to your Virtue and Conscience, which are not Things to be disguised. Let us leave these pitiful Ways and Expedients to the Chicanery of the Courts of the Law. The Excuses and Satisfactions that I see every Day made to excuse Indiscretion, seem to me more scandalous than the Indiscretion itself. It were better to affront your Adversary a second time, than to offend yourself by giving him so unmanly a Satisfaction. You have braved him in your Anger, and you go to appease and wheedle him in your cooler and better Sense, and by that means lay yourself lower than you set yourself up. I do not think any thing a Gentleman can say so vicious in him, as unsaying what he has said is infamous; when he is forced to unsay it by Authority; forasmuch as Obstinacy is more excusable in such a Man than Pusillanimity. Passions are

Most Accommodations of our Quarrels are scandalous.

* *Diogenes Laert. in the Life of Bias. lib. 1. § 87.*

as easy for me to avoid, as they are hard for me to moderate. *Excinduntur facilius animo, quam temperantur.* i. e. *They are more easily eradicated than to be governed.* Who cannot attain to this noble Stoical Impassibility, let him secure himself in the Bosom of this popular Stupidity of mine. What those great Souls performed by their Virtue, I enure myself to do by Constitution. The middle Region harbours Tempests; the two Extreams of Philosophers and Peasants concur in Tranquility and Happiness.

*Fœlix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causus;
Atque metus omnes, & in exorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari.
Fortunatus, & ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaq; Sylvanumq; senem, Nymphasq; sorores *.*

Happy the Man who vers'd in Nature's Laws,
Of her Effects can trace the wond'rous Cause;
Who without Fear his certain Fate can meet,
And trample Death itself beneath his Feet;
And happy he who haunts the rural Gods,
Pan, and *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs Abodes †.

The Births of all Things are weak and tender, and therefore are we to have an Eye to their Beginnings; for as when in their Infancy the Danger is not perceived; so when it is grown up, the Remedy is no more to be found. I had every Day encountered a Million of Crosses, harder to digest in the Progress of my Ambition, than it was for me to curb the natural Propension that inclined me to it.

— *jure porborrui,
Latè conspicuum tolerare verticem †.*

Well might thy Friend be shy,
To raise his Head too high ‡.

* *Virgil. Georg. lib. ii. v. 490.*

† *Hor. lib. iii. Ode 16. v. 18.*

‡ *Mr. Benson.*

‡ *Sir Rich. Fanshawe.*

All publick Actions are subject to various and uncertain Interpretations, for too many Heads judge of them. Some say of this City-Employment of mine (and I am willing to say a Word or two of it, not that it is worth so much, but to give an account of my Manners in such Things) that I behaved myself in it like a Man not easy to be moved, and with a languid Affection : and they have some colour for what they say. I endeavour to keep my Mind and my Thoughts in repose. *Cum semper naturâ, tum etiam ætate jam quietus.* i. e. *As being always quiet by Nature, so also now by Age.* And if they sometimes lash out upon some rude and sensible Impression, it is in truth without my Advice. Yet from this natural Decay of my Spirits Men ought not to conclude a total Inability in me ; (for want of Care and want of Sense, are two Things) and much less any Slight or Ingratitude towards that Corporation, who did their utmost to oblige me, both before they knew me and after. And they did much more for me in chusing me anew, than in conferring that Honour upon me at first ; I wish them all the Good that can be. And doubtless, upon occasion, there is nothing I would have spared for their Service ; I exerted myself as much for them as I would have done for myself. They are a good, warlike and generous People, but capable of Obedience and Discipline, and of whom good use may be made, if they are well guided. They say also, that my Administration was passed over without any Remark or Eclat of moment. It is true : They moreover accuse my Indolence in a time when every body almost was convinced of doing too much. I am impatient to be doing where my Will spurs me on, but this Point is an Enemy to Perseverance. Whoever will make use of me, according to my own way, let him employ me in Affairs where Vigour and Liberty are required ; where a direct, short, and moreover a hazardous Conduct are necessary, I peradventure may do something ; but if it must be long, subtle, laborious, artificial and intricate, they were better apply to somebody else. All important Offices are not difficult : I was prepared for Work a little more rough, had

*What others
as well as
Montaigne
himself thought
of his Conduct,
while he was
Mayor of
Bordeaux.*

had there been great Occasion; for it is in my Power to do something more than I do, and than I love to do; I did not to my Knowledge, omit any Thing that my Duty really required; it is true, that I easily forgot those Offices that Ambition mixes with Duty, and gilds with its Title. Those are they, that for the most part ingross the Eyes and Ears, and give Men the most Satisfaction. Not the Thing, but the Appearance, contents them. They think Men sleep if they hear no Noise. My Humour is an Enemy to Tumult. I could appease a Riot without disturbing myself, and chastise a Disorder without many Words. If I stand in need of Anger, and Inflammation, I borrow it, and put it on as a Mask; my Deportment is dull; rather faint than sharp. I do not condemn a Magistrate that sleeps, provided the People under his charge sleep as well as he: the Laws in that case sleep too. For my part, I commend a smooth, solitary and silent Life. *Neque submissam, Et abjectam, neque se effertentem* *. i. e. *A Life equally free from Meanness and Insolence*. My Fortune requires it to be such. I am descended from a Family that has lived without Lustre or Tumult, and time out of mind particularly ambitious of Valour and Sincerity. Our People now adays are so bred up to Bustle and Ostentation, that Good-nature, Moderation, Equity, Constancy, and such quiet and obscure Qualities, are no longer regarded. Rough Bodies are easily felt, the smooth ones scarce at all. Sickness is felt, Health little, if at all, no more than the Oils that foment us, in comparison of the Pains that torment us. It is acting for a Man's Reputation and particular Profit, not for the publick Weal, to refer that to be done in the Forum, which a Man may as well do in the Council-Chamber, and to put off to Noon-day, what might have been done the Night before; and to be zealous to do that himself which his Colleague can do as well as he. So some Chirurgeions of Greece performed their Operations upon Scaffolds, in the Sight of the People, to draw more Practice and Custom. They think that good Rules cannot be un-

* *Cicero de Offic. lib. i. c. 34.*

derstood but by the Sound of Trumpet. Ambition is not a Vice of little People, and of such Abilities as ours. One said to *Alexander*, Your Father will leave you a great Dominion, easy and peaceable; this Youth was emulous of his Father's Victories, and the Justice of his Government, and did not wish to have enjoyed the Empire of the World in Ease and Peace. *Alcibiades* in *Plato*, had rather die exceeding young, beautiful, rich, noble and learned, than to continue in such an effeminate State. This Disease is peradventure excusable in so strong and so capacious a Mind. When these poor mean Souls enlarge themselves, and think to spread their Fame, for having given right Judgment in an Affair, or continued the Discipline of keeping the Guard of a Gate of their City; the more they think to exalt their Heads, the more they shew their Tails. This little well-doing has neither Body nor Life; it vanishes in the first Mouth, and goes no farther than from one Street to another. Talk of it in God's Name to your Son, or your Servant; like that old Fellow, who having no other Auditor of his Praises, nor Commender of his Valour, boasted to his Chambermaid, crying out, *O Perret*, What a gallant brave Man hast thou to thy Master! At the worst talk of it to yourself, like a Counsellor of my Acquaintance, who having disgorged a whole Bundle of Law Cases, full of Paragraphs, with very great Heat, and as great Folly, coming out of the Council-Chamber to the pissing Place, was heard very conscientiously to mutter betwixt his Teeth. *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nemini tuo da gloriam.* i. e. *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name be the Glory.* He who can get it of nobody else, may pay himself out of his own Purse. Fame is not prostituted at so cheap a rate. Rare and exemplary Actions, to which it is due, would not endure the Company of this prodigious Crowd of little temporary Performances. Marble may exalt your Titles as much as you please, for having repaired a Rod of a ruinous Wall, or cleansed a publick Aqueduct, but no Men of Sense will do it. Renown does not attend every good Deed, if Novelty and Difficulty be not conjoined in it. Nay, so much as meer Esti-
mation,

mation, according to the Stoicks, is not due to every Action that proceeds from Virtue; neither will they allow him so much as Thanks, who out of Temperance forbears to meddle with any old blear-eyed Hag. Such as have known the admirable Qualities of *Scipio Africanus*, deny him the Glory that *Panætius* attributes to him, of being abstinent from Gifts as a Glory not so much his, as that of the Age he lived in. We have Pleasures suitable to our Fortunes, let us not usurp those of Grandeur. Our own are more natural, and by so much more solid and sure, as they are more low. If not for that of Conscience, yet at least for Ambition sake, let us reject Ambition, let us disdain that Thirst of Honour and Renown, so low and beggarly, that it makes us ask it as an Alms from all Sorts of People: *Quæ est ista laus quæ possit è macello peti* * ? i. e. *What Praise is that which is to be got at the Shambles?* by abject Means, and at any cheap rate forever. To be so honoured is Dishonour. Let us learn to be no more greedy, than we are capable of Honour. To be puffed up with every Action that is innocent, or of use, is only for those with whom such Deeds are extraordinary and rare; they will value it as it costs them. How much more a good Effect makes a Noise, so much I abate of the Goodness of it; and enter into suspicion that it was more performed to be talked of, than upon the account of its Goodness: Being exposed upon the Stall, it is half sold. Those Actions have much more Grace, that slip from the Hand of the Performer negligently, and without Noise; and which some honest Man afterwards chuses out, and raises from the Shade, to produce it to the Light for their own Sakes. The vainest Man in the World said, *Mibi quidem laudabiliora videntur omnia, quæ sine venditione, & sine populo teste fiunt* †. i. e. *All Things truly seem more laudable to me, that are performed without Ostentation, and without the Testimony of the People*. I had nothing to do but to preserve and to continue, which are silent and sensible Effects. Innovation is of great Lustre,

* *Cicero de Fin. Bon & Mal. lib. xi. c. 15.*

† *Cicero Tusc. Quæst. lib. ii. c. 26.*

but it is interdicted at this Time, when we are pressed upon, and have nothing to defend ourselves from but Novelties. To forbear doing, is often as generous as to do, but it is not so conspicuous; and the little Good I have in me is all almost of this kind. In fine, Occasions in this Employment of mine, have been consistent with my Humour, and I thank them for it. Is there any one who desires to be sick for the sake of seeing his Physician employed? And should not that Physician be whipped, who wished the Plague amongst us, that he might put his Art in practice? I was never of that wicked Humour, though common enough, to desire that the Trouble and Disorders of this City should set off and do honour to my Government; I heartily contributed all I could to their Tranquility and Ease. He who will not thank me for the Order, the sweet and silent Calm that accompanied my Administration, cannot however deprive me of the Share of it that belongs to me by the Title of ~~my~~ good Fortune. And I am of such a Composition, that I would as willingly be happy as wise; and had rather owe my Successes purely to the Favour of Almighty God, than to any Operation of my own. I had sufficiently published to the World my Unfitness for such publick Offices; but I have something in me yet worse than Incapacity; which is, that I am not much displeased at it, and that I do not much go about to cure it, considering the Course of Life that I have proposed to myself. Neither have I satisfied myself in this Employment, but I have very near arrived at what I promised myself from my own Performance, and have yet much surpassed what I promised them with whom I had to do: For I am apt to promise something less than what I am able to do, and than what I hope to make good. I assure myself that I have left no Impressions of Offence or Hatred behind me, and to leave a Regret or Desire of me amongst them. I at least know very well that I did never much affect it.

—mène buic confidere monstro,
Mène salis placidi vultum, fluctusque quietos
*Ignorare * ?*

Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous Deep !
 Her Harlot Smiles shall I believe again,
 And oft betray'd, not know the Monster Main !

C H A P. XI.

Of Cripples.

*The Year cut
 ten Days
 shorter.*

IT is now two or three Years ago that they made the Year ten Days shorter in France. How many Changes may we expect to follow this Reformation ? This was properly removing Heaven and Earth at once; and yet nothing stirs from its Place : My Neighbours still find their Seasons of sowing and reaping, and of trading, together with the lucky and unlucky Days, just at the same Instant, where they had time out of mind assigned them. There was no Error perceived in our old Usage, nor is there Amendment found in the new. So great an Incertainty there is throughout; so gross, obscure and dull is our Perception ! It is said, that this Regulation might have been carried on with less Inconvenience, by subtracting for some Years, according to the Example of *Augustus*, the Biffextile, which is upon the whole a Day of Hindrance and Confusion, till we had exactly satisfied that Debt; which is not performed neither by this Correction, and we yet remain some Days in Arrear : And surely by the same means Care might be taken for the future, by ordering, That after the Revolution of such a Year, or such a Number of Years, this supernumerary Day might be always eclipsed, so that we could not
 hence-

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. v. ver. 849.*

henceforward exceed above four-and-twenty Hours in our misreckoning. We have no other Account of Time but Years; the World has for many Ages made use of that only, and yet it is a Measure that to this day we have not fixed upon; such an one, that we still doubt what Form other Nations have variously given to it, and what was the true Use of it. What does this Saying of some mean, *That the Heavens, in growing old, press nearer towards us, and put us to an Uncertainty even of Hours and Days?* And that which *Plutarch* says of the Months, *That Astrology had not, in his time, determined the Motion of the Moon?* So, what a fine Condition are we in to keep Records of Things past!

I was just now ruminating, as I often do, what a free and roving Thing human Reason is. I ordinarily see, that Men, in Things proposed to them, are more curious to find out the Reason of a Thing, than to find out the Truth of it. They slip over Presuppositions, but nicely examine Consequences. They leave the Things and fly to the Causes. Pleasant Disputants! The

The Vanity of the human Understanding, which often seeks for the Causes of a Fact, before there is a Certainty of such Fact.

Knowledge of Causes does only concern him who has the Conduct of Things, not us, who are only to undergo them, and who have a full and compleat Use of them according to our need, without penetrating into their Original and Essence. Neither is Wine more pleasant to him that knows its first Qualities. On the contrary, both the Body and Soul alter and interrupt the Right they have of the Use of the World, and of themselves, by mixing with it the Opinion of Learning. Effects concern us, but the Means not at all. To determine and to distribute appertain to the Superior and the Governor, as it does to the Subject and the Learner to accept it. Let me resume our Custom. They commonly begin thus: *How is such a Thing done?* Whereas they should say, *Is such a Thing done?* By our Talk we are able to create an hundred other Worlds, and to find out the Beginnings and Contexture; it needs neither Matter nor Foundation. Let the Tongue
run,

run, it builds as well in a Vacuum as on the Earth; and with Inanity as well as Matter.

Dare pondus idonea fumo *.

And can give Weight to Smoke.

I find, that almost throughout we should say, *There is no such Thing*; and should myself oft make use of this Answer, but I dare not; for they cry, *It is a Defect produced from Ignorance and Weakness of Understanding*. And I am forced, for the most part, to play the Impertinent for Company, and to prate of frivolous and idle Subjects, which I believe ne'er a Word of. Besides that, in truth, it is a little rude and quarrelsome, flatly to deny a Proposition; and there are few People but will affirm, especially in Things hard to be believed, that they have seen them, or at least will name such Witnesses whose Authority stops our Contradiction. By this means we know the Foundations and Means of a thousand Things that never were; and the World scolds about a thousand Questions, of which the *pro* and *con* are both false. *Ita finitima sunt falsa veris, ut in præcipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere* †. i. e. *False Things are so like the true, that a wise Man should not trust himself upon the Precipice*. Truth and Lies have the same Aspect, their Port, Taste and Paces, are the same, and we look upon them with the same Eye. I find that we are not only remiss in defending ourselves from Deceit, but we seek and offer ourselves to be gulled; we love to entangle ourselves in Vanity, as a Thing conformable to our Being.

*What Credit
false Miracles
have gained
in the World.*

I have seen the Birth of many Miracles of my Time, which although they were still born, yet have we not failed to foresee what they would have come to, had they lived. It is but finding the end of the Clue, and a Man may wind off as much as he will; and there is a greater Distance

* *Perfius* Sat. v. ver. 20. † *Cicero* Quæst. Acad. lib. iv. c. 21.

Nothing, and the minutest thing in the World, than
betwixt that and the greatest. Now, the first that
stured with this Beginning of Novelty, when they set
ir History, find, by the Opposition they meet with,
the Difficulty of Persuasion lies, and caulk that Place
ome false Piece. Besides that, *Infita hominibus libi-*
ndi de industria rumores, Men having a natural Lust
agate Reports, we naturally make a Conscience of re-
what has been lent us, without some Usury and
on of our own Invention. Private Error first
public Error; and afterwards, in turn, public Er-
ises a particular one; Thus all this Fabric rises by
work from hand to hand, so that the remotest Wit-
nows more than those that are nearest; and the last
ed is more certain than the first. 'Tis a na-
'rogress: For whoever believes any thing, thinks
Work of Charity to persuade another into the
Opinion. Which the better to do, he will make
fficulty of adding as much of his own Inven-
s he conceives necessary to obviate the Resistance or
of Conception he supposes in others. I myself,
ake a particular Conscience of Lying, and am not
licitous of gaining Credit and Authority to what I
do yet find, that in the Arguments I have in hand,
warned with the Opposition of another, or by the
Heat of my own Narration, I swell and puff up my
t by Voice, Motion, Vigour and Force of Words;
oreover by Extention and Amplification; not with-
rejudice to the naked Truth: But I do it on Condi-
vertheless, that to the first who brings me to Recol-
and who asks me the plain and real Truth, I
tly surrender, and deliver it to him without Exag-
on, without Emphasis, or Interlarding of my own.
ck and earnest Way of Speaking, as mine is, is apt
into Hyperbole. There is nothing to which Men
only are more inclined, than to give way to their own
ons. Where the ordinary Means fail us, we add
mand and Force, Fire and Sword. 'Tis a Misfor-
to be at that pass, that the best Touchstone of the
s, must be the Multitude of Believers, in a Crowd,
L. III. Y where

where the Number of Fools so much exceeds the Wise. *Quasi vero quidquam sit tam valde, quam nihil sapere, vulgare. Sanitatis patrociniū est, insanientium turba* *. i. e. *As if any thing were so common as Ignorance. The Mob of Fools is a Protection to the Wise.* 'Tis hard for a Man to form his Judgment against the common Opinions. The first Persuasion taken of the very Subject itself, possesses the Simple, and from that it spreads to the Wise, by the Authority of the Number and Antiquity of the Witnesses. For my part, what I should not believe from one, I should not believe from a hundred; and I do not judge of Opinions by the Years. 'Tis not long since one of our Princes, in whom the Gout had spoiled an excellent natural Genius, and sprightly Disposition, suffered himself to be so far persuaded with the Report of the wonderful Operations of a certain Priest, who by Words and Gestures cured all sorts of Diseases, as to go a long Journey to seek him out; and by the Force of his Apprehension for some time, so persuaded and laid his Legs asleep for several hours as to obtain that Service from them which they had a long time left off. Had Fortune packed together five or six such Accidents, it had been enough to have brought this Miracle into Nature. There was after this discovered so much Simplicity, and so little Art in the Architect of such Operations, that he was thought too contemptible to be punished; as would be the Case of most such Things, were they examined to the Bottom. *Miramur ex intervallo fallentia* †, i. e. *We admire at Things that deceive by their Distance.* So does our Sight oft represent to us strange Images at distance, that vanish in approaching them near. *Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur* ‡, i. e. *Fame never reports Things in their true Light.*

* Cicero de div. lib. ii. c. 39. Item Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib. vi. c. 10.
 † Senec. Ep. 118. ‡ Qu. Curtius lib. 9. c. 2.

'Tis to be wondered at, from how many idle Beginnings and frivolous Causes such famous Impressions commonly proceed. This it is that obstructs the Information; for whilst we seek out the Causes, and the great and weighty Ends, worthy of so great a Name, we lose the true ones. They escape our Sight by their Littleness: And, in truth, a prudent, diligent and subtle Enquirer is necessary in such Searches; one who is indifferent and not prepossessed.

How it comes to be so difficult a matter to be convinced that a Miracle is false.

To this very Hour all these Miracles and strange Events have concealed themselves from me; I have never seen a more evident Monster or Miracle in the World than myself: A Man grows familiar with all strange Things by Time and Custom; but the more I visit, and the better I know myself, the more does my own Deformity astonish me, and the less I understand of myself.

What Montaigne thought the clearest of Miracles.

The chief Prerogative of advancing and producing such Accidents, is reserved to Fortune. Riding the other Day through a Village, about two Leagues from my House, I found the Place yet hot with the Rumour of a Miracle lately happened there, wherewith the Neighbourhood had been several Months amused, so that neighbouring Provinces began to take the Alarm, and there was a vast Concourse to it of all sorts of People. A young Fellow of the Town, had one Night counterfeited the Voice of a Spirit in his own House, without any other Design, but only for present Sport; but this having succeeded with him a little better than he expected, in order to illustrate his Farce with more Actors, he took a stupid silly Country Girl into the Scene, and at last they were three of the same Age and Understanding, who from domestic Lectures, proceeded to public Preaching, hiding themselves under the Altar of the Church, never speaking but by Night, and forbidding any Light to be brought. From Words which tended to the Conversion of the World, and Threats of the Day of Judgment (for these are Subjects under the Authority and Reverence of which Impos-

Story of a Miracle very near gaining Credit though built on a very weak Foundation.

sture does most securely lie concealed) they proceeded to Visions and Gestures, so simple and ridiculous, that nothing could hardly be so gross in the Diversion of little Children: Yet had Fortune never so little favoured the Design, who knows to what Height this Juggling might have at last arrived? These poor Devils are at present in Prison, and are like to pay for their Imposition on the Public, and I know not whether some Judge may not also make them smart for imposing on him. We see clearly in this which is discovered; but in many things of the like Nature, that exceed our Knowledge, I am of Opinion, that we ought to suspend our Judgment, and to keep it in a State as fit to reject as to receive them.

*The Foundation
of all the Im-
postures in the
World.*

Great Abuse, or, to speak more boldly, all the Abuses of the World are begot by our being taught to be afraid of professing our Ignorance, and from our being bound to accept whatever we are not able to confute. We speak of all Things by Precepts and Decision. The Stile of Rome was, that even that which a Witness deposed he had seen with his own Eyes, and what a Judge determined from his most certain Knowledge, was couched in this Form of speaking, *It seems*. They make me hate Things that are likely, when they impose them upon me for infallible. I love those Words which mollifie and moderate the Temerity of our Propositions, *Peradventure, In some Sort, some say, I think*, and the like: And had I been to train up Children, I would have so familiarised them to the interrogatory and not peremptory Way of answering, *What does this mean? I understand it not; It may be; Is it true;* that they should rather have retained the Form of Pupils at threescore Years old, than to go out Doctors at Ten, as they now do. Whoever will be cured of Ignorance, must confess it.

A kind of Ignorance much to be esteemed.

Iris is the Daughter of *Tbaumantis*; Admiration is the Foundation of all Philosophy, Inquiry the Progress, and Ignorance the End.

Nay in truth, there is a sort of Ignorance strong and generous, that yields nothing in Honour and Courage to Knowledge; an Ignorance, of which to conceive, requires

no less Knowledge than to conceive of Knowledge itself. I saw in my younger Years, a Process which *Corras* a Counsellor of *Tbolouse* put out in Print, of a strange Accident of two Men, who presented themselves the one for the other. I remember (and I hardly remember any thing so well) that he seemed to have rendered the Imposture of him whom he judged to be guilty, so wonderful, and so far exceeding both our Knowledge and his own, who was the Judge, that I thought it a very bold Sentence which condemned him to be hanged. Let us take up some Form of Arrest, that says, *The Court understands nothing of the matter*; more freely and ingenuously than the *Areopagites* did, who finding themselves perplexed with a Cause they could not unravel, ordered the Parties to appear again after an hundred Years.

The Witches of my Neighbourhood run a Hazard of their Lives, upon the Intelligence of every new Author, that gives a real Substance to their Dreams. To accommodate the Examples that Holy Writ gives us of such things, Examples that are most certain and irrefragable, and to make our modern Events of the same kind, as we neither see their Causes nor their Means, will require another sort of Wit than ours. It peradventure only appertains to that most potent Testimony, to tell us, *This is true, and that is true, and not that other*. GOD ought to be believed, and certainly with very good Reason; but not one amongst us, for all that, who is astonished at his own Narration, (and he must of Necessity be astonished, if he be not out of his Wits) whether he employ it in the Case of another, or against himself.

I am plain and blunt, and am inclined to that which is solid and more likely, avoiding those antient Reproaches, *Majorem fidem homines addibent eis quæ non intelligunt. Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obscura creduntur* *. i. e. Men are most apt to believe obscure Things and what they least understand. I see very

Whether from the Miracles reported in the sacred Scriptures any thing can be inferred in favour of such modern Events.

As to Witches Montaigne refused to determine any thing, and treated most of the Stories concerning them as Chimeras.

* Tacit. Hist. lib. i. c. 22.

well that Men are angry, and that I am forbidden to doubt upon pain of execrable Injuries. A new Way of persuading ! God forgive them. I am not to be cuffed into Belief. Let them be angry with those that accuse their Opinion of Falsity, I only accuse it of Difficulty and Boldness; and condemn the opposite Affirmation equally with them, tho' not so imperiously. He who establishes his Argument by Authority and Hectoring, discovers his Reason to be weak. For a verbal and scholastic Altercation, let them have as much Appearance as their Contradictors. *Videantur sanè, non affirmentur modò* *. i. e. *Be the Things that are advanced probable, well and good; provided they are not absolutely affirmed.* But in the real Consequence they draw from it, these have much the Advantage. To convince Men, a clear and shining Light is required. Our Life is too real and essential a Thing to warrant those supernatural and fantastick Accidents. As to Drugs and Poisons, I throw them out of my Account, as being the worst sorts of Homicide : Yet even in this, 'tis said, that Men are not always to insist upon the proper Confessions of these People; for Men have sometimes been known to accuse themselves of the Murder of Persons who have afterwards been found living and well. In these other extravagant Accusations, I should be apt to say, That it is sufficient, that a Man, what Recommendation soever he may have, be believed in human Things; but of what is beyond his Conception, and of a supernatural Effect, he ought then only to be believed, when 'tis authorized by a supernatural Approbation. The Privilege it has pleased God to give to some of our Testimonies, ought not to be lightly communicated and made cheap. I have my Ears battered with a thousand such Flim-flams as these. ' Three saw him such a Day ' in the East; three the next Day in the West; at such ' an Hour, in such a Place, and in such a Habit.' In earnest, I should not take my own Word for it. How much more natural and likely do I find it that two Men

* *Cic. Acad. Quæst. l. iv. c. 27.*

should lye, than that one Man, in twelve Hours time, should fly with the Wind from East to West? How much more natural, that our Understanding should be perverted by the Volubility of our disordered Minds, than it is that one of us should be carried, by a strange Spirit, upon a Broom-staff, Flesh and Bones, as we are, up the Shaft of a Chimney? Let us not seek Delusions that are external and unknown, we who are perpetually agitated with Delusions that are domestic and our own. Methinks a Man is pardonable in disbelieving a Miracle, as far at least as he can divert and expunge the Verification of it by no wonderful Ways. And I am of St. *Augustine's* Opinion, That 'tis better to lean towards Doubt than Assurance, in Things hard to prove, and dangerous to believe. 'Tis now some Years ago, that I travelled through the Territories of a sovereign Prince, who, in my Favour, and to abate my Incredulity, did me the Honour to let me see, in his own Presence, and in a particular Place, ten or twelve Prisoners of this Kind; and amongst others, an old Hag, a real Witch in Nastiness and Deformity, who long had been famous in that Profession. I saw both *Witch-marks*. Proofs and free Confessions, and I know not what unaccountable Mark upon this miserable old Creature: I examined and talked with her, and the rest, as much and as long as I would, and gave the utmost Attention I could; neither am I a Man to suffer my Judgment to be captivated by Prepossession; but upon the whole in my Conscience I should sooner have prescribed them *Hellebore* than *Hemlock*. *Captisque res magis mentibus, quam consceleratis similis visa* *. i. e. *The Thing seemed rather to be attributed to Madness than Malice*. Justice has Correction proper for such Maladies. As to the Oppositions and Arguments that I have met with from honest Men both there and oft in other Places, I have found none that have convinced me, and that have not admitted a more likely Solution than their Conclusions. It is true in-

* *Livius*,

deed, that as to Proofs and Reasons that are founded upon Experience and Matter of Fact, I do not unhinge them, neither have they any End. I often cut them, as *Alexander* did the *Gordion* Knot. After all, 'tis setting a Man's Conjectures up at a very high Price, to cause a Man to be roasted alive for them.

*He is induced
to think that
Witches are
crack-brained;
but does not
pretend that his
Word should be
taken for it.*

We are told by several Examples (and particularly by *Præstantius* * of his Father) that being more drowned in sleep than Men generally are, he fancied himself to be a Beast of Burthen, and that he served the Soldiers for a Sumpter-horse; and what he fancied himself to be, he really proved. If Witches dream so materially; if Dreams can sometimes so incorporate themselves in the Effects, I cannot believe that therefore our Wills should be accountable to Justice; which I say, as a Man, who am neither Judge nor Privy-Counsellor; and who think myself by many Degrees unworthy so to be, but a Man of the common Sort born, and devoted to the Obedience of the public Reason, both in his Words and Actions. He that should quote my Whimfies to the Prejudice of the most paltry Law, Opinion or Custom of his Parish, would do himself a great deal of wrong, and me much more. For in what I say, I warrant no other Certainty, but that 'tis what I had then

* After a fruitless Search to find out who were this *Præstantius* and his Father, I was informed by M. de la *Monnoye* whom nothing escapes. He referred me to the *Traict de Civitate Dei*, lib. xviii. ch. 18. where St. *Austin* reports the Fact as follows, *viz.* One *Præstantius* said, that his Father having eaten some Cheese in which there had been a Spell, slept several Days in his Bed so sound that none could awake him, till the Lethargy going off, he told the Visions he had had, *viz.* That he was turned into a Horse, and that in this Shape he had served the Soldiers for a Sumpter-horse, which says St. *Austin*, *actually happened as he related it.* The Holy Father is of Opinion, that in Cases of this sort the Devil presents to the Spectators a visionary Body which they take for a real Animal, a Horse, an As, &c. and that the Man who imagines himself to be that As or that Horse, thinks he carries a real Burden, as much as it was possible for him to fancy it in a Dream; so that if such Phantom of an Animal carries real Bodies they are the Dæmons who carry them in order to deceive Men, who then see real Bodies on the Back of a Sumpter-horse, which is a mere Phantom.

in my Thought. Confused and wavering Thought. All I say is by way of Discourse, and nothing by way of Advice. *Nec me pudet, ut istos, fateri nescire, quod nesciam* *. i. e. *Neither am I ashamed, as they are, to confess my Ignorance of what I do not know.* I should not speak so boldly, if it were my Due to be believed. And so I told a great Man, who complained of the Tartness and Contention of my Exhortations. Perceiving you to be positive on one side of the Question, I propose to you the other, with all the Care I can, to clear your Judgment, not to bind it. God has your Heart in his Hands, and will furnish you with the Choice. I am not so presumptuous as to desire that my Opinions should bias you in a Thing of so great Importance. My Fortune has not trained them up to such potent and sublime Conclusions. Truly I have not only a great many Humours, but also a great many Opinions, that I would endeavour to make my Son dislike, if I had one. Why? Even the truest are not always the most commodious to Man, he is of so wild a Composition.

Whether it be to the Purpose, or not, 'tis no great matter. 'Tis a common Proverb in *Italy*, *That he knows not all the Pleasures of Venus to Perfection, who has never lain with a Cripple.* Fortune, or some particular Accident, has long ago put this Saying into the Mouths of the People; and the same is said of the Men as well as of Women; for the Queen of the *Amazons* answered a *Scythian* who courted her to love; ἀρῖστα χολός οἰσῆ, *Lame Men perform best.* In that Feminine Republic, to evade the Dominion of the Males, they lamed them in their Infancy, in their Arms, Legs, and the other Joints that gave them Advantage over the Females, and only made use of them in that affair wherein we in these Parts of the World make use of the Sex. I should have been apt to think that the wriggling Motion of the lame Mistress added some new Pleasure to the Affair, and a certain Titillation to those who are engaged in it; but I have

Reflection on a very odd Proverb.

Lame People best at the Sport of Venus.

* *Cicero Tusc. Qu. l. i. c. 25.*

lately learnt, that ancient Philosophy has itself determined it, which says, That the Legs and Thighs of lame Persons, not receiving, by reason of their Imperfection, their due Aliment, it falls out, that the genital Parts above, are fuller, better supplied, and more vigorous. Or else, that this Defect hindering Exercise, they who suffer it are at less Expence of their Spirits, and come more entire to the Sports of *Venus*; which also is the Reason why the

Women Weavers more lustful than other Women.

Greeks decried the Women Weavers, as being more hot than other Women, by reason of the sedentary Occupation, which they have without any great Exercise of the Body.

What is it we may not reason of at this rate? I might also say of these, That this Jogging on their Seats, whilst they are at work, rouzes and provokes their Desire, as the swinging and jolting of their Coaches does that of our Ladies of Quality.

The Mind of Man forges the most chimerical Reasons.

Do not these Examples serve to make good what I said at first, That our Reasons often anticipate the Effect, and have so infinite an Extent of Jurisdiction, that they judge and exercise themselves, even in Inanity and Non-Existence? Besides, the Flexibility of our Invention to forge Reasons for all sorts of Dreams, our Imagination is equally facile to receive Impressions of Falsity, by very frivolous Appearances. For by the sole Authority of the antient and common Use of this Proverb, I have formerly made myself believe, that I have had the more Pleasure with a Woman by reason she was not strait, and accordingly reckoned that Deformity amongst her Graces.

Contrary Causes assigned to one and the same Effect.

Torquato Tasso *, in the Comparison he makes betwixt *France* and *Italy*, says, he has observed, that our Legs are generally smaller than those of the *Italian* Gentlemen: and attributes the Cause of it to our being continually on Horseback. The very Thing from which *Suetonius* † draws

* *Paragone dell' Italia alla Francia*, p. 11. *Caligula*, § 3.

† *Suetonius* in *vita*

a Conclusion that is directly opposite; for he says on the contrary, that *Germanicus* had made his Legs bigger by the Continuation of the same Exercise. Nothing is so supple and wandering as our Understanding. 'Tis like the Shoe of *Theramenes*, fit for all Feet. 'Tis *Theramenes* double and various, as are also the Subjects. Shoe.
Give me a Dram-weight of Silver, said a *Cynick* Philosopher to *Antigonus*; *that is too little for a King to give*, replied he; *Give me then a Talent*, said the other; *And that*, said the King, *is too much for a Cynick to ask* *.

*Seu plures calor ille vias, & cæca relaxat
 Spiramenta, novas veniat qua succus in herbas:
 Seu durat magis, & venas astringit hiantes,
 Ne tenues pluviæ, rapidive potentia solis
 Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat* †.

Virgil says, 'tis often proper to set Fire to the Fields, and to burn the useleſs Stubble.

Whether the Heat the gaping Ground conſtrains,
 New knits the Surface, and new ſtrings the Veins;
 Left ſoaking Showr's ſhould pierce her ſecret Seat,
 Or freezing Boreas chill her genial Heat,
 Or ſcorching Suns too violently beat.

Ogni medaglia ha il ſuo verſo ‡, i. e. Every Medal has its Reverse. This is the Reason why *Clitomachus* ſaid of old, that *Carneades* had out-done the Labours of *Hercules*, in having eradicated from the Mind of Man, its Obſtinacy and Raſhneſs of judging. This ſo ſtrong Fancy of *Carneades*, ſprung, in my Opinion, antiently from the Impudence of thoſe who made Profeſſion of Knowledge, and their unbounded Self-conceit. *Æſop* was ſet to ſale with two other Slaves; the Buyer aſked the firſt *What he*

* *Seneca de Benef. lib. ii. c. 17.*

† *Virg. Geor. lib. i. v. 89. &c.*

‡ *Cicero Acad. Quæſt. lib. iv. c. 34.*

could do ; who, to enhance his own Value, promised Mountains and Miracles, saying, *He could do this, and that, and I know not what* ; the second boasted as much of himself and more : When it came to *Æsop's* turn, and that he was also asked *What he could do* ? *Nothing*, said he, *for these two have taken up all before me ; they can do every thing*. So has it happened in the School of Philosophy. The Pride of those who attributed a Capacity for all things to human Understanding, created in others, out of Spite and Emulation, this Opinion, that it is capable of nothing. The one maintain the same Extream in Ignorance as the others do in Knowledge ; so that it is undeniable, that Man is immoderate throughout, and can never stop but from Necessity, and the Want of Ability to proceed further.

C H A P. XII.

Of Physiognomy.

We admire the Discourses of Socrates out of pure Respect to the public Approbation without discerning the true Value of them.

ALMOST all the Opinions we have are derived from Authority, and taken upon Trust ; and 'tis not amiss. We could not chuse worse than by ourselves in so weak an Age. The Representation of *Socrates* his Discourses, which his Friends have transmitted to us, we approve upon no other Account, but merely the Reverence to public Approbation. 'Tis not according to our Knowledge ; they are not after our way. If any thing of this kind should spring up now, few Men would value them. We discern not the Beauties otherwise than by certain Features, touched up, and illustrated by Art. Such as glide on in their own genuine Simplicity, easily escape so gross a Sight as ours ; they have a delicate and concealed Beauty, and it requires the clearest Sight to discover so secret a Light. Is not Simplicity, in the Sense we accept

accept it, Cousin-german to Folly, and a Quality of Reproach? *Socrates* makes his Soul move by a natural and common Motion. *A Peasant said this, A Woman said that*; he never has any thing in his Mouth, but *Carters, Joyners, Coblers and Masons*. They are Inductions and Similitudes drawn from the most common and known Actions of Men; every one understands 'em. We should never have conceived the Nobility and Splendor of his admirable Conceptions under so vile a Form; we, I say, who think all things low and flat, that are not elevated by Learning, and who discern no Riches but in Pomp and Show. This World of ours is only formed for Ostentation. Men are only pufft up with Wind, and are bandied to and fro like Tennis-Balls. This Man proposed to himself no vain Fancies; his Design was to furnish us with Precepts and Things that are really and most immediately of Service to Life.

——— *servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi* *.

To keep a Mean, his End still to observe,
And from the Laws of Nature ne'er to swerve;

He was also always one and the same, and raised himself not by Starts, but by Constitution, to the highest Pitch of Vigour; or to say better, He exalted nothing, but rather brought down and reduced all Asperities and Difficulties to their original and natural Condition, and subjected their Power: For in *Cato* 'tis most manifest, that this is a Pace extended far above the common Ways of Men. In the brave Exploits of his Life, and in his Death, we find him always mounted upon his managed Horses. Whereas this Man always skims the Ground, and with a gentle and ordinary Pace, delivers the most useful Discourses, and bears himself up through

* *Lucan. lib. ii. v. 381. 382.*

the most crabbed Difficulties that could occur in the Course of human Life even to Death.

The Character of Socrates, as 'tis given us by the most faithful and the clearest Evidence.

It has fallen out well, that the Man most worthy to be known, and to be presented to the World for Example, is he of whom we have the most certain Knowledge; for he has been tried into by the most clear-sighted Men that ever were. The Testimonies we have of him are admirable both for their Number and Credit. 'Tis a great Thing that he was able so to order the pure Imaginations of a Child, that without altering or wresting them, he has thereby produced the most beautiful Effects of a human Soul. He presents it neither elevated nor rich, he only represents it sound, but certainly with a brisk and pure Health. By these common and natural Springs, by these vulgar and ordinary Fancies, without being moved or provoked in the Business, he drew up, not only the most regular, but the most high and vigorous Beliefs, Actions and Manners that ever were. 'Tis he who brought again from Heaven, where she lost Time, human Wisdom, to restore her to Man, with whom her most just and greatest Business lies. See him plead before his Judges, do but observe by what Reasons he rouses his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience against Calumny, Tyranny, Death, and the Perverseness of his Wife: You will find nothing in all this borrowed from Art and the Sciences. The simplest may there discover their own Means and Power; 'tis not possible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great Favour in shewing how much it can do of itself.

Man incapable of Moderation even with regard to Science.

We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make use of what is another's than our own. Man can in nothing set Bounds to his Necessity. Of Pleasure, Wealth and Power, he grasps at more than he can hold; his Greediness is incapable of Moderation. And I find, that in a Curiosity of knowing he is the same; he cuts himself out more Work than he can do, and more than he needs

to do: Extending the Utility of Knowledge as far as the Matter. *Ut omnium rerum, sic literarum quoque, intemperantia laboramus* *. i. e. *As of every thing else, we are intemperate in the Pursuit of Learning.* And Tacitus had reason to commend the Mother † of *Agricola*, for having restrained her Son in his too violent Appetite for Learning.

'Tis a Good, if duly considered, which has in it, as the other Goods of Men have, a great deal of Vanity, and of proper and natural Weakness, and which costs very dear; the Acquisition of it is more hazardous, than that of all other Sustenance. For in other things, what we have bought, we carry home in some Vessel, and there have Liberty to examine the Worth of it, how much and at what time we shall take it; but the Sciences we can bestow into no other Vessel than the Soul; we swallow them in buying, and return from the Market, either already infected, or amended. There are such sorts as only burthen and clog us instead of nourishing; and moreover, some that, under colour of curing, poison us. I have been pleased, in places where I have been, to see Men through Devotion make a Vow of Ignorance as well as Chastity, Poverty and Penitence. 'Tis as it were a gelding of our unruly Appetites to blunt this Curiosity that spurs us on to the Study of Books; and to deprive the Soul of this voluptuous Complacency, that tickles us thro' our Opinion of Knowledge. And 'tis plenarily to accomplish the Vow of Poverty to add unto it that also of the Mind. We need not be taught to live at our ease. And *Socrates* tells us, that the Way how to attain to it, and the Manner how to use it, are in our Power. All this Sufficiency of ours, which exceeds the natural, is little better than superfluous and vain. 'Tis much if it does not more cumber and plague us than do us good. *Paucis opus est literis ad mentem bonam* ‡. i. e. *A Man of a good Disposition, has little need of Learning.* 'Tis a feverish Excess of the Mind; a turbulent and restless Tool. Do but

Learning is a dangerous Acquisition. That which is of absolute Use is in us by Nature.

* *Senec. Epist. 106.*

† *Tacit. in the Life of Jul. Agricola, § 4.*

‡ *Senec. Epist. 106.*

look into yourself, and you will find there such natural Arguments against Death, as are true, and the most proper to serve you in Necessity. They are such as make a Peasant, and an intire People die with as much Constancy as a Philosopher. Should I have died less chearfully before I had read *Cicero's Tusculanes*? I believe not. And when I consider seriously, I perceive that my Language is enriched indeed, but my Courage little or nothing. It is just as Nature forged it, and in any Conflict, only defends itself in a natural and ordinary Way. Books have not so much served me for Instruction as for Exercise. What if Learning, trying to arm us with new Defences against natural Inconveniences, has more imprinted in our Fancies the Weight and Greatness of 'em, than its Reasons and Subtilties to secure us from them? They are Subtilties indeed, with which it oft alarms us to little Purpose. Do but observe, how many frivolous, and if nearly examined, how many immaterial Arguments the most concise and the wisest Authors scatter about one good one. They are no other than Quirks to deceive us. But forasmuch as this may be with some Profit, I will sift them no further. Enough of that sort are dispersed up and down, either by Borrowing, or by Imitation: therefore ought a Man to take a little heed, not to call that Force which is only Civility, nor that Solid which is only Sharp, or that Good which is only Fair. *Quæ magis gustata quam potata delectant* *. i. e. *Which more delight the Palate than the Stomach. Every thing that flatters does not feed. Ubi non ingenii, sed animi negotium agitur* †. i. e. *Where the Question is not about improving the Wit, but the Understanding.*

Seneca's great
Efforts in pre-
paring for his
Death.

To see the Bustle that *Seneca* makes to fortify himself against Death, to see him so sweat and pant to harden and encourage himself, and bait so long upon this Perch, would have lessened his Reputation with me, had he not very bravely maintained it to the last. His so ardent and frequent Agitations discover, that he was in himself hot and

* *Tbuse. lib. v. c. 5.* † *Sen. Epist. 75.*

impetuous. *Magnus animus remissius loquitur, et securius: Non est alius ingenio, alius animo color* *. i. e. *A great Courage speaks more indifferently and more firmly. The Mind and the Heart are of the same Livery.* He must be convinced at his own Expence. And he does in some sort discover that he was hard pressed by his Enemy.

Plutarch's Manner the more disdainful, and the more lax it is, is, in my opinion, the more manly and persuasive; I am apt to believe, that his soul had more certain and more regular Motions. The one being more sharp, pricks and makes us start, and more touches the Soul; the other being more solid, informs, establishes, and constantly supports us, and more touches the Understanding. That extorts the Judgment, this wins it. I have likewise seen other Writings yet more revered than these, which in the Representation of the Conflict they maintain against the Temptations of the Flesh, depict them so sharp, so powerful and invincible, that we ourselves, who are of the Dregs of the People, are as much to wonder at the Strangeness and unknown Force of their Temptation, as at their Resistance.

Plutarch is more loose in this point, and for that very reason more persuasive.

To what end do we so arm ourselves with these Maxims of Philosophy? Let us look down upon the poor People that we see scattered upon the Face of the Earth, wholly intent upon their Business, that neither know *Aristotle* nor *Cato*, Example nor Precept. Even from these does Nature every day extract Effects of Constancy and Patience, more pure and manly than those we so diligently study in the Schools. How many do

The Resolution of the Vulgar in facing the most fatal Accidents of Life and even Death itself, more instructive than the Lectures of the Philosophers.

I ordinarily see, who slight Poverty? How many that desire to die, or that do it without Alarm or Affliction? He that is now digging in my Garden, has this Morning buried his Father, or his Son. The very Names by which they call Diseases sweeten and mollify the Sharpness of

* *Sen. Epist.* 114. 115.

them. The Phryſick is with them but a Cough, the Bloody-flux but a Loofeneſs, a Pleuriſy but a Stitch, and as they gently name them, ſo they patiently endure them. They are grievous indeed, when they hinder their ordinary Labour; and they never keep their Beds but to die. *Simplex illa, et aperta virtus in obſcuram, et ſolertem ſcientiam verſa eſt* *. i. e. *That plain and ſimple Virtue is converted into an obſcure and cunning Knowledge.*

Montaigne's
Account of the
terrible Calamities
of the
Civil War in
which he was
involved.

I was writing this about the Time when a heavy Load of our intefſtine Troubles lay with all its Weight upon me for ſeveral Months. I had the Enemy at my Door on one ſide, and the Free-booters, worſe Enemies than they, on the other; *Non armis ſed vitiis certatur*. i. e. *I was attacked not by Force of Arms, but Fraud*; by which I was expoſed to all ſorts of military Injuries at once.

*Hoſtis adeſt dextrâ, lævâque ex parte timendus,
Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus* †.

On either Hand an Enemy alarms,
And threatens both ſides with deſtructive Arms.

A monſtrous War! Other Wars are bent againſt foreign Nations, this againſt itſelf; and preys upon and deſtroys itſelf with its own Poiſon. 'Tis of ſo malignant and ruinous a Nature, that it ruins itſelf with the reſt; and with Rage mangles and tears itſelf to pieces. We oftner ſee it waſte itſelf, than through Scarcity of any Neceſſaries, or by Force of the Enemy. All Diſcipline ſhuns it. It comes to compoſe Sedition, and is itſelf full of it; aims to chaſtiſe Diſobedience, and itſelf gives the Example; and, while employed for the Defence of the Laws, ſhares in Rebellion againſt its own. What a Condition are we in! Our very Phyſic is a Plague.

* Sen. Epiſt. 95.

† Ovid. de Ponto. l. i. Eleg. 3. v. 57. 58.

*Nôtre Mal s'empoisonne
Du secours qu'on luy donne *.*

Such is our Fate, that our Disease
Our Remedies do still increafe.

— *Exuperat magis, ægrefcitque medendo †.*

The Phyfic makes us worfe, and ficker ftill.

*Omnia fanda nefanda malo permifta furore,
Juftificam nobis mentem avertère Deorum ‡.*

Right and Wrong confounded in this War,
Have rob'd us of the Gods protecting Care.

In the Beginning of fuch popular Maladies, a Man may diftinguifh the Sound from the Sick; but when they come to continue, as ours have done, the whole Body is then infected from Head to Foot, and no part is free from Corruption. For there is no Air that Men fo greedily fuck in, that diffufes itfelf fo far, and that penetrates fo deep as that of Licentiousnefs. Our Armies only fubfift, and are kept together by the Cement of Foreigners; for of *French* there is now no conftant and regular Body of an Army to be made. What a Shame it is? there is fcarce any Difcipline but what we learn from hired Soldiers. As for our parts we conduct ourfelves not at the Difcretion of the Chief ||, but every one at his own; the General has a harder Task to perform within than he has without: The Commander alone is obliged to follow the Soldiers, to make court to them, to comply with their Humors, to obey them, and in every other regard there is nothing in the Armies but Diffolution and Licentiousnefs. It pleafes me to obferve how much Pusillanimity and Cowardice

* *Plutarch.* † *Virg. Æneid. lib. xii. ver. 46.* ‡ *Catullus Carm. 62. de nuptiis Pelei et Thetidis, v. 408.* || Here the ingenious Mr. Cotton quite miftook the Sentiment of his Author.

there is in Ambition ; by how abject and servile Ways it must arrive at its End ; but withal, it displeases me to see good and courteous Natures, and that are capable of Justice, every day corrupted in the Managery and Command of this Confusion. Long Toleration begets Habit, Habit Consent and Imitation. We had ill-contrived Souls enough, without spoiling those that were good and generous ; so that if we hold on, there will scarce remain any with whom to intrust the Weal of this State of ours, in case Fortune restore it to us.

*Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seculo,
Ne prohibete *.*—————

Stay not the Succour which we all implore,
But let this *Youth* the sinking Age restore †.

What is become of the old Precept, ** That Soldiers ought more to stand in Awe of their Chief than of their Enemy ?*

And that wonderful Example, That an Orchard being enclosed within the Precincts of a Camp of the Roman Army, was at their Decampment next Day left entire to the Owner, and not an Apple, though ripe and delicious, pulled off ? I could wish that our Youth, instead of the Time they spend in less useful Travels, and less honourable Studies, would bestow one half of that Time in being an Eye-witness of naval Exploits under some good Commander of *Malta*, and the other half in observing the Discipline of the *Turkish* Armies, which is very different from and has many Advantages over ours. One thing is, That our Soldiers are be-

An Orchard of ripe Apples enclosed within the Roman Camp, left untouched to the Possessor.

* *Virg. Geor. lib. i. v. 500.* † If I am not mistaken the Person here meant by *Montaigne* is *Henry of Bourbon*, King of *Navarre*, who succeeding to the Crown of *France* by the Death of *Henry III.* not only saved the Government, which he had assisted in the Life-time of that Prince, but rendered it more flourishing and formidable, than it had been for a long Time.

come more licentious in Expeditions, whereas theirs are more temperate, and kept more in Awe. The Thefts and Insolencies committed upon the common People, which are only punished with the Bastinado in Peace, are Capital in War. For an Egg taken in *Turkey* without paying for it, fifty Blows with a Cudgel is the settled Rate; for any thing else, how trivial soever, not necessary to Nourishment, they are impaled, or beheaded without Delay. I am astonished to read in the History of *Selim*, the most cruel Conqueror that ever was, that when he subdued *Egypt*, the beautiful Gardens about the City of *Damascus* being all open, (and in a conquered Land, where his Army encamped upon the very Place) were left untouched by the Hands of the Soldiers, because they had not received the Signal for Plunder.

But is there any Disease in a Government so important, as ought to be physicked with such a mortal Drug? *No*, says *Favonius*, *not so much as the tyrannical Usurpation of a Commonwealth.* *Plato* likewise does not consent, that a Man should violate the Peace of his Country to cure it; and by no means approves of a Reformation that disturbs and hazards all, and that is purchased at the Price of the Subject's Blood and Ruin; determining it to be the Duty of a good Patriot, in such a Case, to let all alone, and only to pray to God for his extraordinary Assistance; and the Philosopher seems to be angry with his great Friend *Bion*, for having proceeded something after another Manner. I was a *Platonick* in this Point, before I knew there had ever been such a Man as *Plato* in the World. And if this Person ought absolutely to be rejected from our Society; (he, who by the Sincerity of his Conscience, merited so much of the divine Favour as to penetrate so far into the Christian Light, thro' the universal Darkeness wherein the World was involved in his Time,) I do not think it would well become us to suffer ourselves to be instructed by a Heathen, what a great Impiety it is, not to expect from God Relief that is simply his own, and without our Co-operation. I often doubt,

Whether any thing can warrant the Commission of Violence in a Country, under pretence of correcting the Abuses of its Government.

whether, among so many Men as tamper in such Affairs, there is not to be found some one of so weak Understanding as to have been really persuaded that he went towards Reformation by the worst of Deformations, and advanced towards his Salvation by the most express Causes which we know of most assured Damnation; that by overthrowing Government, Magistracy, and the Laws, in whose Protection God has placed him, by inspiring fraternal Minds with Hatred, and Parricide, and by calling Devils and Furies to his aid, he can assist the sacred Lenity and Justice of the divine Law. Ambition, Avarice, Cruelty and Revenge, have not sufficient natural Impetuosity; though we gloss them with the glorious Titles of Justice and Devotion. There cannot a worse State of things be imagined, than where Wickedness comes to be legitimate, and with the Magistrate's Permission, puts on the Cloak of Virtue. *Nihil in speciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi deorum numen prætenditur sceleribus* *. i. e. *Nothing has a more deceiving Face than a false Religion, where Wickedness is cloaked with the Name of the Gods.* The extremest sort of Injustice, according to *Plato*, is, when that which is unjust is reputed for just.

The Pillage to which Montaigne was exposed on both sides.

The common People at that time suffered thereby very much, not present Damages only,

—undique totis
Usque adeò turbatur agris †,—

So great is the Disturbance all over the Country.

but future too. The Living were to suffer, and so were they who were yet unborn. They were robbed, as I was consequently, even of Hopes; taking from them all they had, and robbed of the store laid up to live on for many Years.

* *Tit. Livius*, lib. xxxix. c. 16.

† *Virgil. Eleg. lib. i. ver. 11.*

*Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,
Et cremat insontes turba scelestæ casæ.
Muris nulla fides, squallent populatibus agri **,

What they can't carry off they spoil and spurn,
And the rude Rabble harmless Houses burn;
Walls can't secure their Masters, and the Field
Thro' woful Waste does a vile Prospect yield.

Besides this Shock I suffered others. I underwent the Inconveniencies that Moderation brings along with it in such Diseases. I was pilled on all hands, to the Gibelin I was a Guelph, and to the Guelph a Gibelin; some one of the Poets in my Study expresses this very well, but I know not where it is. The Situation of my House, and my Acquaintance with my Neighbours, presented me with one Face; my Life and my Actions with another. They did not form Accusations against me, for they had no Fault to find. I never break the Laws, and who ever would have questioned me, would have done himself a greater Prejudice than me. They were only Suspicions that were whispered about, which never want Appearance in so confused a Mixture, no more than envious or weak Brains. I commonly myself lend a Hand to the injurious Presumptions that Fortune scatters abroad against me, by a way I have ever had of evading to justify, excuse, and explain myself, conceiving that it were to refer my Conscience to Arbitration, to plead in its behalf; *Perspicuitas enim argumentatione elevatur* †. i. e. *For the Perspicuity of a Cause is clouded by Argumentation.* And, as if every one saw as clearly into me as I do myself, instead of retiring from an Accusation, I advance to meet it, and rather aggravate it by an ironical and scoffing Confession, if I do not totally despise it, as a thing not worth my Answer. But such as look upon this kind of Behaviour of mine as

* *Ovid. Tri. lib. iii. El. 10, v. 65,*
lib. iii. c. 4.

† *Cicero de Nat. Deorum-*

too haughty a Confidence, have as little Kindness for me as they who interpret it to be the Weakness of an indefensible Cause; namely, the Great ones, towards whom Want of Submission is a very great Fault; they being rude to all Justice that knows and feels itself, and is not submissive, humble and suppliant. I have oft knocked my Head against this Pillar. So it is, that at what then befel me an ambitious Man would have hanged himself, and a covetous one would have done the same. I have no manner of Care of getting.

*Sit mihi, quod nunc est, etiam minus, ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dî *.*

I only pray, that small Estate which I
Now have, may tarry with me till I die,
And those few Days which I have yet to live
(If Heav'n to me more Days will please to give),
I may enjoy myself.

But the Losses that have befallen me by the Injury of others, whether by Theft or Violence, go as near to my Heart almost, as they would do to that of a Man that was sick and tortured with Avarice. The Offence is, without Comparison, more bitter than the Loss. A thousand several sorts of Mischiefs fell upon me one after another, which I could better have born all at once.

*How he bore
his Misfortune.* I have already been considering to whom amongst my Friends I might commit a helpless and decrepit old Age; and having turned my Eyes quite round, I found myself destitute. When a Man falls at once from so great an Height, it ought to be in the Arms of a solid, vigorous and fortunate Friendship. Such are very rare, if there be any. At last I concluded that it was safest for me to trust to myself in my

* *Hor. lib. i. Epist. 18. v. 107.*

greatest Necessity ; and if it should so fall out, that I should be but upon cold Terms in Fortune's Favour, I should the more strenuously recommend me to my own, and look the better to myself. Men on all Occasions throw themselves upon foreign Assistances to spare their own, which are the only certain and sufficient Aids they can arm themselves with. Every one runs elsewhere, and to the future, forasmuch as no one is arrived at himself. And I was satisfied, that they were profitable Inconveniencies, forasmuch as in the first place ill Scholars are to be admonished with the Rod, when Reason will not do, as a crooked piece of Wood is made strait by Fire and and Straining. I have a great while preached to myself to stick close to my own Concerns, and separate myself from the Affairs of others ; yet I am still turning my Eyes aside. A Bow, a kind Word, or Look from a great Person tempts me ; of which God knows how little Scarcity there is in these Days, and what they signify. I moreover, without wrinkling my Forehead, hearken to the Persuasions offered me, to draw me into some place of Traffick, and so gently refuse it, as if I were half willing to be overcome. Now so untractable a Spirit must be roughly treated, and this Vessel which thus chops and cleaves, and is ready to fall in pieces, must have the Hoops forced down with good sound Stroaks of a Mallet. *Secondly*, this Accident served me for Exercise to prepare me for worse, if I, who both by the Favour of Fortune, and by the Condition of my Manners, hoped to be the last, should happen to be one of the first overtaken with this Storm ; instructing myself betimes, to restrain my Way of Life, and fit it for a new State. True Liberty is to be able to do what a Man will with himself. *Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate* *. i. e. *He is most potent, who has himself in his own Power*. In an ordinary and quiet Time, a Man is prepared for moderate and common Accidents ; but in the Confusion wherein we have been for these thirty Years, every *Frenchman*, whether in

* *Senec. Ep. 75.*

particular or in general, sees himself every Hour upon the Point of the total Ruin of his Fortune. By so much the more ought he to have his Courage armed with the strongest and most vigorous Provision. We are obliged to Fortune, that we do not live in an effeminate, idle and languishing Age : Some, who could never have been so by other means, will be made famous by their Misfortunes. As I seldom read in Histories the Confusions of other States, without regret that I was not present, the better to consider them, so does my Curiosity make me in some sort please myself with seeing with my own Eyes this notable Spectacle of our public Death, its Form and Symptoms ; and, since I could not retard it, am content to be destined to assist in it, and thereby to instruct myself. Thus do we manifestly covet to see, even in Shadow, and the Fables of Theatres, the Tragic Representations of human Fortune. 'Tis not without Compassion of what we hear ; but we please ourselves in having our Resentment roused by the Rarity of such lamentable Events. Nothing tickles that does not pinch ; and good Historians skip over calm Narrations, as a stagnant Water and dead Sea, to be again upon the Narrative of Wars and Seditions, which they know are most acceptable to the Readers. I question whether or no I can handsomely confess at how mean a Purchase of Repose and Tranquility, I have spent above half of my Life in the Ruin of my Country. I am too patient of Accidents that touch my Property, and don't so much regard what they take from me, as what remains safe, both at home and abroad. There is Comfort in escaping, one while one, another while another, of those Evils that are levelled at me too in the Consequence, but at present reach only to others about us ; as also, that in matters of public Interest, the more universally my Affection is extended, the weaker it is. To which may be added, that it is but too true. *Tantum ex publicis malis sentimus, quantum ad privatas res pertinent.* i. e. *We are only so far sensible of public Evils, as they respect our private Affairs.* And that the Health which we have lost was such, that itself is some Comfort for the Regret we ought to have. It was Health, but not so much in Comparison

parison with the Sickness that has succeeded it. We are not fallen from any great Height. The Corruption and Thievery which are in Dignity and Office, seem to me more insupportable. We don't take it so ill to be rifled in a Wood as in a place of Security. It was an universal Juncture of particular Members, corrupted in spite of one another, and the most of them with inveterate Ulcers that neither required nor admitted of any Cure. This Shock therefore did really more animate than press me, by the Assistance of my Conscience, which was not only at Peace within itself, but elevated, and I did not find any reason to complain of myself. Also, as God never sends Evils any more than Goods, absolutely unmixed, my Health continued at that time longer than usual; and, as I can do nothing without it, there are few Things that I cannot do with it. It afforded me means to rouse up all my Faculties, and to lay my Hand before the Wound, that would else perhaps have spread farther, and in my Patience, I experienced, that I had made a stand against Fortune; and that it must be a great Shock could throw me out of the Saddle. I do not say this to provoke her to attack me with more Vigour; I am her humble Servant, and beg her Pardon. Let her be satisfied in God's Name. Am I not sensible of her Assaults? Yes, certainly I am. But, as those who are possessed and oppressed with Sorrow, may sometimes suffer themselves nevertheless by Intervals to taste a little Pleasure, and are sometimes seen to smile, so have I so much Power over myself, as to make my ordinary Condition quiet, and free from anxious Thoughts; but I suffer myself however by Fits to be surprized with the Stings of those unpleasing Imaginations that assault me, whilst I am arming myself to drive them away, or at least to wrestle with them.

But the worst Evil which befel me after all was this; I was both without doors and within assaulted with a violent Plague beyond all others: For, as sound Constitutions are subject to the most grievous Maladies, so much as they are not to be forced but by such, so my very healthful Air,

A genuine Account of a fatal Plague that happened at that time in the Country where Montaigne lived.

where

where no Contagion, tho' very near, in the Memory of Man, could ever take footing, happening to be corrupted, produced strange Effects.

*Mista senum, et juvenum densantur funera, nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit *.*

Both Age and Youth promiscuous crowd the Tomb,
No mortal Head can shun th'impending Doom.

I had this pleasant Condition to mortify me, that the Sight of my House was frightful to me. Whatever I had there was without Guard, and abandoned to the Mercy of every one. I, who am of so hospitable a Nature, was myself in very great Distress for a Retreat for my Family; a distracted Family, frightful both to its Friends and itself, and filling every Place with Horror where it attempted to settle; being to shift its abode as soon as any ones Finger began but to ake. All Diseases are at such a time concluded to be the Plague, and People do not give themselves Leisure to examine them. And the best on't is, that, according to the Rules of Art, in every Danger that a Man comes near, he must undergo a Quarantine, in extreme Dread of such Distemper; your Imagination all that while tormenting you at pleasure, and turning your Health itself into a Fever; yet would not all this have gone very near to my Heart, had I not sympathised with others Sufferings, and been forced to serve fix wretched Months together as a Guide to this Caravan: For I carry my Antidotes within myself, which are Resolution and Patience. The Apprehension, which is particularly dreaded in this Disease, does little trouble me. And if, I had chose to have caught it when alone, my Flight had been more sprightly and farther off. 'Tis a kind of Death, which I do not think of the worst Sort; 'tis usually short, stupid, without Pain, and consoled by the Consideration

* *Horace*, lib. i, Ode 28. v. 19.

that 'tis the Lot of the Public; a Death without Ceremony, without Mourning, and without a Crowd. But as to the People about us, the hundredth Part of them could not be saved.

—*videas desertaque regna*
*Pastorum, et longè saltus latèque vacantes **.

Deserted Realms now may'st thou see of Swains,
 And every where forsaken Groves and Plains.

In this place my best Revenue is manual. What an hundred Men plowed for me lay a long time fallow.

But then what Example of Resolution did we not see in the Simplicity of all this People? Every one generally renounced all Care of Life. The Grapes, the principal Revenue of the Country, were left hanging in Clusters upon the Vines; every one indifferently preparing for, and expecting Death, either to Night or Tomorrow, with a Countenance and Voice so far from Fear, as if they had contracted with Death in this Necessity, and that it had been an universal and inevitable Sentence. 'Tis always such. But how few have the Resolution of Dying? The Distance and Difference of a few Hours, and the sole Consideration of Company, renders the Apprehension of it various to us. Do but observe these; by reason that they die in the same Month, Children, young People and old, they are no longer astonished at it, they lament no more. I saw some who were afraid of staying behind, as in a dreadful Solitude, and seldom observed any other Anxiety amongst them, than for their Enterment; they were troubled to see the dead Bodies scattered about the Fields at the Mercy of Beasts, which presently began to flock about them. How differing are

*The Fortitude
 of the common
 People in this
 general Desolation.*

* *Virgil. Geor. lib. iii. v. 476.*

*Sepulture of
the Neorites.*

the Fancies of Men! The *Neorites*, a Nation subjected by *Alexander*, threw the Bodies of their Dead into the darkest parts of their Woods, to be devoured there; accounting that the only happy Sepulture. Some, while they were in Health, digged their own Graves, and others laid them down in them whilst alive; and a Labourer of mine, in Dying, with his Hands and Feet drew the Earth upon him. Was not this tucking himself up to sleep at his Ease? A Bravery, in Roman Soldiers suffocated with their own Hands after the Battle of Cannæ. some fort, like that of the *Roman* Soldiers, who after the Battle of *Cannæ*, were found suffocated with their Heads thrust into Holes in the Earth, which they had made with their own Hands. In short, a whole Nation by Ufance was brought to a Discipline nothing inferior in Sturdiness to any studied and premeditated Resolution.

*Whether in the
Calamities of
Life we de-
rive any great
Advantages
from the In-
structions of
Science.*

Most of the Instructions of Science, to encourage us, have in them more of Shew than of Force, and of Ornament than Profit. We have abandoned Nature, and will teach her what to do; her who did so happily and so securely conduct us. And in the meantime, from the foot-steps of her Instructions, and that little, which by the Benefit of Ignorance, remains of her Image imprinted in the Life of this rustic Rout of unpolished Men, Science is constrained every day to borrow, to set a Pattern, for her Disciples, of Contancy, Tranquillity and Innocence. 'Tis pretty to see, that these which are full of so much fine Knowledge, should imitate this foolish Simplicity, and that in the most principal Acts of Virtue; and that our Wisdom must learn, even from the Beasts, the most profitable Instructions in the greatest and most necessary Concerns of human Life: As, how we are to live and die, manage our Fortunes, love and bring up our Children, and to maintain Justice. A singular Testimony of human Infirmary, and that this Reason we so handle at our Pleasure, finding evermore some Diversity and Novelty, leaves with us no apparent Trace of Nature. Men have made such use of it, as Perfumers do
of

of Oil; they have sophisticated it with so many Argumentations and far-fetched Discourses, that it is thereby become variable, and particular to every one of them, and has lost its proper, constant and universal Face. And we must seek Evidence of it from Beasts, not subject to ~~Favour~~, Corruption, nor Diversity of Opinions. For it is indeed true, that even they themselves do not always go exactly in the Path of Nature, but where they swerve from it, 'tis so little, that you may always see the Track; as Horses that are led make several Bounds and Curvetts, but 'tis always at the length of the Halter, and they still follow him that leads them; and as a Hawk takes his Flight, but still under the Restraint of his Cryance. *Exilia, Tormenta, Bella, Morbos, Naufragia meditare, ut nullo sis malo Tyro* *. i. e. *Expect Banishments, Tortures, Wars, Diseases and Shipwrecks, that thou may'st not be surprized by any Disaster*. What good will this Curiosity do us, to anticipate all the Inconveniencies of human Nature, and to prepare ourselves, with so much Trouble, to meet even Things which peradventure will never befall us? (*Parem passis tristitiam facit, pati posse* †. i. e. *It troubles Men as much that they may possibly suffer, as if they really did*. Not only the Blow, but the Crack of the Whip strikes us. Or like People in a Fever, for 'tis certainly a Fever, to go immediately and scourge yourself, because it may fall out, that Fortune may one day make you undergo the Lash; and to put on your furred-gown at Midsummer, because you will stand in need of it at Christmas? Throw yourselves, say they, into the Experience of all the Evils, nay the worst that can possibly befall you; make the Tryal and there stand fast. On the contrary, the most easy, and most natural Way would be to banish even the Thoughts of them. They will not come soon enough, their true Existence does not continue with us long enough, we must lengthen and extend them in Thought; we must incorporate them in us before-hand, and there entertain them, as if they would not otherwise make a reasonable

* Sen. Epist, 91. et 107.

† Sen. Epist. 74.

Impression upon our Senses. We shall find them heavy enough when they come, (says one of the Leaders, not one of the tender, but of the most severe Sects) in the mean time favour thyself, believe what pleases thee best *. What good will it do thee to bespeak and anticipate thy ill Fortune, to lose the present for fear of the future; and to make thyself at this Instant miserable, because thou art to be so in time? These are his Words. Learning indeed readily does us one good Office, in instructing us exactly in the Dimension of Evils.

Curis acuens mortalia corda †.

Whetting human Minds with needful Care.

*Twere pity that any part of their Bulk should escape our Sense and Knowledge.

Of what Use is Preparation for Death. 'Tis certain, that, for the most part, Preparation for Death has administred more Torment than the Thing itself. It was of old truly said, and by a very judicious Author, *Minus afficit sensus fatigatio, quam cogitatio †.* i. e. *Suffering itself does less afflict the Senses, than the Apprehension of Suffering.* The Thought of present Death does sometimes of itself animate us with a prompt Resolution no longer to shun a Thing that is utterly inevitable. Several Gladiators have been known formerly, who, after having fought timorously, have courageously entertained Death, offering their Throats to the Enemies Sword, and bidding them dispatch. The remote Sight of future Death requires a Courage that is slow, and consequently hard to attain to. If you know not how to die, never trouble yourself; Nature will fully instruct you upon the Spot, she will exactly do that Business for you, take you no Care :

* Seneca Ep. 13. & 98.

† Seneca.

† Virgil. Geo. lib. i. v. 123.

*Incertain frustra mortales funeris horam.
 Quæritis, et qua sit mors aditura via:
 Pœna minor certam subito perferre ruinam,
 Quod timeas, gravius sustinuisse diu *.*

Mortals, in vain's your Curiosity
 To know the Hour and Death that you must die;
 Better your Fate strike with a sudden Blow,
 Than that you long should what you fear foreknow.

We trouble Life by the Care of Death, and Death by the Care of Life. The one vexes, the other frights us. 'Tis not against Death that we prepare, that is too momentary a thing; a quarter of an Hour's Suffering, without Consequence and without Nuisance, does not deserve particular Precepts. To say truth, we prepare ourselves against the Preparations of Death. Philosophy enjoins, that we should always have Death before our Eyes, to foresee and consider it before the Time; and then gives us Rules and Precautions to provide that this Foresight and Thought do us no harm; Just so do Physicians, who throw us into Diseases, to the end they may have a Subject for their Drugs and their Art. If we have not known how to live, 'tis Injustice to teach us to die, and to make the End different from the rest of the Life. If we have known how to live consistently and quietly, we shall know how to die so too. They may boast as much as they please, *Tota Philosophorum vita, commentatio mortis est* †. i. e. *That the whole Life of a Philosopher is the Meditation of Death.* But I fancy, that tho' it be the End, 'tis not the Aim of Life. 'Tis it's End, it's Extremity, but nevertheless not it's Object.

* Propertius, lib. ii. Eleg. 27. v. 1. 2.

† Cicero Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. c. 30.

*The true Aim
of Life.*

It ought to be to itself its own Aim and Design; it's true Study is to order, govern and suffer itself. In the Number of many other Offices, which the general and principal Chapter of knowing how to live comprehends, is the Article of knowing how to die; and did not our Fears give it weight, one of the lightest too.

*Simple Nature
disposes us to die
with a better
Grace than did
Aristotle, &c.*

To judge of them by the Utility, and by the naked Truth, the Lessons of Simplicity are not much inferior to those which Learning teaches to the contrary. Men are differing in Sentiment and Force, we must lead them to their own Good, according to their Capacities, and by various Ways:

*Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes *.*

For as the Tempest drives, I shape my Course.

I never saw any Countryman of my Neighbours enter into the Thought of what Countenance and Assurance he should pass over this last Hour with; Nature teaches him not to dream of Death till he is dying; and then he does it with a better Grace than *Aristotle*, upon whom Death presses with a double Weight, both of itself, and by so long a Premeditation of it. Therefore it was the Opinion of *Cæsar*, That the Death which was the least thought of beforehand, was the easiest and the most happy. *Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est* †. i. e. *He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary*. The Bitterness of this Imagination springs from our Curiosity. Thus do we ever hinder ourselves, desiring to anticipate and over rule natural Prescriptions. 'Tis only the learned Doctors who dine worst, when in the best Health, and knit their Brows at the Image of Death. The common Sort stand in need of no Remedy or Consolation, but just in the Shock, and when the Blow comes;

* *Hor. lib. i, Epist. 1. ver. 15.*

† *Senec. Epist. 88.*

and think no more of the matter than just what they endure. Is it not then, as we say, that the Stupidity and Want of Apprehension in the Vulgar gives them this Patience in present Evils, and this profound Thoughtlessness of future sinister Accidents? Are their Understandings, by being more gross and dull, less to be penetrated and moved? If it be so, let us henceforth, for God's sake, recommend Stupidity, which so gently leads its Disciples to the last Favour we are promised from Learning.

We have no Want of good Masters, who are Interpreters of natural Simplicity. *Socrates* shall be one: For, as I remember, he speaks something to this Purpose, to the Judges who sat upon his Life. *I am afraid (Gentlemen,) that if I intreat you not to put me to Death, I shall involve myself in the Charge of my Accusers, which is, That I pretend to be wiser than others, as having some more secret Knowledge of Things that are above and below us. I know very well, that I have neither been familiar nor acquainted with Death, nor have ever seen any Person that has tried its Qualities, from whom to inform myself. Such as fear it presuppose they know it; as for my part, I neither know what it is, nor what is done in the other World. Death is peradventure, an indifferent Thing: peradventure, a Thing to be desired. 'Tis nevertheless to be believed, if it be a Transmigration from one Place to another, that it is a Bettering of ones Condition, to go live with so many great Persons deceased, and to be exempt from having any more to do with unjust and corrupt Judges: If it be an Annihilation of our Being, 'tis yet a Bettering of ones Condition, to enter into a long and peaceable Night. We find nothing more sweet in Life than a quiet Repose, and a profound Sleep without Dreams. The Things that I know to be evil, such as to offend one's Neighbour, and to disobey one's Superior, whether it be God or Man, I carefully avoid: Such as I do not know whether they be good or evil, I cannot fear them. If I go hence to die, and leave you alive, the Gods only know whether it will go better either with you or me; wherefore, as to what concerns me, you may do as you shall think fit; but, according to my Me-*

*Socrates's
Pleadings in
Plato, where
we are taught
both by his
Doctrine and
Example to fol-
low Nature
purely and
simply.*

thod of giving just and wholesome Advice, I do affirm, That you will do your Consciences more Right to set me at Liberty, unless you see further into my Cause than I do myself. And judging according to my past Actions, both public and private, according to my Intentions, and according to the Profit that so many of my Fellow-Citizens, both old and young, daily reap from my Conversation, and the Good I do to you all, you cannot duly acquit yourselves towards my Merit, but by ordering, that, my Poverty considered, I should be maintained in the Prytaneum *, at the public Expence; a Thing that I have often known you with less Reason grant to others. Do not impute it to Obstinacy or Disdain, that I do not, according to the Custom, supplicate, and endeavour to move you to Compassion. I have both Friends and Kindred; not being (as Homer says) begotten of a Block or of a Stone, any more than others, that are able to present themselves before you in Tears and Mourning, and I have three desolate Children to move you to Pity. But I should do a Shame to your City, at the Age I am, and in the Reputation of Wisdom wherein I now stand, to appear in such an abject Form. What would Men say of the other Athenians? I have always admonished those who have frequented my Lectures, not to redeem their Lives by an indecent Action; and in the Wars of my Country, at Amphipolis, Potidea, Delia, and other Expeditions where I have been, I have effectually manifested how far I was from securing my Safety by my Shame. I should moreover endanger your Duty, and should tempt you to unbandsome Things: For 'tis not for my Prayers to persuade you, but the pure and solid Arguments of Justice. You have sworn to the Gods to keep yourselves thus upright, and it would seem as if I suspected, or would recriminate upon you, should I not believe that there are Gods: And I should give Evidence against myself, not to believe in them as I ought, by mistrusting their Conduct, and not purely committing my Affair into their Hands. I do entirely rely upon them, and hold myself assured, they will do in this what shall be most fit both for you and me. Good Men, whether living or dead, have no reason to fear the Gods.

Was this a childish Pleading of a Sublimity inconceivable, and was it unnecessary? Truly, he had very

* The public Exchequer.

good Reason to prefer it to that which the great Orator *Lyfias* had penned for him ; admirably couched indeed in the judiciary Style, but unworthy of so noble a Criminal. Did one suppliant Word fall from the Mouth of *Socrates*? Did that transcendent Virtue strike sail in the Height of its Glory? And did his rich and powerful Nature commit his Defence to Art, and, in his highest Attempt, did he renounce Truth and Simplicity, the Ornaments of his Speaking, to deck it with the Embellishments of Figures, and the Equivocations of a premeditated Speech? He did very wisely, and like himself, not to corrupt the Tenour of an incorrupt Life, and to deface so sacred an Image of the human Form, for the sake of spinning out his Decrepitude, to one Year longer, and to betray the immortal Memory of that glorious End. He lived not to himself, but for an Example to the World. Would it not have been a public Damage, that he should have ended his Life after a lazy and obscure Manner? Doubtless, that careless and indifferent Concern of his about Death, very well deserved that Posterity should have the more Concern for it, which they also had. And there is nothing so just in Justice, as what Fortune ordained for his Recommendation. For the *Athenians* abominated all those who had been the Cause of his Death to such a Degree *, that they avoided them as excommunicated Persons, and looked upon every thing as polluted, that had been but touched by them ; no one would wash with them in the Baths ; none would salute, or own Acquaintance with them ; so that at last, unable longer to support this public Hatred, they hanged themselves. If any one should think, that amongst so many other Examples that I had to chuse out of the Sayings of *Socrates*, for my present Purpose, I have made an ill Choice of this, and judge that this Discourse is elevated above the common Opinion : I must tell 'em that I have purposely done it ; for I am of another Opinion, and think it to be a Discourse in Rank and Simplicity much behind and inferior to what it is commonly taken for. He represents with an inartificial Boldness, and

* All this is exactly copied from *Plutarch's Treatise of Envy and Hatred.*

a childish Security, the pure and first Impression and Ignorance of Nature. For it is to be believed, that we have naturally a Fear of Pain, but not of Death, for its own Sake.

Death makes a Part of our Being, and is very beneficial to Nature.

'Tis a Part of our Being, and no less essential than Living. To what End should Nature have begot in us a Hatred to it, and a Horror of it, considering that it is of so great Utility to her in maintaining the Succession and Vicissitude of her Works? And that, in this universal Republic, it serves more to Birth and Augmentation, than to Destruction or Ruin.

— *sic rerum summa novatur* *,
Mille animas una necata dedit †.

The Failing of one Life, is the Passage to a thousand other Lives : Nature has imprinted in Beasts the Care of themselves, and of their Preservation. Nay, they proceed so far, as to fear the being worse, to avoid hitting or hurting themselves, and to be afraid of our haltering and beating them ; Accidents which are subject to their Sense and Experience ; but that we should kill them they cannot fear, nor have they the Faculty to imagine and conclude such a Thing as Death. Yea, it is said, that we see them not only chearfully undergo it, Horses for the most part neighing, and Swans singing when they die ; nay, they moreover seek it at need, of which Elephants have given many Examples.

Beasts naturally solicitous of their Preservation.

Socrates's Way of speaking and living very different from ours.

But besides all this, is not the Way of arguing which *Socrates* here makes use of, equally admirable, both for its Simplicity and Vehemence? Really, it is much more easy to speak like *Aristotle*, and to live like

* *Lucret. lib. ii. v. 74.*

† I know not where *Montaigne* found these Words, nor consequently what they signify in the Original ; but *Montaigne* immediately subjoins the Sense he would have them bear.

Cæsar, than to speak and live as *Socrates* did. There lies the extreme Degree of Perfection and Difficulty. Art cannot reach it. Now, our Faculties are not so trained up. We do not try, we do not know them, we invest ourselves with those of others, and let our own lie idle. As some one may say of me, That I have here only made a Nosegay of foreign Flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the Thread that ties them.

In earnest, I so far yield to the common Opinion, that those borrowed Ornaments do accompany me, but I do not think that they totally cover and hide me; that is quite contrary to my Design, who desire to make a Shew of nothing but what is my own, and what is my own by Nature: And could I have been sure of Credit, I had at all adventures spoken purely alone. I more and more load myself every day beyond my Purpose and first Method, upon the Account of Idleness and the Humour of the Age. If it misbecomes me, as I believe it does, 'tis no matter, it may be of use to some other. Some quote *Plato* and *Homer*, who never saw either of them: And I also have taken Passages far enough from their Source. Having a thousand Volumes about me in the Place where I write, I can presently without Trouble or Learning borrow, if I please, from a Dozen such Scrap-gatherers as I am, Authors that I do not much trouble myself withal, wherewith to embellish this Treatise of *Physiognomy*. There needs no more, but a preliminary Epistle of the *German* Model, to stuff me with Quotations, and we, by that means, go a begging for the liquorish Glory, to cheat the silly World. These lumber-pies of common Places, wherewith so many furnish their Studies, are of little Use but to common Subjects, and serve but for a Shew, and not to direct us; a ridiculous Fruit of Learning, which *Socrates* does so pleasantly discuss against *Euthydemus*. I have seen Books composed of matters that were never either studied or understood; the Authors committing to several of their learned Friends, the Examination of this and t'other Mat-

*With what
View Mon-
taine has
charged his
Book with
Quotations.*

ter to compile them ; contenting themselves for their Share to have projected the Design, and by their Industry to have bound up this Faggot of unknown Provision ; the Ink and Paper at least are theirs. This is to buy or borrow a Book, and not to make one ; 'tis to shew Men, not that a Man can make a Book, but that, whereof they may be in Doubt, he cannot make one. A President in my hearing boasted, That he had heaped up two hundred and odd common Places in one of his Judgments : In telling this, he deprived himself of the Honor that had been attributed to him. In my Opinion, a pusillanimous and absurd Vanity for such a Subject, and such a Person. I do quite contrary ; and amongst so many borrowed Things, am glad if I can steal one, disguising and deforming it for some new Service. At the Hazard of having it said, That 'tis for Want of understanding its natural Use, I give it some particular Dress with my own Hand, to the end it may not be so absolutely strange. These expose their Thefts to View, and value themselves upon them. And also they have more credit with the Laws than with me. We Naturalists think that there is a great and incomparable Preference in the Honour of Invention to that of Quotation.

If I would have spoke by Learning, I had spoke sooner ; I had writ in a time nearer to my Studies, when I had more Wit, and a better Memory ; and would sooner have trusted to the Vigour of that Age than this, if I had intended to have professed Writing. And what if this gracious Favour which Fortune has even now offered me upon the account of this Work, had befallen me in such a time of my Life, instead of this, wherein 'tis equally desirable to possess, and to lose ? Two of my Acquaintance, great Men in this Faculty, have in my Opinion, lost half, in refusing to publish at Forty Years old, and chusing to stay till Threescore. Maturity has its Defects as well as Verdure, and worse ; and old Age is as unfit for this kind of Business as for any other. He who commits his decrepit Age to the Press, is a Fool, if he think to squeeze any thing out thence that does not represent him deformed with Dotage and Stupidity.

*Old Age unfit
for Writing of
Books.*

lity. Our Understandings grow costive and thick as they grow old. I deliver my Ignorance in Pomp and Plenty, and my Learning scantily and poorly; the latter accidentally and accessorily, the former principally and expressly; and write purposely of nothing but nothing, nor of any Science but that of Inscience. I have chosen a time, when my Life, which I am to give an account of, lies wholly before me; what remains of it holds more of Death. And of my Death only, should I then be as talkative as some are, I would moreover give notice at my Departure.

Socrates was a perfect Exemplar in all great Qualities; I am vexed that he had so deformed a Body as 'tis said, and so unsuitable to the Beauty of his Soul, himself being so amorous, and so captivated with Beauty. Nature surely did him wrong. There is nothing more probable than a Conformity and Relation of the Body to the Soul. *Ipsi animi, magni refert, quali in corpore locati sint: Multa enim è corpore existunt, quæ acuant mentem; multa qua obtundant* *. i. e. It is of great Consequence in what Bodies Souls are placed, for many corporal Qualities sharpen the Mind, and many others blunt it. This speaks of an unnatural Uglinefs and Deformity of Limbs: But we call that Ill-favouredness also, which is an Unseemliness at first sight, being principally lodged in the Face, and which disastes us by the Complexion, a Spot, a forbidding Countenance, sometimes from some inexplicable Cause, where the Limbs are nevertheless of good Symmetry and perfect. The Deformity that cloth'd a very beautiful Soul in *Stephen la Batius*, was of this Predicament. This superficial Uglinefs, which nevertheless is always the most imperious, is of least Prejudice to the State of the Mind, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men. The other, which by, a more proper Name, is called a more substantial Deformity, strikes deeper in.

Socrates's Deformity of Body unsuitable to the Beauty of his Mind.

* Cicero Tusc. lib. i. c. 33.

Not every Shoe of glossy Leather, but every Shoe neatly made, shews the true Shape of the Foot within it.

Socrates said of his Deformity, that it denoted his Soul to be as deformed, had he not corrected it by Instruction; but, in saying so, I believe he did but jest, as his Custom was, and never so excellent a Soul made a Jest of itself.

*What the
Beauty of the
Body is, and
how much to be
esteemed.*

I cannot oft enough repeat how great an Esteem I have for Beauty, that potent and advantageous Quality. He called it a short Tyranny, and *Plato*, the Privilege of Nature. We have nothing that excels it in

Reputation; it has the first Place in Commerce of Men; it presents itself to meet us, seduces and prepossesses our Judgment with great Authority and wonderful Impression.

Phryne had lost her Cause, in the Hands of an excellent Advocate, if, by rending her Robe, she had not corrupted her Judges with the Lustre of her Beauty *. And I

find that *Cyrus*, *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, the three Masters of the World, never neglected Beauty in their greatest Affairs; no more did the first *Scipio*. The same Word in Greek signifies beautiful and good, and the Holy Ghost oft calls those good, whom he means beautiful. I should

willingly maintain the Priority of Things called Good, according to the Song, which *Plato* † calls a trivial one, taken out of some of the antient Poets; viz. Health,

Beautiful Persons fit to command.

Beauty and Riches. *Aristotle* says, that the Right of Command appertains to the Beautiful; and that when there are Persons whose

Beauty resembles the Images of the Gods, Veneration is likewise due to them. When one asked him ‡ why People oftner and longer frequented the Company of handsome Persons? *The Question*, said he, *is not to be asked by any but one that is blind*. The most and the greatest

* *Sextus Empiricus* adversus Mathematicos, lib. xi. p. 65, *Quintilian* who reports the same Passage ascribes to *Phryne* the Invention of this Expedient, whereby she gained the Favour of her Judges, *Instit. Orator.* lib. ii. c. 15. but *Athenæus* gives the Honour of gaining her Cause to *Hyperides*. † *Gorgias Plat.* p. 309. ‡ *Diogenes Laert.* in the Life of *Aristotle*, lib. v. § 2.

Philosophers paid for their Schooling, and acquired Wisdom by the Favour and Mediation of their Beauty. Not only in the Men that serve me, but also in the Beasts, I consider Beauty as little short of Goodness.

And yet I fancy that the Shape and Make of a Face, and those Lineaments by which Men guess at our Tempers, and our future Fortunes, is a Thing that is not very directly and simply to be ranked in the Class of Beauty and Deformity, no more than every good Smell and Serenity of Air promises Health, nor than every Fog and Stink does Infection in a time of Pestilence. Such as accuse Ladies of contradicting their Beauty by their Manners, are not always in the right; for, in a Face which is none of the best, there may be an Air of Honesty and Fidelity: As, on the contrary, I have sometimes seen betwixt two lovely Eyes, certain Menaces of a dangerous and malignant Nature. There are some Physiognomies, that are favourable, so that in a Crowd of victorious Enemies, you would presently chuse, amongst Men you never saw before, one rather than another, to whom to surrender, and with whom to trust your Life, and yet not properly for the sake of his Beauty.

An advantageous Physiognomy not directly founded on the fine Features of the Face.

A Man's Countenance is but a slender Security, and yet is something to be regarded too: And if I were to lash Men, I would most severely scourge the wicked ones, who belye and betray the Promises that Nature has planted in their Foreheads. I should with great Severity punish Malice in a courteous Aspect. It seems as if there were some happy and some unhappy Faces; and I believe there is some Art in distinguishing affable from silly Faces, such as are stern from the rigid, the malicious from the pensive, the coy from the melancholic, and such other bordering Qualities. There are Beauties which are not only haughty, but sour; and others that are charming and also insipid. To prognosticate future Adventures, is a Thing that I shall leave undecided,

Whether any Assurance may be derived from Physiognomy.

I have

The Precept of a Conformity to Nature of great Importance, even with regard to the outward Man.

I have, for my own part, as I have said elsewhere, simply and nakedly embraced this ancient Rule, *That we should not fail to follow Nature, and that the sovereign Precept is to conform ourselves to her.* I have not, as *Socrates* did, corrected my natural Temper by the Force of Reason, and have not in the least molested my Inclination by Art. I go on in my old Way; I contend not. My two principal Parts live of their own Accord in Peace and good Intelligence, and my Nurse's Milk, thanks be to God, was tolerable wholesome and in a good State. Let me say this by the way, That I see a certain Image of scholastic Honesty, almost only in use amongst us, in greater Esteem than 'tis really worth; a Slave to Precepts, and fettered with Hope and Fear. I would have it such, as that Laws and Religions should not make, but perfect and authorize it, such as has wherewithal to support itself without Help, such as is rooted in us by the Seed of universal Reason, and imprinted in every Man by Nature. That Reason which reclaimed *Socrates* from his vicious Bent, rendered him obedient to the Gods, and the Men of Authority in his City; courageous in Death, not because his Soul was immortal, but because he is mortal. 'Tis a Doctrine ruinous to all Government, and much more hurtful than ingenious and subtle, which persuades the People, that a religious Belief is alone sufficient, and without Morality, to satisfy the divine Justice. Custom demonstrates to us a vast Distinction betwixt Devotion and Conscience. I have a tolerable Aspect, both in Form and Interpretation :

*Quid dixi habere me? Imo habui, Chreme *,
Heu! tantum attriti corporis ossa vides †.*

Have, did I say? No, *Chremes*, I had once,
Of a worn Body thou but see'st the Bones.

* *Terentii Heaut.* Act. 1. Scen. 1. v. 43.

† From whence *Montaigne* quoted this Line I know not.

and which makes a quite contrary Appearance to that of *Socrates*.

It has oft befallen me, that upon the mere Credit of my Presence, and my very Aspect, Persons who had no manner of Knowledge of me, have put a very great Confidence in me, whether in their own Affairs or mine : And I have in foreign Parts obtained Favours singular and uncommon ; but these two Instances, are peradventure worth particular Relation : A certain Person, deliberated to surprize my House and me in it ; his Artifice was, to come to my Gate alone, and to be importunate to be let in : I knew him by Name, and had reason to repose a Confidence in him, as being my Neighbour, and something related to me. I caused the Gate to be opened to him, as I do to every one, and in he came, quite frightened, his Horse panting, and all in a Foam. He presently entertained me with this Flim-flam : *That about half a League off, he had unluckily met with a certain Enemy of his, whom I also knew and had indeed heard of their Quarrel ; that this Enemy had pursued him very hard ; that he therefore fled to my Gate for Refuge ; and that he was in great Trouble for his Followers, whom, he said, he concluded to be all either dead or taken.* I innocently did my best to comfort, hearten and refresh him. Presently after, came four or five of his Soldiers, who presented themselves in the same Countenance and affright to get in too, and after them more, and still more, very well mounted and armed, to the Number of five and twenty or thirty, pretending that they had the Enemy at their Heels. This Mystery began a little to awake my Suspicion. I was not ignorant what an Age I lived in, how much my House might be envied, and I had several Examples of others of my Acquaintance, who had met with such sort of Guests. So it was, that knowing there was nothing to be got in having begun to do a Courtesy, unless I went through with it, and as I could not disengage myself from them without spoiling all ; I chose the most natural and simple Way, as I always do, and invited them all to come in.

*Two notable
Proofs of great
Advantage
which Mon-
taigne derived
from his Aspect.*

in. And in truth, I am naturally very little inclined to Suspicion and Distrust. I willingly incline towards Excuse, and the most favourable Construction. I take Men according to the common Run, and don't believe there can be such perverse and unnatural Inclinations, unless convinced by manifest Evidence, more than I do Monsters and Miracles; I am moreover a Man who willingly commit myself to Fortune, and throw myself headlong into her Arms; and have hitherto found more reason to applaud, than to condemn myself for it; having found her more solicitous of, and more a Friend to my Affairs, than I am myself. There are some Actions in my Life, wherein my Conduct may justly be called difficult, or, if you please, prudent. Yet of those, supposing the third Part to have been my own, doubtless the other two Thirds were richly hers. We are, methinks, to blame, in that we do not enough trust Heaven with our Affairs, and challenge more from our own Conduct than appertains to us. And therefore it is that our Designs so oft miscarry. Heaven is displeased at the Extent that we attribute to the Prerogatives of human Prudence in Prejudice of its own, and abridges them the more we stretch them. The last Comers kept themselves on Horse-back in my Court-yard, whilst their Leader was with me in the Parlour, who would not have his Horse set up in the Stable, saying, he would immediately retire, as soon as he should have News of the rest of his Men. He saw himself Master of his Enterprize, and nothing now remained but the Execution. He has since several Times said (for he was not ashamed to tell the Story himself) that my Countenance and Freedom had snatched the Treachery out of his Hands. He again mounted his Horse, his Followers having continually their Eyes intent upon him, to see when he would give the Sign; very much astonished to see him march away and leave his Prey behind him. Another Time, relying upon I know not what Truce, newly published in the Army, I took a Journey through a very fickle Country. I had not rid far, but it got Wind, and two or three Parties of Horse, from several Places, were sent out to take me; one of them the third Day overtook me, where I was charged by fifteen or twenty Gentlemen

men in Vizors, followed at a distance by a Band of Ragamuffins. Here was I surrounded and taken, drawn into the Heart of a neighbouring Forrest, dismounted, robbed, my Trunks rifled, my Casket taken, and my Horses and Equipage divided amongst new Masters. We had here a very long Contest about my Ransom, which they set so high, that it was plain I was not known to them. They were moreover in a very great Debate about my Life; and in truth, there were several alarming Circumstances that threatened me with the Danger I was then in.

*Tunc animis opus, Ænea, tunc pectore firmo *.*

Then, then, *Æneas*, was there need
Of an undaunted Heart indeed.

I still insisted upon the Letter of the Truce, that they should only have the Gain of what they had already taken from me, which was not to be despised, without Promise of any other Ransom. After we had been two or three Hours in this Place, and after they had mounted me on a pitiful Jade that was not likely to run away from them, and committed me to the Guard of fifteen or twenty Harquebussiers, and dispersed my Servants to others, having given order that they should carry us off Prisoners several Ways; when I was got some two or three Musquet-shot from the Place,

Jam prece Pollucis, jam Castoris implorata †;

Whilst I implor'd *Castor* and *Pollux* Aid †.

this sudden and unexpected Alteration happened. I saw the Chief of them return to me with milder Lan-

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. vi. v. 261.* † *Catullus, lib. xvi. v. 65.*

† Or as *Montaigne* might have said in his own Language: After I had made a Vow to all the Saints in *Paradise*, or as we Protestants say, in the *Romish Calendar*.

guage, making search amongst the Troopers for my lost Baggage, and causing as much as could be recovered to be restored to me, even to my Casket: But the best Present they made me, was my Liberty; for the rest did not much concern me at that time. The true Cause of so sudden a Change, and of this second Thought, without any apparent Impulse, and of so miraculous a Repentance, at such a time, in a serious and deliberated Enterprise, and which was become just by Custom, (for at the first Dash I plainly confessed to them, of what Party I was, and whither I was going) is what I do not yet rightly apprehend. The most eminent amongst them, who pulled off his Vizor, and told me his Name, said to me over and over again, that I was obliged for my Deliverance to my Countenance, and the Frankness and Courage of my Speech, which rendered me unworthy of such a Misfortune, and he desired me to be in no Dread of the like again.

'Tis possible that the divine Bounty chose to make use of this mean Instrument for my Preservation. It moreover defended me the next Day from other and worse Ambushes, which even these had given me warning of. The last of these two Gentlemen is yet living, to give an account of the Story; the first was killed not long ago.

The Simplicity of his Intention which was visible in his Eyes, and his Language, prevented his Freedom in Discourse from being repented.

If my Face did not answer for me, if Men did not read in my Eyes and Words, the Innocency of my Intention, I had not lived so long without Quarrels, and without giving Offence, considering the indiscrete Liberty I take, right or wrong, to say whatever comes into my Head, and to judge rashly of Things. This Practice may with Reason appear uncivil, and ill adapted to our Way of Conversation; but I have never met with any who have judged it outrageous or malicious, or that took Offence at my Liberty, if he had it from my own Lips. Words repeated have another kind of Sense, as well as Sound. Neither do I hate any Person whatever; and am so slow to offend that I cannot do it, to serve Reason itself. And when Occasion has called me to condemn Criminals, I have rather failed in the Strictness of Justice. *Ut magis peccari nolum,*

quam

quam satis animi ad vindicanda peccata habeam. So that I have more Concern for Mens Offences, than a Heart to punish them *. Aristotle, 'tis said, was reproached for having been too merciful to a wicked Man †. *I was indeed,* said he, *merciful to the Man, but not to his Wickedness.*

Aristotle reproached for being merciful.

Ordinary Judgments are exasperated to Punishment by the Horror of the Crime. But this cools mine. The Horror of the first Murder makes me fear the second, and the Deformity of the first Cruelty makes me abhor all Imitation of it. That may be applied to me, who am but a Knave of Clubs, which was said of *Charillus*, King of *Sparta* ‡, *He cannot be good, because he is not severe to the Wicked.* Or thus; for *Plutarch* delivers it both these Ways, as he does a thousand other Things, variously, and contrary to one another. *He must needs be good, because he is so even to the wicked* ||. Even as in lawful Actions, I do not care to be concerned when others are offended by them; so to say the Truth, in unlawful Things, I do not make Conscience enough of employing myself when others approve them.

C H A P. XIII.

Of Experience.

THERE is no Desire more natural than that of Knowledge: We try all the Ways that can lead us to it; where Reason is wanting, we therein employ Experience;

Why Experience is not a sure Means to inform us of the Truth of Things.

* *Titus Livius* lib. xxix. c. 22. † *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Aristotle*, lib v. § 17. ‡ *Plutarch* of the Difference betwixt the Flatterer and the Friend, c. 10. || I cannot imagine from which of *Plutarch's* Tracts *Montaigne* took this Reflection; but in the Treatise of *Envy and Hatred* *Plutarch* gives it us exactly as it is in the preceding Note, viz. *How should he be good, when he is not rigid to the Wicked*, c. 3.

*Per varios usus artem experientia fecit,
Exemplo monstrante viam* *.

By various Proofs Experience Art has form'd,
Example being Guide.

which is a Means much more weak and cheap. But Truth is so great a Thing, that we ought not to disdain any Medium that will guide us to it. Reason has so many Forms that we know not which to adhere to ; Experience has fewer. The Consequence we would draw from the Comparison of Events is unsure, by reason they are always unlike. There is no Quality so universal in this Image of Things as Diversity and Variety. Both the *Greeks*, the *Latins*, and we, for the most express Example of Similitude, have pitched upon that of Eggs. And yet there have been Men, particularly one at *Delpbos*, who could distinguish Marks of Difference amongst Eggs so well, that he never mistook one for another ; and, having many Hens, could tell which had laid it †. Dissimilitude intrudes itself into our Works ; no Art can arrive at a perfect Similitude. Neither *Perozet*, nor any other Card-maker, can so carefully polish and blanch the Backs of his Cards, that some Gamesters will not distinguish them by only seeing them shuffled by another : Resemblance does not so much make one, as Difference makes another. Nature has obliged herself to make nothing like to another.

*Of what Use
is the Multi-
plicity of
Laws.*

And yet I am not much pleased with the Opinion, who thought by the Multitude of Laws to curb the Authority of Judges, retrenching them. He was not aware that there is as much Liberty and Stretch in the Interpretation of Laws, as in their Form ; and they deceive themselves who think to lessen and stop our Debates by summoning

* *Manilius*, lib. i. v. 61.
c. 18.

† *Cicero Acad. Quæst. lib.*

us to the exprefs Words of the Bible: Forasmuch as human Wit finds as large a Field for contröverting the Sense of another, as for delivering his own; and, as if there were less Animosity and Bitterness in glossing than Invention. We see how much he was deceived; for we have more Laws in *France*, than in all the rest of the World besides; and more than would be necessary for the Regulation of all the Worlds of *Epicurus*. *Ut olim flagitiis, sic nunc Legibus laboramus* *: So that as formerly we were plagued with Vices, we are now as sick of the Laws: And yet we have left so much to the Opinion and Decision of our Judges, that there never was so full and uncontroulled a Liberty. What have our Legislators got by culling out an hundred thousand particular Cases, and Facts, and by adding to those, an hundred thousand Laws? This Number holds no manner of Proportion with the infinite Diversity of human Actions; the Multiplications of our Invention will never reach the Variety of Examples. Add to them an hundred times as many more, yet it will never happen, that of Events to come, any one will fall out, that, in the Millions of Events so chosen and recorded, shall so tally with any one, and be so exactly coupled and compared with it, that there will not remain some Circumstance and Diversity which will require a Variation of Judgment. There is little Relation betwixt our Actions that are in perpetual Mutation, and the Laws that are fixt and immoveable; the most to be desired, are those that are the most rare, the most simple, and general: And I am further of Opinion, that we were better to have none at all, than to have them so numerous.

Nature always gives them better, than those are which we make ourselves; witness the Picture of the Poets Golden Age, and the State wherein we see Nations live, who have no other. Some there are, who, for their only Judge, take the first Passer by that travels along their Mountains, to determine their Cause: And others, who, on their Market-day, chuse out some

*The Laws of
Nature better
than our own.*

*Passengers
made use of
for Judges.*

* *Tacit. lib. iii. c. 25.*

one amongst them, who decides all their Controversies on the Spot. What Danger would there be, if the Wise should thus determine ours, according to Occurrences, and by Sight, without Obligation of Example and Consequence? *Every Shoe to his own Foot*. When King *Ferdinand* sent Colonies to the *Indies*, he wisely provided that they should not carry along with them any Students of the long Robe, for fear lest Law-suits should get footing in that new World; as being a Science, in its own Nature, the Mother of Altercation and Division; judging with *Plato*, That Lawyers and Physicians are the Pests of a Country *.

How it comes to pass, that the vulgar Tongue, which serves for every other Purpose, becomes obscure and ambiguous in Covenants and Testaments.

How comes it to pass that our common Language, so easy for all other Uses, becomes obscure, and unintelligible in Wills and Contracts? And that he who so clearly expresses himself, whatever he speaks or writes, cannot find in this any way of declaring himself which is not liable to Doubt and Contradiction? If it be not that the Great Men of this Art, applying themselves with a peculiar Attention to cull out hard Words, and form artful Clauses, have so weighed every Syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of Connection, that they are now confounded, and intangled in the Infinity of Figures, and so many minute Divisions, that they can no longer be liable to any Rule or Prescription, nor any certain Intelligence. *Confusum est quicquid usque in pulverem sectum est* †. i. e. *Whatever is beaten into Powder is confused*. As you have seen Children try to bring a Mass of Quicksilver into a certain Number of Parts, the more they press and work it, and endeavour to reduce it to their own Will, the more they irritate the Liberty of this generous Metal; it baffles their Art, and subdivides and sparkles itself into so many separate Bodies, as are innumerable; So it is here, for in subdividing these Subtleties, Men are aught to encrease their Doubts, they are

* *De Republ. lib. iii. p. 621.*

† *Sen. Epist. 79.*

led into a Way of stretching and diversifying Difficulties, which are lengthened and dispersed. By starting and splitting of Questions, they make the World to fructify and abound in Uncertainties and Disputes; as the Earth is made fertile, the deeper 'tis ploughed and the more 'tis harrowed. *Difficultatem facit doctrina* *. i. e. *Doctrine begets Difficulty*. We doubted of *Ulpian*, and are now more perplexed with *Bartolus* and *Baldus*. We should blot out the Trace of this innumerable Diversity of Opinions, not adorn ourselves with it, and intoxicate Posterity with it. I know not what to say to it, but Experience makes it manifest, that so many Interpretations divide Truth, and mar it. *Aristotle* writ to be understood, which if he could not be, much less will another that is not so good at it; and a third than he who expressed his own Thoughts. We open the Matter, and spill it in pouring out. Of one Subject we make a thousand, and in multiplying and subdividing them, relapse into the Infinity of the Atoms of *Epicurus*. Never did two Men make the same Judgment of the same thing; and 'tis impossible to find two Opinions exactly alike, not only in several Men, but in the same Men, at different Times. I oft find matter of Doubt, of Things which the Commentary disdains to take notice of. I am most apt to stumble on even Ground, like some Horses that I have known, which make most Trips in the smoothest Way.

Who will not say that Glosses augment Doubts and Ignorance, since there is no one Book to be found, either human or divine, which the World busies itself about, whose Difficulties are cleared by Interpretation. The hundredth Commentator still refers you to the next, more knotty and perplexed than he. When were we ever agreed amongst ourselves, that a Book had enough, and that there was no more to be said on the Subject? This is most apparent in the Law Pleadings. We give the Authority of Law to infinite Doctors, *Arrets ad infinitum*, and to as many Interpretations; yet do we find any End of the Necessity of Interpreting? Is there for all that any Progress or Advan-

Glosses and Commentaries only serve to obscure the Text, and especially that of the Books of the Law.

cement towards Tranquillity ; or do we stand in need of any fewer Advocates and Judges, than when this Mass of Law was yet in its first Infancy ? We, on the contrary, obscure and bury the Sense of it. We discover no more of it than what so many Inclosures and Barriers will permit. Men are not sensible of the natural Disease of the Mind. It does nothing but ferret and enquire, and is eternally wheeling, plodding and perplexing itself ; and like the Silk-worm, suffocates itself in its own Web ; or like *Mus in Pice*, i. e. *A Mouse in a Tar-barrel, which the more it struggles to get out, is the more intangled*. It thinks it discovers at a great distance I know not what Glimpse of imaginary Light and Truth ; but whilst it runs to it, so many Difficulties, Hindrances, and new Inquisitions cross its way, as mislead and intoxicate it. Not much unlike *Æsop's Dog*, that seeing something like a dead Body floating in the Sea, and not being able to approach it, attempted to drink the Water, in order to lay the Passage dry, and so drowned itself. To which tallies, what one *Crates* * said of the Writings of *Heraclitus*, *That they required a Reader who could swim well, that the Depth and Weight of his Doctrine might not overwhelm and choak him* †. 'Tis nothing but particular Weakness that makes us content ourselves with what others, or ourselves have found out in this Pursuit of Knowledge ; those of better Understanding would not rest so content ; there is always room and to spare for one to succeed, nay even for ourselves, and every one else ; there is no end of our Inquiries, our End is in the other World. 'Tis a Sign either of a contracted Mind when it is satisfied, or that it is grown weary. No generous Mind stops of itself ; it always pushes on, and beyond its Power ; it has Sallies beyond its Compass. If it do not advance and press forward, and fall back, rush, turn and wheel about, 'tis but sprightly

* According to *Diogenes Laert.* lib. ii. § 22. This was not *Crates*, but *Socrates*, who said of the Writings of *Heraclitus*, that they had need of as excellent Divers as any in the Isle of *Delos*.

† *Suidas* in *Δηλῆς κολυμβετῆς*.

by halves ; its Pursuits are without Bound or Method ; its Aliment is Admiration, Ambiguity the Chace ; which *Apollo* plainly declared, by always speaking to us in a double, obscure and oblique Sense ; not feeding, but amusing and puzzling us. 'Tis an irregular and perpetual Motion, without Example and without Aim. It's Inventions heat, pursue and introduce one another.

*Ainsi voit-on en un ruisseau coulant,
Sans fin l'une eau, apres l'autre roulant ;
Et tout de rang, d'un eternel conduit,
L'une fuit l'autre, & l'une l'autre fuit.
Par cette-cy, celle-là est poussée,
Et cette-cy par l'autre est devancée :
Toujours l'eau va dans l'eau, & toujours est-ce
Même ruisseau, & toujours eau diverse.*

So in a running Stream one Wave we see
After another roul incessantly,
And, as they glide, each does successively
Pursue the other, each the other fly :
By this that's evermore push'd on, and this
By that continually preceded is :
One Water always does another fill,
Still the same Brook, but diff'rent Water still.

There is more ado to interpret Interpretations than Things, and more Books upon Books than upon any other Subject ; we do nothing but comment upon one another. Every Place swarms with Commentaries ; but of Authors there is great Scarcity. Is it not the principal and most reputed Knowledge of our Times to understand the Learned ? Is it not the common and final Aim of all Studies ? Our Opinions are grafted upon one another ; the first serves for a Stock to the second, the second to the third, thus Step by Step we climb the Ladder. From whence it comes to pass, that he which is mounted highest has oft more Honour than Merit ; for he is got up but a

Known Innocents punished in Compliance to the Forms of Law.

How many Innocents have we known that have been punished even without the Judge's Fault, and how many more are there that have not arrived at our Knowledge? This Case happened in my Time. Certain Men were condemned to die for a Murder committed; and their Sentence, if not pronounced, was at least determined and concluded on. The Judges, just in the nick, are advertised by the Officers of an inferior Court hard by, that they have some Men in Custody, who have directly confessed the said Murder, and give such Light into the Fact, as is not to be doubted. 'Twas then notwithstanding put to the Question, whether or no they ought to suspend Execution of the Sentence already passed upon the former. They considered the Novelty of the Example, and the Consequence of staying Judgments, that the Sentence of Death was duly passed, and the Judges could not retract. To conclude, these poor Devils were sacrificed to the Forms of Law. Philip, or some other, provided against a like Inconvenience, after this manner, He had condemned a Man to pay a great Fine to another, by a determined Judgment. The Truth some time after being discovered, it appeared that he had passed an unjust Sentence; on one side was the Reason of the Cause, on the other side the Reason of the judiciary Forms. He in some sort satisfied both, leaving the Sentence in the State it was, and out of his own Purse paying the Costs of the condemned Party. But he had to do in a reparable Affair, mine were irreparably hanged. How many Sentences have I seen more criminal than the Crimes?

The innocent Man is not sure of his Life or Property, by putting himself into the Hands of Justice.

All this makes me remember the antient Opinions, *That there is a Necessity a Man must do Wrong by retail, who will do Right in the Gross; and Injustice in little Things, that will have it in his Power to do Justice in great: That human Justice is formed after the Model of Physic, according to which, All that is utile, is also just and honest; and what is held by the Stoicks, That Nature herself proceeds contrary to Justice in most of her*

ber Works ; and what is received by the *Cyrenaiks* *, *That there is nothing just in itself, but that Customs and Laws make Justice* : And what the *Theodorians* hold, that maintain Theft, Sacrilege, and all sorts of Uncleanneſs juſt in a wiſe Man †, if he knows them to be profitable to him ; there is no Remedy, I am in the ſame Caſe that *Alcibiades* was, that I will never, if I can help it, put myſelf into the Hands of a Man who ſhall determine of my Head, where my Life and Honour ſhall more depend upon the Care and Diligence of my Attorney, than upon my own Innocence. I would venture myſelf with ſuch a Juſtice as would take notice of my good Deeds as well as my ill, and where I had as much to hope as to fear. Indemnity is not ſufficient Satisfaction to a Man who does better than not to do amiſs ; but our Juſtice preſents us only one Hand, and that the left Hand too ; let him be who he will, he ſhall be ſure to go off with Loſs.

In *China*, of which Kingdom the Government and Arts, without Correſpondence with, or Knowledge of ours, ſurpaſs our beſt Examples in ſeveral Parts of Excellence ; and of which the Hiſtory gives me to underſtand how much greater and more various the World is, than either the Antients or We can penetrate, the Officers deputed by the Prince to viſit the State of his Provinces, as they puniſh thoſe who behave themſelves ill in their Places, ſo do they liberally reward thoſe who have carried themſelves above the common Sort, and beyond the Neceſſity of their Duty ; they there preſent themſelves, not only to be protected, but to get ; nor ſimply to be paid, but to be rewarded.

No Judge, thanks be to God, has ever yet ſpoke to me, in the Quality of a Judge, upon any Cauſe whatever, whether my own, or that of another, whether criminal or civil ; nor was I ever within the Walls of a Priſon. Imagination renders the very Outſide of a Jail

*Judges eſta-
bliſhed in Chi-
na to reward
good Actions,
as well as to
puniſh the bad.*

*Montaigne
never had a
Suit in any
Court of Juſ-
tice.*

* *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Ariſtippus*, lib. ii. § 92.

† *Ibid.* § 99.

my Aversion : I am so fond of Liberty, that should I be debarred Access to any Corner of the *Indies*, I should be somewhat uneasy. And whilst I can find either Earth or Air elsewhere, I shall never lurk, where I must hide myself. Good God ! how ill should I bear to be confined, as many People are, to a Corner of the Kingdom, deprived of the Privilege of entering into the principal Cities and Courts, and the Liberty of the public Roads, for having quarrelled with our Laws. If those under which I live, should but wag a Finger at me, by way of Menace, I would immediately go seek out others, let them be where they would ; all my little Prudence in the Civil War wherein we are now engaged, is employed, that they may not hinder my Egress and Regress.

*What it was
that in Mon-
taigne's Time
kept up the Cre-
dit of the
French Laws
in other Re-
spects very un-
reasonable.*

Now the Laws keep up their Credit, not for being just, but because they are Laws : It is the mystical and the sole Foundation of their Authority ; and 'tis well it is so ; they being oft made by Fools ; for the most part by Men that out of Hatred to Equality, fail in Equity ; but always by Men who are vain and fickle Authors. There is nothing so grossly, nor so commonly faulty as the Laws. Whoever obeys them because they are just, does not justly obey them as he ought. Our *French* Laws, by their Irregularity and Deformity, do in some sort lend a helping Hand to Disorder and Corruption, as is manifest in their Dispensation and Execution. The Command is so perplexed and inconstant, that it in some sort excuses both Disobedience, and the Vice of the Interpretation, the Administration and the Observation of it. What Fruit then soever we may reap from Experience, will be of little Service to our Instruction, which we draw from foreign Examples ; if we make so little Profit of that we have of our own, which is more familiar to us, and doubtless sufficient to instruct us in that whereof we have absolute need. I study myself more than any other Subject ; this is my Metaphysic, this my Natural Philosophy.

*Quâ Deus banc mundi temperet arte domum,
 Qua venit exoriens, quâ deficit, unde coactis *
 Cornibus in plenum menstrua luna redit :
 Unde salo superant venti, quid flamine captet
 Eurus, et in nubes unde perennis aqua.
 Sit ventura dies mundi quæ subruat arces :
 Quærite, quos agitat mundi labor †.*

By what means God the Universe does sway,
 Or how the pale-fac'd Sister of the Day,
 When, in encreasing, can her Horns unite,
 Till they contract into a full orb'd Light.
 Why Winds do of the Sea the better get;
 Why *Eurus* blows, and Clouds are always wet;
 What Day the World's great Fabric must o'erthrow,
 Let them inquire, who would its Secrets know.

In this Universality, I suffer myself to be ignorantly and negligently led by the general Law of the World. I shall know it well enough when I feel it; my Learning cannot make it alter its Course; it will not change itself for me, 'tis Folly to hope it, and a greater Folly to concern a Man's self about it, seeing it is necessarily alike, public and common. The Bounty and Capacity of the Governor must absolutely discharge us of all Care of the Government. Philosophical Inquisitions and Contemplations serve for no other use but to feed our Curiosity. Philosophers, with great Reason, refer us to the Rules of Nature; but they have no need of so sublime a Knowledge: they falsify them, and present us with Nature's Face painted with too high coloured and too adulterate a Complexion, from whence spring so many different Pictures of so uniform a Subject. As she has given us Feet to walk with, so has she given us Prudence to guide us in Life; not such an ingenious, robust and majestic Prudence as that of their Invention, but yet one that is easy, quiet and

* *Prop. lib. iii. Eleg. 5. v. 25. &c.*

† *Lucan. lib. i. v. 417.*

salutiferous; and such very well performs what the other promises, in him who has the good Luck to know how to employ it sincerely and regularly, that is to say, according to Nature. The most simply to commit a Man's self to Nature, is to do it the most wisely. Oh what a soft, easy and wholesome Pillow is Ignorance and Incuriosity, whereon to repose a well turned Head! I had rather understand myself well in myself, than in *Cicero*. Of the Experience I have of myself, I find enough to make me wise, if I were but a good Scholar. Whoever calls to mind the Excess of his past Anger, and to what a Degree that Fever transports him, sees the Deformity of this Passion better than in *Aristotle*, and conceives a more just Hatred against it. Whoever remembers the Hazards he has run, those that threatened him, and the slight Occasions that have removed him from one State to another, does by that prepare himself for future Changes, and the Acknowledgment of his Condition. The Life of *Cæsar* himself is no more exemplary for us than our own, and though it was popular and commanding, 'twas still a Life contingent to all human Accidents. Let us but listen to it, and we apply to ourselves all whereof we have principal Need. Whoever calls to Memory, how many times he has been mistaken in his own Judgment, is he not a great Fool if he does not ever after suspect it? When I find myself convinced, by another's Reason, of a false Opinion, I do not so much learn what he has said to me that is new, which particular Ignorance would be no great Purchase, as I do in general my own Weakness, and the Treachery of my Understanding, from whence I extract the Reformation of the whole Mass. In all my other Errors I do the same, and find this Rule greatly beneficial to Life. I regard not the Species and individual, as a Stone that I have stumbled at; I learn to suspect my Steps every-where, and am careful to place them right. To learn that a Man has said or done a foolish Thing, is a Thing of no moment. A Man must learn that he is nothing but a Fool, a much more ample and important Instruction. The false Steps that my Memory has so often betrayed me into, even then when it was most secure
of

itself, are not idly thrown away; it may now swear to
e, and assure me as much as it will, I shake my Head,
and dare not trust it; the first Opposition that is made to
y Testimony, puts me in Suspence; and I durst not rely
on it in any thing of moment, nor warrant it in an-
her Body's Concerns: And were it not that what I do
r want of Memory, others do more often for want of
ncerity, I should always in matter of Fact, rather
oose to take Truth from another's Mouth than my own.
every one did but watch the Effects and Circumstances
the Passions that sway him, as I have done that which
am most subject to, he would see them coming, and
ould a little break their Impetuosity and Career; they do
ot always seize us on a sudden, there are Threatnings,
and Degrees.

*Fluctus uti primo cœpit cùm albescere vento,
Paulatim sese tollit mare, et altius undas
Erigit, inde imo consurgit ad æthera fundo *.*

As the Sea first begins to foam and fret,
Thence higher swells, higher, and higher yet,
Till at the last the Waves so high do rise,
They seem to bid Defiance to the Skies.

idgment holds in me a magisterial Seat; at least, it care-
lly endeavours to make it so: It lets my Appetites take
eir own Course; as Hatred and Friendship; nay, even
at which I bear to myself, without suffering Alteration
d Corruption. If it cannot reform the other Parts ac-
rding to its own Model, at least it suffers not itself to be
rrupted by them, but plays its Game apart. That Ad-
onition to every one to know themselves, ought to be
important Effect, since the God of Wisdom and Light
used it to be writ on the Front of his Temple, as com-

* *Virgil. Æneid. lib. vii. ver. 528. &c.*

prehending all he had to advise us. *Plato* says also, that Prudence is nothing but the Execution of this Ordinance; and *Socrates* verifies it by piece-meal in *Xenophon*. The Difficulties and Obscurity are not discerned in any Science, but by those that are got into it; for a certain Degree of Understanding is requisite to be able to know that a Man is ignorant: And we must push at a Door to know whether it be bolted against us. From hence this *Platonick* subtilty springs, that neither they who know are to enquire, forasmuch as they know; nor they who do not know, forasmuch as to enquire, they must know what they enquire of. So in this of knowing a Man's self, that which every Man is seen so resolved and satisfied in with himself, and that which every Man thinks he sufficiently understands, signifies, that every one understands nothing at all of the matter: as *Socrates* tells *Euthydemus*. I who profess nothing else, do therein find so infinite a Depth and Variety, that all the Fruit I have reaped from my Learning, serves only to make me sensible how much I have to learn: To my Weakness, so often confessed, I owe the Propension I have to Modesty, my Assent to the Articles of Belief imposed upon me, a constant Faintness and Moderation in my Opinions, and a Hatred of that troublesome and wrangling Arrogancy, wholly believing and trusting in itself, the capital Enemy of Discipline and Truth. Do but hear how they advance and domineer; the first Fooleries they utter, are in the Style wherewith Men establish Religion and Laws. *Nihil est turpius quàm cognitioni et perceptioni assertionem, approbationemque præcurrere* *. i.e. Nothing is more absurd than that Assertion and Approbation should precede Knowledge and Perception. *Aristarchus* said, that antiently there were scarce seven wise Men to be found in the World, and in his Time scarce so many Fools. Have not we more Reason than he to say so in this Age of ours? Affirmation, and Obstinacy, are express Signs of Stupidity. If a Fellow has stumbled and had a hundred Falls in a Day, yet he will be at his Ergo's

* *Cicero Acad. lib. i. c. 12.*

as resolute and sturdy, as before; so that one would conclude he had had some new Soul and Vigour of Understanding infused into him; and that it happened to him as it did to that antient Son of *Tellus*, who took fresh Courage, and was made stronger by his Fall.

— *cui cū tetigere parentem,
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra* *.

Whose broken Limbs upon his Mother laid,
Immediately new Force and Vigour had.

Does not this incorrigible Coxcomb think that he assumes a new Understanding, by undertaking a new Dispute? I accuse human Ignorance by my own Experience, which is in my Opinion the World's best School-master. Such as will not conclude it so in themselves, by so vain an Example as mine, or their own, let them believe it from *Socrates*, the Master of Masters. For the Philosopher *Antisthenes* said to his Disciples: *Let us go, and bear Socrates, I will be a Pupil with you* †. And maintaining this Doctrine of his Stoical Sect, That Virtue was sufficient to make a Life compleatly happy, he added, it had no need of any other Thing whatever, except the Vigour of *Socrates*. The long Attention that I employ in considering myself, does also fit me to judge tolerably of others; and there are few Things whereof I speak better, and more excusably. I happen very oft to see and distinguish the Qualities of my Friends more nicely than they do themselves. I have astonished some with the Pertinence of my Description, and have given them warning of themselves. By having from my Infancy been accustomed to contemplate my own Life in those of others, I have acquired a Complexion studious in that particular. And when I am once intent upon it, I let few things

* *Lucan.* lib. iv. v. 599.
Antisthenes, lib. vi. § 2.

† *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Antisthenes*.

about me, whether Countenances, Humours, or Discourses which serve to that Purpose, escape me. I study all, both what I am to avoid, and what I am to follow. Also in my Friends, I discover their inward Inclination by their Productions; not by ranging this infinite Variety of so different and detached Actions into certain Species and Chapters, nor distinctly distributing my Parcels and Divisions under known Heads and Classes.

*Sed neque quàm multæ species, et nomina quæ sint,
Est numerus *.*

But not the Number of their Kind and Names,
They are too many.

The Learned speak and deliver their Fancies more specifically, and by piece-meal. I, who see no further into Things than as Custom informs me, generally give mine by way of Experiment, without Form and Method. As in this, I pronounce my Opinion by loose and disjointed Articles; 'tis a thing that cannot be spoke at once, and in gross. Relation and Conformity are not to be found in such low and common Souls as ours. Wisdom is a solid and entire Building, of which every piece keeps its Place, and carries its Mark. *Sola Sapientia in se tota conversa est* †. *Wisdom only is wholly turned into itself*. I leave it to Artists, (and I know not whether or no they will be able to bring it about in a Thing so perplexed, small and casual) to marshal into distinct Bodies, this infinite Diversity of Faces, and to settle and regulate our Inconstancy. I do not only find it hard to piece our Actions to one another, but I moreover find it very hard properly to design them every one by themselves by any principal Quality, so ambiguous and capricious they are by the se-

* *Virg. Georg. lib. ii. v. 103*, where he is speaking of the innumerable kinds of Grapes.

† *Cicero de fin. lib. iii. c. 7*.

and Lights. That, which is remarked for rare in *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, that his Mind fixing itself to no one Condition, wandered through all sorts of Life, and bewitched in a manner so wild and uncouth, that it was neither known by himself, or any other, what kind of Man he is *, seems almost to suit all Mankind. And moreover, I have seen another of his Cut, to whom I think is Conclusion might more properly be applied : He kept a Medium, but was still running headlong from one stream to another, upon Occasions not to be guessed at ; steered no manner of Course without traverse and wonderful Contrariety ; and had no one Quality uncompounded : that the best Guess that Man can one Day make, will be, that he affected and studied to make himself known, being not to be known. A Man had need have good ears to hear himself frankly censured. And as there are very few that can bear this without being nettled, those who hazard the undertaking it to us, manifest a singular Effect of Friendship ; for 'tis sincere Love indeed, to attempt to hurt and offend us for our own Good. I think it rude to censure a Man whose ill Qualities are more than his good ones. *Plato* requires three Things in him that he examine the Soul of another, to wit †, *Knowledge*, *Good Will*, and *Boldness*.

I was once asked what I should have thought myself fit to, had any one designed to make use of me in my younger Years.

*Dum melior vires sanguis dabat, æmula nedum
Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus ‡.*

Whilst better Blood my Limbs with Vigour fed,
And e'er old Age had snow'd upon my Head.

* *Tit. Liv.* lib. xii. c. 20.

† *Socrates* in *Plato's* Dialogue in-
de *Gorgias*.

‡ *Æneid.* lib. v. ver. 415.

Montaigne
would have
been a fit Per-
son to talk
freely to his So-
vereign, to tell
him Truths, and
to teach him to
know himself.

For nothing, said I. And I am v
enough to excuse my Inability to do any
that may enslave myself to another.
I should have told these Truths to my
Sovereign, and have controuled his Mann-
er he had so pleased; not in gross by such
Lessons, which I understand not, and
which indeed I see no true Refor-
mation spring in those that do; but by observing them grad-
ually at all Opportunities, and simply and naturally ju-
stify them by the Eye, and distinctly one by one, giving
to understand upon what Terms he was in the com-
mon Opinion, in Opposition to his Flatterers. There is
not of us that would not be worse than Kings, if so-
nally corrupted as they are with that sort of Vice.
Could even *Alexander*, that great King and Philoso-
pher defend himself from them? I should have Fidelity, .
Civility, and Freedom enough for that Purpose.
It would be a nameless Office; otherwise it would lose
its Grace and Effect; and 'tis a part that is not in-
terribly fit for all Men. For Truth itself has not the
privilege to be spoke at all times, and in all Events; though
of it, noble as it is, has its Circumscriptions and Limits.
It oft falls out, as the World now goes, that a Man
slip into the Ear of a Prince, not only to no Purpose
moreover injuriously and unjustly. And no Man
can make me believe, that a virtuous Remonstrance may
be viciously applied, and that the Interest of the Subject
is not oft to give place to that of the Form.

For such a Purpose, I would have a Man that is
content with his own Fortune;

Quod sit, esse velit, nihilque malit *:

Who likes that present State of his,
And would not be but what he is.

* *Mart. Ep. lib. x. Epig. 47. v. 12.*

rn to a moderate Fortune; forasmuch the one hand he would not scruple to his Sovereign's Heart to the quick, of losing his Preferment: And on the and, by being of a middling Quality, ld have more easy Communication with all sorts of : And I would have this Office limited to only one because to diffuse the Privilege of this Liberty and to many, would beget an inconvenient Irreverence and even of that one too, I would above all things the Fidelity of Silence.

Who would be the most proper Person for the Exercise of this Office to Princes.

King is not to be believed when he of his Constancy in standing the Shock of an Enemy for his Glory, if for his Pro- Amendment, he cannot bear the m of a Friend's Advice, which can do no more ing his Ear, the Remainder of its Effect being still own Power. Now, there is no Rank of Men er who stand in so great need of true and free Ad- on as they do. They act in a public Sphere, and many Spectators to please, that when Men have conceal from them whatever should divert them their own Course, they insensibly have themselves involved in the Hatred and tion of their People, sometimes upon slight Occasions as they might voided without any Prejudice even to their Pleasures lves, had they been advised and set right in time. Favourites commonly have more Regard to them- than they have to their Sovereigns; and indeed it them upon, forasmuch as in Truth most Offices of riendship when applied to the Sovereign, are disa- le and dangerous in the Essay; so that therein there l, not only of very great Affection and Freedom, Courage too.

How much Kings are in Want of such a Person.

Free Advice necessary for Kings.

*The Advantage
that may be de-
rived from
Montaigne's
Essays for the
Health of the
Soul, and much
more for that
of the Body.*

To conclude, all this Medley of Things here compiled is nothing but a Register of my own Experiments in Life, which for its internal Soundness is exemplary enough to take Instruction against the Grain; but as to bodily Health, no Man can furnish out more profitable Experience than I, who present it pure, and no way corrupted and changed by Art and Opinion. Experience is properly upon its own Dung-hill in the Subject of Physic, where Reason wholly gives it Place. *Tiberius* * said, that whoever had lived twenty Years, ought to be responsible to himself for all Things that were hurtful or wholesome to him, and to know how to order himself without Physic. And he might have learnt it of *Socrates*, who advising his Disciples to be solicitous of their Health, and to make it their chief Study, added, that it was hard if a Man of Sense, that took care of his Exercises and Diet, did not better know than any Physician, what was good or bad for him. And indeed Physic does profess always to have Experience for the Touch-stone of its Operations. And *Plato* was right when he said, that to be a true Physician, he who professed that Science should first himself have passed through all the Diseases he pretends to cure, and through all the Accidents and Circumstances whereof he is to judge. 'Tis but Reason they should get the Pox, if they will know how to cure it; for my part, I should chuse to put myself into such Hands: For the others only guide us, like him who paints the Sea, Rocks, and Ports, and draws the Model of a Ship as he sits safe at his Table;

* I cannot imagine where *Montaigne* met with that Saying of *Tiberius*, that after the Age of 20 Years, a Man ought to have nothing to do with physical Remedies. *Suetonius* only says, that *Tiberius*, after he was 30 Years of Age, governed his Health after his own Fancy, and without the Help and Advice of Physicians. *Sueton.* in the Life of *Tiberius*, § 68. And *Plutarch* tells us in his excellent Treatise of the *Rules and Precepts for Health*, that he remembered to have heard, that *Tiberius* used to say, that the Man who after threescore Years of Age held his Hand out to a Physician to feel his Pulse, deserved to be laughed at for a Fool. Ch. 23. of *Amos*'s Translation.

but send him to Sea, he knows not what Course to steer. They make such a Description of our Maladies, as a Town-Crier does of a lost Horse, or Dog, of such a Colour, such a Height, such an Ear; but bring the Animal to him, and he knows him not for all that. God grant that Physic may one Day give me some good and visible Relief, namely, when I shall cry out in good Earnest.

*Tandem efficaci do manus Scientiæ **

At length I own the Power of thy Pill,
And let its Operation cure or kill.

The Arts that promise to keep our Bodies and Souls in Health, promise a great deal, but withal, there is none that less keep their Promise. And in our Times, those that make Profession of these Arts amongst us, less manifest the Effects of them than all other Men. One may say of them at the most, that they sell medicinal Drugs, but that they are Physicians a Man cannot say. I have lived so long as to be able to give an Account of my Practice hitherto. And, for whoever has a Mind to read it, as his Taster, I give him this Essay, of which these are some Articles, as they occur to my Memory. I have no Custom that has not varied according to Accidents; but I record those I have been most used to, and that hitherto have had the greatest Possession of me.

My Form of Life is the same in Sicknes that it is in Health, the same Bed, the same Hours, the same Meats and the same Liquors serve me; I add nothing to them but the Moderation of more or less, according to my Strength and Appetite. My Health consists in maintaining my wonted State without Disturbance. I see that Sicknes deprives me of it on one hand, and if I will be

*Montaigne's
Course of Life,
the same in
Sicknes as in
Health.*

* *Hor. Epode 17. v. 1.*

ruled by the Physicians, they will rob me of it on the other hand ; so that both by Fortune and by Art I am put out of my Road. I believe nothing more certainly than this, that I cannot be hurt by the Use of Things to which I have been so long accustomed. 'Tis Custom that gives the Form to a Man's Life, as it best pleases her, who in that is all in all : 'Tis the Beverage of *Circe* that varies our Nature how it pleases. How many Nations, and but little way from us, think our Fear of the Sun's Exhalations in a very clear Day, that so manifestly hurt us, ridiculous, and our very Watermen and Peasants laugh at it. You make a *German* sick if you lay him upon a Mattrafs, as you do an *Italian* if you put him on a Featherbed ; and a *Frenchman* without Curtains and a Fire. A *Spanish* Stomach cannot hold out to eat as we can, nor ours to drink like the *Swiss*. A *German* made me very merry at *Augsbourg* in finding Fault with our Hearths by the same Arguments which we commonly make use of in decrying their Stoves : For, to say the Truth, that smothered Heat, and the Scent too of that Matter with which they are heated again and again, offend most People who are not used to them, but not me ; yet as to the rest, this Heat being equal, constant and universal, without Flame, without Smoke, and without the Wind that comes down our Chimnies, they may in other respects endure Comparison with ours. Why do we not imitate the *Roman* Architecture ? For, they say, that antiently Fires were not made in their Houses, but on the out-side, and at the Foot of them, from whence the Heat was conveyed to the whole Fabric by Pipes contrived in the Wall, which were drawn twining about the Rooms that were to be warmed : Which I have seen plainly described somewhere in *Seneca*. This *German* Gentleman hearing me commend the Conveniencies and Beauties of his City, which truly deserves it, began to pity me that I was to go away. And the first Inconvenience he alledged to me was, the Dizziness which the Chimneys elsewhere brought upon me. He had heard some one make this Complaint, and fixed it upon us, he being by Custom deprived of the Means of perceiving it in his House. All Heat that comes from
Fire

Fire makes me weak and dull, and yet *Evenus* said, that Fire was the best Seasoning * of Life. I rather chuse any other way of making myself warm.

We are afraid to drink our Wines when towards the Lees; whereas in *Portugal* their heady Fumes are reputed delicious, and 'tis the Beverage of Princes. In fine, every Nation has several Customs and Usages, that are not only unknown, but savage and miraculous to some others. What should we do with those People who admit of no Testimonies, if not printed, who believe no Men if they are not in a Book, nor any Truth, if not of a competent Age? We give our Follies a Sanction when we commit them to the Press. 'Tis of a great deal more Weight to him you address, to say, *I have read such a thing*, than if you only say, *I have heard such a thing said*. But I, who no more disbelieve a Man's Mouth than his Pen, and who know that Men write as indiscreetly as they speak, and who esteem this Age as much as one that's past, do as soon quote a Friend of my Acquaintance as *Aulus Gellius*, or *Macrobius*, and what I have seen, as what they have writ. And, as 'tis held of Virtue, that it is not greater for having continued longer, so do I hold of Truth, that for being older it is not wiser. I often say, that it is mere Folly which makes us run after strange and scholastic Examples. Their Fertility is the same now that it was in the Time of *Homer* and *Plato*. But is it not that we aim at more Honour from the Quotation than from the Truth of the Discourse? As if it were more to the Purpose to borrow our Proofs from the Shops of *Vascofan* or of *Plantin*, than from what is to be seen in our own Village: Or else indeed, that we have not the Wit to cull out and improve what we see before us, and to judge of it lively enough to draw it into Example. For if we say that we want Authority to procure Faith to our Testimony, we speak improperly, forasmuch as, in my Opinion, of the most ordinary, common, and known Things, could we but penetrate them, the greatest Miracles of Nature

The established Customs of some Countries quite contrary to those of others.

* *Plutarch* in his *Platonic Questions*; c. 3.

might be formed, and the most wonderful Examples, especially upon the Subject of human Actions.

Instance of a Gentleman, who lived a whole Year without Drinking.

Now as to the Point I am speaking of, setting aside the Proofs I have gathered from Books, and what *Aristotle* says of *Andron the Argian*; that he travelled over the burning hot Sands of *Libya* without Drinking *; a Gentleman who has behaved very well in several Employments, said in a Place where I was, that he had travelled from *Madrid* to *Lisbon* in the Heat of Summer, without any Drink at all; he is very stout for his Age, and hath nothing extraordinary in his Way of Life, but this, that sometimes he passes two or three Months, nay, a whole Year, as he told me, without drinking. He has sometimes a Thirst, but he lets it pass over; he says, it is an Appetite which easily goes off of itself, and drinks more out of Humour, than either for Need or Pleasure.

Another of a learned Man who loved to study in the midst of a great Noise.

Here is another Example: 'Tis not long ago that I found one of the learnedest Men in *France*, and one of no mean Fortune, studying in a Corner of a Hall, where he was only separated by Tapestry, from a Rabble of his Servants, who you may be sure were rude and loud enough. He told me, and *Seneca* almost says the same of himself, that he made an Advantage of this Noise; as if by being dinned with this Rattle, he the better recollected and retired himself into himself for Contemplation, and as if this Tempest of Voices repercussed his Thoughts inwards. Being at *Padua*, he had his Study so long situated in the Rattle of Coaches, and the Tumult of the Square, that he not only formed himself to the Contempt, but even to the Use of Noise, for the Service of his Studies. *Socrates* answered *Alcibiades*, who being astonished at his Patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual Clack of his scolding Wife, *Why*, said he, *as those do who are accustomed to the ordinary Noise of Wheels for drawing Water*. I am quite otherwise; I

* *Diogenes Laert.* in the Life of *Pyrrho*, lib. ix. § 81. and *Menager's* Remarks on it, p. 434.

have a tender Head, Brain very volatile; and when 'tis bent upon any one Thing, the least buzzing of a Fly tears it into pieces. *Seneca* *, in his Youth, having, by the Example of *Sextius*, formed a positive Resolution of eating nothing that had Life, passed over a whole Year without it, as he said, with Pleasure, and only returned to animal Food, that he might not be suspected of taking up this Rule from some new Religions by which it was prescribed. But he took up withal, from the Precepts of *Attalus*, a Custom, not to lie any more upon soft Bedding, but even to his old Age made use of such as would not yield to any Pressure. What the Custom of his Time denominated Roughness, ours treats as Effeminacy. Do but observe the Difference betwixt the Way of living of my Labourers, and that of mine; the *Scythians* and the *Indians* have nothing more remote both from my Force and Method. I know very well, that I have picked up Beggar-boys to serve me, who soon after have quitted both my Kitchen and Livery, only that they might return to their former Course of Life: And I found one afterwards gathering Muscles out of the Sink for his Dinner, whom I could neither by Intreaties nor Threats, reclaim from the Sweetness and Relish he found in Indigence. Beggars have their Grandeur and Delights, as well as the Rich; and 'tis said, their particular Dignities and Politics. These are the Effects of Custom, which can mould us not only into what Form she pleases, (and yet the Sages say, we ought to apply ourselves to the best, which she would soon make easy to us) but also to Change and Variation, which is the most noble and most useful of her Documents. The best of my bodily Perfections is, that I am flexible, and not very obstinate. I have some Inclinations more proper and ordinary, and more agreeable than others; but I deviate from them with very little Trouble, and easily slip into a contrary Course. A young Man ought to cross his own Rules to awake his Vigour, and to keep it from growing mouldy and rusty. And

* *Seneca*, Epist. 108.

there is no Course of Life so weak and sottish, as that which is carried on by Rule and Discipline.

*Ad primum lapidem vestari cum placet, hora
Sumitur ex libro ; si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspectâ genesi collyria quærit *.*

If but a Mile he travel out of Town
The planetary Hour must first be known ;
If he but rub the Corner of his Eye,
He chuses Salve by his Nativity.

He will often relapse into Excesses, if he will take my Word for it ; otherwise the least Debauch ruins him. He renders himself uneasy, and disagreeable in Conversation. The worst Quality in a well-bred Man is Delicacy, and being attached to a certain particular Form ; and it is particular, if not pliable and supple. It is a kind of Reproach, not to be able, or not to dare to do what he sees others do. Let such as those sit at home. It is in every Man indecent, but in a Soldier vicious and intolerable ; who, as *Philopæmen* said, ought to accustom himself to all Variety, and Inequality of Life.

*The Customs to
which Mont-
aigne was a
Slave in his
old Age.*

[Though I have been brought up, as much as was possible to Liberty and Indifference, yet so it is, that through this Indifference, by growing old, and having more settled upon certain Forms (my Age is now past Instruction, and I have henceforward nothing to do but to take care of it as well as I can) Custom has already, ere I was aware, so imprinted its Character in me, in certain Things, that I look upon it as a kind of Excess to depart from them. And, without a Force upon myself, I cannot sleep in the Day-time, nor eat between Meals, nor Breakfast, nor go to Bed, without a great Interval, as of three Hours after Supper ; nor get Children till I have slept, and never standing upon my Feet, nor endure to put

* *Juven. Sat. 6. v. 576.*

myself in a Sweat, nor quench my Thirst either with pure Water or Wine, nor keep my Head long bare, nor have it shaved after Dinner; and I should be as uneasy without my Gloves, as without my Shirt, or without washing when I rise from Table, or out of my Bed; and could not lye without a Canopy and Curtains, as necessary Things: I could dine without a Table-cloth, but not without a clean Napkin, after the *German* Fashion. I foul them more than they, or the *Italians* do, and make but little use either of Spoon or Fork. I am sorry that the same is not in use amongst us, that I see at the Tables of Kings; which is, to change our Napkins at every Service, as they do our Plates. We are told of that laborious Soldier *Marius*, that growing old, he became nice in his Drinking, and never drank but out of a peculiar Cup of his own. I, in like manner, fancy Glasses of a certain Form, and do not willingly drink in a common Glass with others: All Metal offends me compared with Matter clear and transparent: Let my Eyes taste too, as far as they can. I owe several such Delicacies to Custom. Nature has also on the other hand, helped me to some of hers, as no longer to be able to endure two full Meals in one Day, without overcharging my Stomach, nor a total Abstinence from one of those Meals, without filling myself with Wind, furring my Mouth, and blunting my Appetite. I also dislike the Evening Air. For of late Years, in Marches, which often happen to be all Night long, after Five or Six Hours, my Stomach begins to be queasy, with a violent Pain in my Head, so that I always vomit before the Day break. When others go to Breakfast I go to sleep, and when I rise am as brisk as before. I had always been told, that the Dews never fell but in the Beginning of the Night; but for certain Years past, after long and familiar Acquaintance with a Lord possessed with the Opinion, that the Serene is more sharp and dangerous about the declining of the Sun, an Hour or two before it sets, which he carefully avoids, and despises that of the Night; he had almost brought me into his Opinion. What, shall the very Doubt and Enquiry strike our Imagination so as

to alter us? Such as on a sudden give way to their Pro-pensions, bring entire Ruin upon themselves. And I am sorry for several Gentlemen, who, thro' the Folly of their Physicians, have in their Youth and Strength brought themselves into Consumptions. It were even yet better to endure a Cough, than by Difufance for ever to lose the Commerce of the common Life in an Action of so great Use. Ill-natured Science, to put us out of Conceit with the most pleasant Hours of the Day: Let us keep Possession of it to the last. For the most part a Man hardens himself by being obstinate, and corrects his Constitution; as *Cæsar* did the Falling-Sickness, by dint of Contempt. A Man should addict himself to the best Rules, but not inflave himself to them; yet there is one to which a slavish Attachment is useful.

*The Care that
Montaigne
took to keep his
Body open.*

Both Kings and Philosophers go to stool, and Ladies too; public Lives are bound to Ceremony; mine that is obscure and private, enjoys all natural Dispensation. *Souldier* and *Gascon* are also Characters a little subject to Indiscretion in this Point; wherefore I shall say of this Action, that it is necessary to refer it to certain prescribed and nocturnal Hours, and to force a Man's self to it by Custom, as I have done; but not to subject himself, as I have done in my declining Years, to look out for a particular Convenience of Place and Seat for that Purpose, and making it troublesome by long sitting: and yet in the foulest Offices, is it not in some measure excusable to require more Care and Cleanliness? *Natura homo mundum, et elegans animal est.* i. e. *Man is by Nature a clean and elegant Creature**. Of all the Actions of Nature, I hate most the being interrupted in that. I have seen many Soldiers troubled with an irregular Call, whilst I and my Belly never fail of our punctual Assignment, which is at leaping out of Bed, if some violent Business, or Sickness do not molest us.

*The surest
Course to be
taken by Vale-
tudinarians.*

I do not think therefore, as I said before, that Valetudinarians can be safer than by keeping close to that Course of Life wherein they have been bred and trained up. Alte-

* *Seneca*, Epist. 92.

ration, be it what it will, astonishes and hurts. Can you believe that Chest-nuts can hurt a *Perigourdin*, or one of *Lucca*; or Milk and Cheese the Mountaineers? Men enjoin them not only anew, but a contrary Method of Life, a Change which a Man in Health could not endure. To prescribe Water to a Native of *Bretagne* of threescore and ten; to shut a Seaman up in a Stove, and to forbid a Footman to walk, is to deprive them of Motion, and at last of Air and Light.

—— an vivere tanti est?

Cogimur a suctis animum suspendere rebus,

Atque ut vivamus vivere definimus.

Hoc superesse reor quibus et spirabilis aer

*Et lux qua regimur, redditur ipsa gravis *.*

To human Life a Gift of so much Price
When our old Habits we must sacrifice,
And live no longer, — to live otherwise? }
I can't imagine that they longer live,
To whom nor Light, nor Air does Comfort give.

If they do no other good, they do this at least, that they prepare Patients betimes for Death, by little and little undermining and curtailing the Usage of Life.

Both well and sick, I have ever willingly gratified the Appetites that press upon me. I give great Authority to my Propensions and Desires. I do not love to cure one Disease by another. I hate Remedies that are

more troublesome than the Disease. To be subject to the Stone, and subject to abstain from the Pleasure of eating Oysters, are two Evils instead of one. The Disease torments us on the one hand, and the Prescription on the other. Since we are ever in Danger of mistaking, let us rather run a Hazard by the Continuance of Pleasure. The World proceeds quite contrary, and thinks nothing

Montaigne
*whether well
or sick indulged
his natural Ap-
petites.*

* *Gallus, Eleg. 1. v. 55—255.*

profitable that is not painful ; Ease stands suspected by it. My Appetite is in several Things of itself happily enough accommodated to the Health of my Stomach. Acrimony and Quickness in Sawces were pleasant to me when young, but my Stomach disliking them, my Taste for them incontinently went off. Wine is hurtful to sick People ; and 'tis the first Thing that my Mouth disrelishes when I am sick, and with an invincible Disgust. Whatever I take against my Liking does me harm ; but nothing hurts me that I eat with Appetite and Delight ; I never received Harm by any Action that was very pleasant to me ; and accordingly have made all medicinal Conclusions give intire Precedency to my Pleasure. And, when I was young,

*Quem circumcursans huc, atque huc sæpe cupido
Fulgebat crocinâ splendidus in tunica *.*

Whilst *Cupid* round me fluttering did fly,
In his gay Mantle of the *Tyrian Dye*.

I gave myself the Reins as licentious and rashly as any body else to my then governing Passion.

Et militavi non sine gloria †.

And gallantly fought in the Service of Beauty.

yet more in Continuation and holding out, than in a Sally.

Sex me vix memini sustinuisse vices ‡.

* *Catullus* Carm. 56. v. 133.

† *Hor.* lib. iii. Ode 26. ver. 2.

‡ *Ovid.* Amor. lib. iii. Eleg. 7. v. 26. Some very curious Enquirers will blame me for not having explained this little Verse ; and there are others whom I rather chose to keep fair with, would give me a Rap on the Knuckles if I had. All I can do to oblige the first, is to refer them to *Fontain's Tale de Berceau*, v. 246.

'Tis certainly a Misfortune, and a Miracle at once, to confess at what a tender Age I was first subjected to Love: it was indeed by Chance; for it was long before the Years of Choice or Discretion: I do not remember myself so long ago. And my Fortune may very well be compared to that of *Quartilla* *, who could not remember when she lost her Virginitv.

*Inde tragus celeresque pili, mirandaque matri
Barba mea †.*

Therefore my Beard budded early to my Mother's Admiration.

Physicians commonly submit their Rules to the violent Longings that happen to sick Persons, with very good Success. This great Desire, as strange and vicious as it is, it cannot be imagined, but that Nature must have a hand in it. And then how easy a Thing is it to satisfy the Fancy? In my Opinion, this part wholly carries it, at least, above all the rest. The most grievous and common Evils are those that Fancy loads us with. This Spanish Saying pleases me in several Senses; *Defienda me Dios de my.* i. e. *God defend me from myself.* I am sorry when I am sick, that I have not some Longing that might give me the Contentment of satisfying it; Physick would hardly be able to divert me from it. I do the same when I am well. I can think of very little more than to hope or wish. 'Tis pity a Man should be so weak and languishing, as to have nothing left him but wishing.

The Art of Physick is not so solidly established as to leave us without Authority for whatever we do; according to *Fernelius* and *Scala* it changes according to the Climates and Moons. If your Physician does not think it good for you to sleep, to drink Wine,

The Uncertainty of Physick gives a Sanction to most of our Longings.

* *Petronius*, p. 17. The *Paris* Edit. An. 1587. lib. xi. Ep. 23 v. 7. and 8.

† *Martial*,

suffered Rheums, gouty Defluxions, Diarrheas, Paffions of the Heart, Megrims, and other Accident grow old, and die away in me, which I have been when I was half fit to nourish them. They are wrought upon by Courteſy than Bravado; we muſt patiently ſuffer the Laws of our Condition, we are bound to grow old, to grow weak, and to be ſick in deſpite of Medicine. 'Tis the firſt Leſſon the *Mexicans* teach Children; ſo ſoon as ever they come out of their Mothers Wombs, they thus ſalute them, *Thou art come into World, Child, to endure; endure therefore, ſuffer, and be ſilent.* 'Tis Injuſtice to lament that that is fallen on any one, which may befall every one. *Indignare ſi in te inique, propriè conſtitutum eſt **, i. e. *Then be angry when there is any thing unjuſtly decreed againſt thee alone.*

*What cannot
be avoided
muſt be endured
with Pa-
tience.*

See an old Man who begs of God that he will maintain his Health vigorous and ſound, that is to ſay, that he will reſtore him to Youth :

Stulte, quid hæc fruſtra votis puerilibus optas †?

Thou Fool, why doſt thou put up ſuch childiſh Prayers for what can ne'er be obtain'd?

Is it not Folly? his Condition is not capable of it. The Gout, the Stone, and Indigeſtion, are Symptoms of long Years, as Heat, Rains and Winds, are of long Voyages. *Plato* ‡ does not believe that *Æſculapius* troubled himſelf to provide by a Regimen for prolonging Life in a weak and waſted Body, uſeleſs to his Country, and to his Profeſſion, and to beget healthful and robuſt Children; and he does not think this Solitude ſuitable to the Divine Juſtice and Prudence, which is to direct all Things to Uſe and Utility. My good Friend, your Buſineſs is done, no more

* *Seneca*, *Epist.* 91.

† *Ovid.* *Trist.* lib. iii. *Eleg.* 8. v. 1

‡ *De Republica*, lib. iii. p. 623.

estore you, they can at the most but patch you up,
prop you a little, and prolong your Misery an Hour
10.

*Non secus instantem cupiens fulcire ruinam,
Diversis contra nititur obicibus,
Donec certa dies, omni compage soluta,
Ipsam cum rebus subruat auxilium *.*

Like one, who willing to defer a while
A sudden Ruin, props the tott'ring Pile,
Till in short space the House, the Props and all
Together with a dreadful Ruin fall.

must learn to suffer what we cannot avoid. Our Life, the Harmony of the World, is composed of contrary
gs, also of several Notes, sweet and harsh, sharp and
spiritedly and solemn; and the Musician who should
affect one of these, what would he be able to say?
must know how to make use of them all, and to mix
; and we likewise the Goods and Evils which are
substantial with our Life: Our Being cannot subsist
out this Mixture, and the one Tribe is no less neces-
sary to it than the other. To attempt to kick against na-
tural Necessity, is to represent the Folly of *Ctesiphon*, who
tried to kick with his Mule.

consult little about the Alterations I feel; those People take Advantage when they
you at their Mercy. They cudgel your
with their Prognosticks; and having
erly surprised me, weakened with Sickness, injuri-
7 handled me with their Doctrines and magisterial
nts; one while menacing me with great Pains, and
her with approaching Death; by which Threats I
indeed moved and shaken, but not dejected, nor
ed from my Place; and though my Judgment was

*Why Mon-
taine avoided
to consult Phy-
sicians.*

* *Gallus*, Eleg. 1. v. 173. &c.

neither altered nor distracted, yet it was at least embarrassed by it. 'Tis always Agitation and Struggle.

*He loved to
flatter his Imagination in his
illness.*

Now I use my Imagination as gently as I can, and would discharge it of all Trouble and Contest, if I could. A Man must assist, flatter, and deceive it, if he can. My Mind is fit for that Office. It wants no Appearances throughout. And could it persuade, as it preaches, it would successfully relieve me. Will you have an Example? It tells me that 'tis for my Good to have the Stone: that Structures of my Age are naturally to suffer some Ruin: that it is now Time they should begin to disjoint, and to confess a Decay; 'tis a common Necessity, and there was no new Miracle to be wrought for me: I thereby pay what is due to old Age, and I cannot expect a better Account of it: that Society ought to comfort me being fallen into the most common Infirmary of Men of my Age *. I see every-where Men tormented with the same Disease: and am honoured by their Fellowship, forasmuch as Men of the best Quality are most frequently afflicted with it; 'tis a noble and dignified Disease. That of such as are afflicted with it, few have it to a less Degree of Pain, and yet they are put to the Trouble of a wretched Regimen, and the daily taking of nauseous Drugs; whereas I owe my better State purely to my good Fortune. For some ordinary Broths of *Eringo's*, and *Burfi-wort*, that I have twice or thrice taken to oblige the Ladies, who, with greater Kindness than my Pain, would needs present me half of theirs, seemed to me equally easy to take, and fruitless in Operation. They have a thousand Vows to make to *Æsculapius*, and as many Crowns to pay to their Physician, for the voiding Gravel easily and plentifully, which I often do by the Benefit of Nature. Even the Decency of my Countenance is not disturbed by it in Company, and I can hold my Water ten Hours, and as long as any Man that is in perfect Health. The Fear

The Stone ordinary in old Men, especially Men of Quality.

* *Dulce est miseris socios habuisse Doloris.*

of this Disease says one, did formerly affright thee, when it was unknown to thee ; the crying and roaring of those that make it worse by their Impatience, begot a Horror in thee : 'Tis an Infirmary that punishes the Members by which thou hast most offended : Thou art a conscientious Fellow ;

*Quæ venit indignè pœna, dolenda venit **.

Then Punishments to be complain'd of are,
When laid upon a guiltless Sufferer.

Consider this Chastisement, 'tis very easy in comparison of that of others, and inflicted with a paternal Tenderness : Do but observe how late it comes ; it only seizes on, and incommodes that Stage of thy Life, which is upon the matter sterile, and lost ; having, as it were by Composition, given way to the Licentiousness and Pleasures of thy Youth. The Fear and the Compassion that People have of this Disease, serves thee for matter of Pride. A Quality whereof, if thou hast thy Judgment purified, and that thy Reason be right and sound, thy Friends will yet notwithstanding, discover some Tincture in thy Complexion. 'Tis Pleasure to hear it said of a Man's self, *here is great Fortitude, here is great Patience !* Thou art seen to sweat with the excessive Pain, to look pale and red, to tremble, to vomit Blood, to suffer strange Contractions and Convulsions, by starts to let Tears drop from thine Eyes, to make thick, black and dreadful Urine, or to have it supprest by some sharp and jagged Stone, that cruelly pricks and tears the Neck of the Bladder, whilst thou entertainest the Company with thy usual Countenance, drolling by Fits with thy Servants, making none in a continued Discourse, now and then excusing thy Pain, and making thy Sufferance less than it is. Does it put thee in mind of the Men of past times, who so greedily

* *Ovid. Epist. 5. v. 8.*

sought Diseases to keep their Virtue in Breath and Exercise? Put the Case that Nature inclines and forces thee to this glorious School, into which thou would'st never have entered, of thy own free Will. If thou tell'st me, that it is a dangerous and mortal Disease; what Diseases are not? For 'tis a physical Cheat to except any, and to say, that they do not tend directly to Death: What matter is it, if they steer that way by Accident, and if they slide and wheel gently into the Path that leads to it? But thou dost not die because thou art sick, thou diest because thou art living. Death actually kills thee without the Help of Sickness: And to some, Sickness has deferred Death, who have lived the longer by reason that they thought themselves always dying. To which may be added, that as of Wounds, so of Diseases, some are medicinal and wholesome. The Cholic is oft no less long-lived than you. We know Men with whom it has continued from their Infancy, even to their extreme old Age, and if they had not parted Company, it would have attended them longer still; you oftner kill it than it kills you: And though it present you the Image of approaching Death, were it not a good Office to a Man of such an Age, to put him in mind of his latter End? And, which is worse, thou hast no longer any thing that should make thee desire to be cured. Common Necessity will however presently call thee away. Do but consider how artfully and gently she puts thee out of conceit with Life, and weans thee from the World; not compelling thee with a tyrannical Subjection, as by many other Infirmities which you see old Men afflicted withal, that hold them in continual Torment, and keep them in perpetual and incessant Pains and Infirmities; but by Warnings and Instructions at several Intervals, intermixing long Pauses of Repose, as it were to give thee scope to meditate and ruminate upon thy Lesson at thy Leisure; in order to enable thee to judge aright, and to assume the Resolution of a Man of Courage, she presents to thee the entire State of thy Condition, both in Good and Evil, and with a very chearful, and an insupportable Life, alternately in one and the same Day. If thou embracest not Death, at least thou shakest Hands
with

with it once a Month ; by which thou hast more Cause to hope that it will one Day surprize thee without Warning ; and that being so oft conducted to the Water-side, and thinking thyself to be still upon the accustomed Terms, thou and thy Confidence will at one time or another be unexpectedly waisted over *. A Man has no reason to complain of Diseases that fairly divide the Time with Health. I am obliged to Fortune for having so oft assaulted me with the same sort of Weapons ; she forms and fashions me by Usance, and hardens and habituates me so to her Attacks that I can know within a little, for how much I shall be quit. For want of natural Memory. I make one of Paper ; and as any new Symptom happens in my Disease, I write it down ; from whence it falls out, that being now almost past through all sorts of Examples, if any Astonishment threaten me, tumbling over these little loose Notes, like the *Sybil's* Leaves, I never fail of finding matter of Consolation from some favourable Prognostic in my past Experience. Custom also makes me hope better for the time to come. For the Conduct of this Evacuation having so long continued, 'tis to be believed that Nature will not alter her Course, and that no other worse Accident will happen than what I already feel. Besides, the Condition of this Disease is not unsuitable to my forward and hasty Complexion. When it assaults me gently, I am afraid, for 'tis then for a great while ; but it has naturally brisk and vigorous Excesses. It claws me to Purpose for a day or two. My Reins held held out an Age without Alteration, and I have almost now lived another since they changed their State. Evils have their Periods as well as Benefit, peradventure this Infirmary draws towards an End. Age weakens the Heat of my Stomach, the Digestion of which being less perfect, it sends this crude Matter to my Reins ; and why

* This seems to be an Illusion to what was fabled by the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, that the Dead were transported over the River *Styx* in *Charon's* Ferry-boat ; a Fancy with which we still adorn our Poetry, and sometimes adopt in Prose too in our familiar Conversation.

at a certain Revolution may not the Heat of my Reins be also abated, so that they can no longer petrify my Flegm, and Nature pave the way for some other manner of Purgation. Years have evidently helped me to drain certain Rheums; and why not those Excrements which furnish matter for Gravel? but is there any thing sweet in comparison of this sudden Change, when from an excessive Pain, I come, by the voiding of a Stone, to recover, as from a Flash of Lightning, the beautiful Light of Health, so free and full as it happens in our sudden and the sharpest Fits of the Cholic: Is there any thing in the Pain suffered, that can compare to the Pleasure of so sudden an Amendment? Oh! how much more pleasant does Health seem to me after Sicknes so near and contiguous to each other, as that I can distinguish them in the Presence of one another in their best State, when they vie with one another, as it were, which shall have the Mastery! What the *Stoicks* say, that Vices are profitably introduced, to give Value and Support to Virtue; we can with better Reason, and less Temerity of Censure, say of Nature, that she has given us Pain for the Honour and Service of Pleasure and Indolence. When *Socrates*, after his Fetters were knocked off, felt the Pleasure of that itching which the Weight of them had caused in his Legs, he rejoiced to consider the strict Alliance betwixt Pain and Pleasure, how they are linked together by a necessary Connexion, so that by turns they follow and mutually beget one another; and cried out to *Æsop*, that he ought out of this Consideration, to have taken a Subject proper for a fine Fable.

The Advantage of the Stone above all other Distempers.

The worst that I see in other Diseases is, that they are not so grievous in their Operation, as they are in their Issue. A Man is a whole Year in recovering, and all the while full of Weakness and Fear. So dangerous and so gradual is the Recovery of Sanity, that there is no end on't. Before you are allowed to throw off a Handkerchief, and then a Cap, before they allow you to take the Air, to drink Wine, lie with your Wife, and eat Melons, 'tis odds if you relapse not into some new Distemper.

Distemper. The Stone has this Privilege, that it carries itself clean off. Whereas others always leave behind them some Impression and Alteration, which renders the Body subject to some new Disease, and lend a hand to one another.

Those are excusable, that content themselves with Possession of us, without extending it farther, and introducing their Consequences: But courteous and kind are those whose Departure brings us any profitable Issue. Since I have been troubled with the Stone, I find myself freed from all other Accidents, much more methinks than I was before, and have never had any Fever since. I argue, that the extreme and frequent Vomittings that I am subject to, purge me: And on the other side, my Loathings, and the strange Fasts I am forced to keep, digest my present Humours; and Nature in those Stones, voids whatever there is in me that is superfluous and hurtful. Let it never be said that this is a Medicine too dear bought. For to what Purpose, are so many stinking Apozemes, Causticks, Incisions, Sweats, Seatons, Diets, and so many other Methods of Cure; which oft, by reason we are not able to undergo their Violence and Importunity, bring us to our Graves: So that when I am seized with the Stone, I look upon it as Physic; when freed from it, I think it an entire Deliverance.

And here is another particular Benefit of my Disease; which is, that it most plays its Game by itself, and lets me play mine, or else I only want Courage to do it; for in its greatest Fury, I have endured it ten Hours together on Horse-back; do but have Patience, you need no other Regimen, Play, Dine, Run, do this and the 'tother Thing too if you can; your Debauch will do you more good than harm. Say as much to one that has the Pox, the Gout, or a Rupture: The other Diseases have more universal Obligations, rack our Actions after another kind of Manner, disturb our whole System, and to their Consideration engage the whole State of Life. This only pinches the Skin, it leaves the Understanding and Will wholly at your Disposal, as also the Tongue, Hands and Feet.

*It produces
some Con-
sequences that
are of Ser-
vice.*

Feet. It rather awakes than stupifies you. The Mind is struck with the burning Heat of a Fever, over-whelmed with an Epilepsy, distracted by a sharp Megrim, and finally astonished by all Diseases that hurt the whole Mass, and the most noble Parts: This never attacks the Soul. If any thing goes amiss with her, 'tis her own Fault, she betrays, dismounts, and abandons herself. There are none but Fools who suffer themselves to be persuaded, that this hard and massy Body which is baked in our Kidneys, is to be dissolved by Draughts: Wherefore, when it is once stirred, there is nothing to be done but to give it Passage, and indeed it will take it of itself.

I moreover observe this particular Convenience in it, that it is a Disease wherein we have little to guess at. We are dispensed from the Trouble into which other Diseases throw us, by the Uncertainty of their Causes, Conditions, and Progress. A Trouble that is infinitely painful. We have no need of Consultation and doctoral Interpretations, the Senses well enough inform us what it is, and where it is. By such-like Arguments, both weak and strong, as *Cicero* did the Disease of his old Age, I try to lull, and amuse my Imagination, and to supple its Wounds. If I find them worse to-morrow, I will provide new Stratagems. True it is, I am come to that pass of late, that the least Motion forces pure Blood out of my Kidneys: And what of that? I stir nevertheless as before, and ride after my Hounds with a juvenile and pert Ardour, and find that I have very good Satisfaction for an Accident of that Importance, when it costs me no more but a Stupor and Alteration in that Part. 'Tis some great Stone that wastes and consumes the Substance of my Kidneys, and of my Life, which by little and little evaporates, not without some natural Pleasure, as an Excrement henceforward superfluous and troublesome. Now, if I feel any thing to rowl, do not expect that I should trouble myself to consult my Pulse or my Urine, thereby to put myself upon some uneasy Forethought, I shall soon enough feel the Pain, without making it longer, by the Disease of Fear. He who fears to suffer, does already suffer what he fears. To which may be added, that the Doubts and Ignorance
of

of those who take upon them to explain the Springs of Nature, and her internal Progressions, and the many false Prognostics of their Art, ought to give us to understand, that her Ways are utterly unknown.

There is great Uncertainty, Variety and Obscurity, in what she either promises or threatens; old Age excepted, which is an undoubted Sign of the Approach of Death.

The Guessing at Diseases by Urine very uncertain.

In all other Accidents I see few Signs of the Futurity, whereon we may ground our Divination. I only judge myself by my real Sensation, and not by Discourse: To what End? since I am resolved to bring nothing to it but Expectation and Patience. Will you know how much I get by this? Observe those that do otherwise, and who rely upon so many different Persuasions and Counsels, how oft, and how much they labour under Imagination, exclusive of any bodily Pain. I have many times pleased myself, being well when I have been safe, and delivered from these dangerous Accidents, to communicate them to the Physicians, as if they were then beginning to discover themselves in me; where I underwent the terrible Sentences of their dreadful Conclusions, being very well at ease; and I was the more obliged to the Favour of God, and better satisfied of the Vanity of this Art.

There is nothing that ought so much to be recommended to Youth as Activity and Vigilance. Our Life is nothing but Motion: I bestir myself with great Difficulty, and am slow in every thing, whether in rising, going to bed, or eating. Seven of the Clock in the Morning is early for me; and where I govern, I never dine before Eleven, nor sup till after Six. I have formerly attributed the Cause of the Fevers, and other Diseases I have fallen into, to the Heaviness and Dullness that long sleeping had brought upon me, and have ever repented my sleeping again in the Morning. Plato is more angry at the Excess of Sleeping than that of Drinking: I love to lie hard, and alone, even without my Wife, as Kings and Princes do, but pretty well covered with Cloaths. They never warm my Bed, but since my being grown old, they give me for need warm Cloths to

Montaigne
a great Sleeper.

lay

continued themselves so in spite of my Fevers. I have past the Age to which some Nations, not without Reason, have prescribed so just a Term of Life, that they would not suffer Men to exceed it; and yet I have some Intervals, though short and inconstant, so bright, as are little inferior to the Health and Indolency of my Youth: I do not mean Vigour and Spriteliness, it being not Reason that it should follow me beyond its Limits.

*Non hoc amplius est liminis, aut aque
Cælestis patiens latus *.*

In Life I find it much too late
To stand all Weathers at her Gate.

*His Mind not
much disturbed
by the Ailments
of the Body.*

My Face and Eyes presently discover me. All my Alterations begin there, and appear worse than they really are. My Friends oft pity me, before I feel the Cause in myself: My Looking-glass does not fright me, for even in my Youth it has befallen me more than once to change my Countenance, to put on a troubled Aspect boding no good, without any great Consequence; insomuch, that the Physicians not finding any Cause within, answerable to that outward Alteration, attributed it to the Mind, and some secret Passion that preyed upon my Vitals; but they were deceived. If my Body governed itself as well according to my Wish, as my Mind does, we should move a little more at our Ease. My Mind was then not only free from Trouble, but moreover full of Satisfaction and Joy, as it commonly is, half by Complexion, and half by Design.

Nec vitiant artus agræ contagia mentis †.

* *Hor. lib. iii. Ode 10. v. 19.*
v. 24.

† *Ovid. Trist. lib. iii. El. 8.*

—— I never yet could find,
That e'er my Body suffer'd by my Mind *.

in of the Opinion, that this Temperature of my Mind, soft raised my Body from its Lapses : The latter is oppressed ; and if the former be not brisk and gay, 'tis least quiet and at rest. I had a Quartan Ague four or five Months, that made me look wretchedly, while my mind was always, if not calm, yet pleasant ; if the Pain without me, the Weakness and Langour do not much affect me : I have known several corporal Faintings, that shocking so much as to name, which yet I should less fear than a thousand Passions and Agitations of Mind that I frequently see. I resolve no more to run, 'tis enough that I crawl along ; nor do I complain of the natural Decay as I feel in myself,

Quis tumidum Guttur miratur in Alpibus † ?

Who wonders to see a swell'd Neck in the Alpes ?

I regret, that my Duration shall not be as long and enduring as that of an Oak.

I have no reason to complain of my Imagination, for I have had few Thoughts in my life which have so much as broke my Sleep, except those of Desire, which have awaked without afflicting me : I dream but seldom, and then of Chimera's and fantastical Things, commonly produced from pleasant Thoughts, rather ridiculous than sad ; and believe it to be true, that Dreams are the true Interpreters of our Inclinations ;

*Nor disordered
by the Impressions of the
Imagination,
his Dreams
being rather
ridiculous than
sad.*

† *Montaigne* here interprets *Ovid's* Words in a Sense opposite to what they carry in that Poet ; for what he plainly meant to say is, that his mind was not a Sufferer by any Indisposition of the Body.

† *Juven. Sat. 13. v. 162.*

nations ; but there is Art required to sort and understand them.

*Rex, quæ in vitâ usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident **, *Quæque aiunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea si cui in somno accidunt, minus mirum est †.*

i. e. 'Tis no Wonder, O King, if what Men are accustomed to think, care for, see and say, when waking, should also run in their Heads, when they are asleep.

Plato moreover says, that 'tis the Office of Prudence to draw Instructions of Divination of future Things from Dreams. I see nothing in it, except the wonderful Experiments related of them by *Socrates*, *Xenophon*, and *Aristotle*, all Men of irreproachable Authority †. *Historians* say, that the People of *Atlantis* never dream, and that they also never eat any thing that had Life : Which I add, forasmuch as it is peradventure the Reason why they never dream ; for *Pythagoras* ordered a certain Preparation of Diet, to beget proper Dreams : Mine are very gentle, without any Agitation of Body, or Expression of Voice. I have seen several of my time wonderfully disturbed by them ; *Theon* the Philosopher walked in his Sleep ; as also did *Pericles* his Servant, and that upon the very Tiles and Tops of the House ¶.

* This is taken from a Tragedy of *Accius*, intitled *Brutus*, where a Soothsayer addresses *Tarquin* the Superb, one of the chief Dramatis Personæ. † *Cicero* de div. lib. i. c. 22. ‡ *Herodot.* lib. iv. p. 322.

¶ I knew a learned Gentleman who affirmed, that the Stories of Sleep-walkers were true. In Mr. *Ménage's* Notes upon this Place (in *Diogenes Laert.* in the Life of *Pyrrho*, lib. ix. Sect. 82.) we find a Passage of *Galen*, where this learned Physician tells us, that having heard of Persons walking in their Sleep, he did not believe a Word of it, till being obliged once to travel on Foot all Night long, he was forced to believe it, by his own Experience, &c. But according to this Principle *Galen* gives us Authority for not believing nothing at all of the Matter, till we have experienced it as well as he.

I hardly

I hardly ever chuse my Dish at Table, but fall too on the next at hand, and unwillingly change it for another. The Clutter of Plates and Services displeases me as much as any other whatever. I am easily satisfied with little Fare, and am an Enemy to the Opinion of *Favorinus*, that in a Feast you must suffer the Meat you like to be snatched, and another Plate of another Sort to be set before you; and that it's a pitiful Supper, if you do not stuff your Guests with the Rumps of various Fowls; and that the *Beccafico* * only deserves to be eaten entire. I usually eat Salt-meats, yet I chuse Bread that has no Salt in it; and my Baker never sends up other to my Table, contrary to the Custom of the Country. In my Infancy, what they had most to correct in me, was the Refusal of Things that Children commonly best love, as Sugar, Sweet-meats, and March-panes. My Governor opposed this my Aversion to dainty Fare as a kind of Nicety, and indeed 'tis nothing else but a Difficulty of relishing any thing one tastes. Whoever cures a Child of a particular Aversion to brown Bread, Bacon, or Garlick, cures him of all kind of Delicacy. There are some who pretend to work and live hard, that wish for powdered Beef and Bacon amongst Partridge; they have a good Time on't; 'tis the Delicacy of Delicacies, 'tis the Taste of an effeminate Fortune, that disrelishes ordinary Things, *Per quæ luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit* †. To cease to make good Chear with what another does, and to be curious in what a Man eats, is the Essence of this Vice.

He was not dainty in his Diet.

Si modica carnare times olus omne patellâ ‡

If you scorn not a Sallad in a mean Dish.

* A small Bird, called a *Fig-pecker*, because it feeds upon Figs when they are ripe, especially in *Piedmont*. It sings like a *Nightingale*, and lives 9 or 10 Years.

† *Seneca*, *Epist.* 18.

‡ *Hor.* lib. i.

Epist. 5. v. 2.

There is indeed this Difference, that 'tis better to oblige a Man's Appetite in Things that are most easy to be had, but 'tis always Vice to oblige a Man's self. I formerly said a Kinsman of mine was nice, who, by being in our Gallies, had unlearned the Use of Beds, and to put off his Cloaths.

Montaigne
was brought
up from his
Cradle in the
meanest and
most common
Manner of
Living.

If I had any Sons, I should wish them my Fortune. The good Father that God gave me, (who has nothing of me but the Acknowledgment of his Bounty, though truly 'tis a very hearty one) sent me from my Cradle to be brought up in a poor Village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at Nurse, and longer, bringing

me up to the meanest, and most common Way of Living: *Magna pars libertatis est bene moratus venter* *. i. e. *A well governed Belly is a great part of Liberty.* Never

That Mothers
ought not to
have the Edu-
cation of their
Children.

take upon yourselves, and much less give up to your Wives, the Care of their Nurture, leave the forming them to Fortune, under popular and natural Laws; leave it to Custom to train them up to Frugality and Hard-

ships, that they may rather descend from them, than ascend to them. This Humour of my Father's yet aimed at another End, that is, to make me familiar with those People, and with that Rank of Men who most need our Assistance; believing that I should be more obliged rather to regard them who extended their Arms to me, than those who turned their Backs upon me. And for this Reason also it was, that he provided me Sureties at the Font, of the meanest Fortune, to oblige, and bind me to them.

What was the
Advantage of
this Education.

Neither has his Design succeeded altogether ill; for, whether it be, because there is more Honour in such a Condescension, or out of natural Compassion, which has a very great Power over me, I have a kind Inclination towards the meaner Sort of People. The Faction which I condemn in our

* Seneca, Epist. 123.

civil Wars, I shall more sharply condemn when I see them flourish and prosper. It will half reconcile me to them, when I shall see them miserable, and supprest. How much do I admire the generous Humour of *Cbelonis* *, Daughter and Wife to the Kings of *Sparta*! Whilst her Husband *Cleombrotus*, in the Commotion of her City, had the Advantage over *Leonidas*, her Father, she, like a good Daughter, stuck close to her Father in all his Misery and Exile, in Opposition to the Conqueror. But so soon as the Chance of War turned, she changed her Will with the Chance of Fortune, and bravely turned to her Husband's side, whom she accompanied wheresoever his Ruin carried him: Having, as it appears, no other Choice, than to cleave to that side which stood most in need of her, and where she best manifested her Compassion. I am naturally more apt to follow the Example of *Flaminius*, who was more ready to give his Assistance to those that had need of him, than to those who had Power to do him good; than the Example of *Pyrrhus*, who was of an Humour to stoop to the Great, and to domineer over the meanest sort of People.

The noble Humour of Cbelonis.

Long Sitings at Table make me uneasy, and do me harm; for, whether it be for want of more Continency, having accustomed myself to it from a Child, I eat all the while I sit. Therefore, that at my own House, tho' the Meals there are of the shortest, I chuse to sit down a little while after the rest, as *Augustus* used to do; but I do not imitate him in rising also before the rest of the Company: On the contrary, I love to sit still a long time after, and to hear the Guests talk, provided I am none of the Talkers; for I tire and hurt myself with speaking upon a full Stomach, as much as I find it pleasant and very wholesome to argue, and to strain my Voice before Meals.

Montaigne did not love to sit long at Table.

The antient *Greeks* and *Romans* had more reason than we, in setting apart for Eating,

Long Meals of the Antients.

* The Reader will be pleased to turn to what *Plutarch* relates of this Generous Princess in the Life of *Agis* and *Cleomenes*, ch. 5.

which is a principal Action of Life, (if not diverted by other extraordinary Business) many Hours, and the greatest part of the Night, eating and drinking more deliberately than we do, who perform all our Actions in Post haste; and in extending this natural Pleasure to more Leisure and better Use, intermixing with their Meals several pleasant and profitable Offices of Conversation.

*The Abstinence
of which
Montaigne
was capable.*

They whose Business it is to take care of me, may easily hinder me from eating any thing they think will do me harm; for in such Things I never covet nor miss any thing I do not see. But withal, if it once comes in my Sight, 'tis in vain to persuade me to forbear, so that when I design to fast, I must be parted from those that eat Suppers, and must have only so much given me, as is required for a regular Collation; for if I sit down to Table, I forget my Resolution. When I order my Cook to alter the Manner of dressing any Dish of Meat, all my Family know that it means, that my Stomach is out of Order, and that I shall not touch it.

*Account of his
Taste, with its
Changes and
Revolutions.*

I love to have all Meats that will endure it underdressed, and love them kept till they are stinking. Nothing but Hardness generally offends me; (of any other Quality I am as patient and indifferent as any Man I have known) so that contrary to the common Humour, even in Fish, it oft happens, that I think them both too fresh and too firm: Not for want of Teeth, which I ever had good, even to Excellence, and that which Age does but now begin to threaten. I have been used to rub them with a Napkin every Morning, and before and after Dinner. God is favourable to those from whom he takes Life by Degrees; 'tis the only Benefit of old Age; the last Death will be so much the less visible and painful; it will kill but a quarter of a Man; or but half a one at most. I have one Tooth lately fallen out without drawing, and without Pain: it was the natural Term of its Duration. Both that part of my Being, and several others, are already dead, and others half dead, of those that were most active, and in highest Esteem during my vigorous Years;

so that I melt and steal away from myself. What a Folly would it be in my Understanding to apprehend the Height of this Fall, already so much advanced, as if it were from the utmost Precipice? I hope I shall not. Indeed I receive a principal Consolation in the Thoughts of my Death, that it will be just and natural, and that henceforward I cannot herein either require or hope from Destiny any Favour that is not unlawful. Men make themselves believe that their Ancestors were taller and had longer Lives. But they deceive themselves; and *Solon*, who was of those old Times, does nevertheless limit the longest Duration of Life to threescore and ten Years. I, who have so much and so universally adored this *ἄριστον μέτρον*, i. e. *the golden Mean of the antient Times*; and, who have concluded the middle Measure to be the most perfect, shall I claim to live to an exceeding old Age? Whatever happens contrary to the Course of Nature, may be troublesome, but what comes according to her, must always be pleasant. *Omnia, quæ secundum Naturam fiunt, sunt habenda in bonis* *. i. e. *All Things that are done according to Nature, are to be accounted good*. And so *Plato* likewise says, that the Death which is occasioned by Wounds and Diseases is violent; but that which old Age leads us to is of all others the most easy, and in some sort delightful. *Vitam adolescentibus vis aufert, senibus maturitas* †. i. e. *Young Men are taken away by Force, old Men by Maturity*. Death mixes and confounds itself throughout with Life; Decay anticipates its Hour, and even increases as we grow up. I have Pictures of myself taken at twenty-five, and thirty-five Years of Age; I compare them with that lately drawn, how often is it no more me, how much more is my present Image unlike the former, and how unlike to that I shall go out of the World withal? It is too great an Abuse of Nature, to harraß her so that she must be forced to leave us; and to abandon our Conduct, our Eyes, Teeth, Legs, and all the rest, to the Mercy of a foreign and begged Assistance; and to

* *Cicero de Senec. c. 19.*† *Ibid.*

reſign ourſelves into the Hands of Art, when ſhe is weary of following us. I am not very fond either of Sallets, or Fruits, except Melons. My Father hated all ſorts of Sawces, and I love them all. Eating too much is a Clog to me, but for the Quality of what I eat, I do not yet certainly know that any ſort of Meat hurts me; neither have I obſerved that either Full-moon or Decrease, *Spring* or *Autumn*, alter me. We have in us Motions that are in- conſtant, and for which we can't account. For Ex- ample, I found Radishes firſt agreeable, afterwards nau- ſeous, and now again grateful. In ſeveral other Things likewiſe I find my Stomach and Appetite to vary after the ſame Manner. I have changed and changed again from White wine to Claret, from Claret to White-wine.

Montaigne
was fond of
Fiſh, and did
not love to
mix it with
Fleſh.

I am a great Lover of Fiſh, and conſe- quently make my Faſts Feaſts, and my Feaſts Faſts; and believe what ſome People ſay, that it is more eaſy of Diſeſtion than Fleſh. As I make a Conſcience of eating Fleſh upon Fiſh Days, ſo does my Taſte make a Scruple of mixing Fiſh and Fleſh, the Difference betwixt them ſeeming to me to be too great.

Why he ſome-
times faſted.

From my Youth I have uſed ſometimes to ſlip my Meals, either to ſharpener my Ap- petite againſt the next Day, (for as *Epicu- rus* faſted and lived on meagre Food to accuſtom his Pleaſure to make ſhift without Abundance, I on the con- trary do it to prepare my Pleaſure to make better and more chearful Uſe of Abundance) or elſe I faſted to pre- ſerve my Vigour for the Service of ſome Action of Body or Mind; for both the one and the other are cruelly dul- led in me by Repletion (and above all things, I hate that fooliſh coupling of ſo healthful and ſprightly a Goddeſs with that little undigeſted belching Deity, all over bloated by the Fume of his Liquor) or to cure my ſick Stomach, and for want of fit Company. For I ſay as the ſame *Epi- curus* did, that a Man is not ſo much to regard what he eats, as with whom; and I commend *Chilo* *, for not en-

* In *Plutarch's Banquet* of the 7 wiſe Men.

gaging himself to be at *Periander's* Feast, till he first was informed who were to be the other Guests. No Dish is so acceptable to me, nor no Sawce so alluring, as that which is extracted from Society. I think it to be more wholesome to eat less at a time and often : but I desire to make the most of Appetite and Hunger. I should take no Pleasure to be stinted in the physical way to three or four pitiful Meals a Day. Who will assure me, that if I have a good Appetite in the Morning, I shall have the same at Supper ? But especially, let us old Fellows take the first Opportunity of eating, and leave Hopes and Prognostics to the Makers of Almanacks. The utmost Fruit of my Health is Pleasure ; let us take hold of the first that offers. I avoid Constancy in these Laws of Fasting. Whoever desires that one Form shall serve him, let him avoid the continuing of it : we harden ourselves in it ; our Faculties are laid asleep by it ; Six Months after, you shall find your Stomach so used to it, that all your Gain will be the Loss of your Liberty of doing otherwise, but to your Prejudice.

I never keep my Legs and Thighs warmer in Winter than in Summer ; one single Pair of silk Stockings is all : I have suffered myself to keep my Head warmer for the Relief of my Rheums, and my Belly upon the Account of my Colick : my Diseases were in a few Days habituated to it, and disdained my ordinary Provisions. I rose from a single Cap to a Napkin, and from a Napkin Cap to a quilted one. The Waddings of my Doublet serve only for Shew ; they signify nothing, if I do not add a Hareskin or that of a Vultur, and wear a Cap under my Hat. Follow this Gradation, and you will go a fine Length. I am resolved to proceed no further, and would leave off those too, if I durst. If you fall into any new Inconvenience, all this is Labour lost ; you are accustomed to it ; seek out some other Way : Thus do such ruin themselves, who submit to be fettered, and superstitiously confined to Rules. They are for adding something more, and something more after that, so that there is no end on't.

*Rules which he
observed with
regard to his
Cloathing.*

*His Preference
of Dinners to
Suppers; and
the Measure he
observed in his
Liquor.*

As for our Occupations and Pleasures, it is much more commodious, as the Antients did, to lose a Dinner, and defer making good Cheer, till the Hour of Retirement and Repose, without breaking into the Day; and so was I formerly used to do. For Health, I since by Experience find on the contrary, that it is better to dine, and that the Digestion is better performed waking. I am not very apt to be thirsty, either well or sick, my Mouth is indeed apt to be dry, but without Thirst; and commonly I never drink but from a Desire that is created by eating, and when I have gone a good Way in my Meal. I drink pretty well for a Man of the common Sort: In Summer, and at a hungry Meal, I do not only exceed the Limits of *Augustus*, who drank just thrice and no more; but not to offend *Democrates* his Rule, who forbade that Men should stop at four times, as an unlucky Number, I proceed when need requires to the fifth Glass, in all about three half Pints. For the little Glasses are my Favourites; and I love to drink them off at once, which other People avoid as indecent. I mix my Wine most commonly with half, sometimes one third part Water; and when I am at home, by an antient Custom that my Father's Physician prescribed both to him, and to himself, they mix that which is designed for me in the Pantry two or three Hours before 'tis brought in. 'Tis said, that *Cranaus* King of *Athens* was the Inventer of this Custom of dashing Wine with Water; whether profitable or no, I have heard disputed. I think it more decent and wholesome for Children to drink no Wine till after Sixteen or Eighteen Years of Age. The most usual and common Method of Living is the most becoming: all Particularity is in my Opinion to be avoided, and I should as much hate a *German* that mixed Water with his Wine, as I should do a *Frenchman* who drank it pure. Common Custom gives the Law in those Things.

*His Notion
with regard to
Air.*

I fear a foggy Air, and fly from Smoak, as from the Plague, (the first Repairs I fell upon in my own House were the Chimnies and Privys, a common and insupportable Defect in all old

old Buildings) and amongst the Hardships of War, reckon the choaking Dust, with which we are smothered a whole Day together. I have a free and easy Respiration, and my Colds for the most part go off without Offence to the Lungs, and without a Cough.

The severe Heat of Summer is more an Enemy to me than the Cold of Winter; for, besides the Incommodity of Heat, not so remediable as Cold, and besides the Force with which the Sun-beams dart upon the Head, all their glaring Light offends my Eyes, so that I could not now sit at Dinner over-against a great Fire.

*He could bear
very cold Weather
better
than hot.*

To dull the Whiteness of Paper, in those Times when I was more used to read, I laid a piece of Glass upon my Book, and found my Eyes much relieved by it. I am to this Hour ignorant of the Use of Spectacles, and can see as far as ever I did, or as any other Person. 'Tis true, that in the Evening I begin to find a little Trouble and Weakness in my Sight, if I read; an Exercise that always strained my Eyes, especially by Night. Here is one Step backwards, and a very sensible one; I shall fall back another, from the second to the third, and so to the fourth, so gently, that I shall be stark blind before I shall be sensible of the Age and Decay of my Sight: so artificially do the fatal Sisters untwist the Thread of our Lives. And yet I doubt that my Hearing begins to grow thick, and you will see I shall have half lost it, when I shall lay the Fault on the Voices of those that speak to me. The Soul must be exceedingly intent to be sensible how it ebbs away. My Walking is quick and firm, and I know not which of the two, my Mind, or my Body, I have most to do to keep in the same State. That Preacher is very much my Friend, that can oblige my Attention a whole Sermon thro'. In Places of Ceremony, where every one's Countenance is so starched, where I have seen the Ladies keep even their Eyes so fixt: I could never order it so, that some part or other of me did not lash out; so that tho' I

*He had a very
long Sight, but
apt to be
weakened by
the Exercise of
it.*

was

Chrysippus
drunk in his
Legs.

was set, I was never settled: As the Philosopher *Chrysippus* * his Chamber-maid said of her Master, that he was only drunk in his Legs, for it was his Custom to be always kicking them about in what Place soever he fate, and she said it at a time when tho' the Wine made all his Companions drunk, he found no Alteration in himself at all; the same may also be said of me from my Infancy, that I have either Folly or Quicksilver in my Feet, so much Restlessness and Unsettledness there is in them wherever they are placed.

He was too
greedy in his
Eating.

'Tis indecent, besides the Hurt it doth to one's Health, and even to the Pleasure of eating, to eat so greedily as I do: I oft bite my Tongue, and sometimes my Fingers for haste. *Diogenes* meeting a Boy eating after that manner, gave his Tutor a Box o'th Ear. There were Men at *Rome* that taught People to chew, as well as to walk, with a good Grace. I thereby lose the Opportunity of speaking, which gives so sweet a Relish to Meals, provided the Table-talk be pleasant and short.

His Judgment
concerning the
Pleasures of the
Table.

There is Jealousy and Envy amongst our Pleasures, they cross and hinder one another. *Alcibiades*, a Man well versed in making good Cheer, banished even Music from Tables, that it might not disturb the Pleasure of Discourse, for a Reason he had from *Plato*, viz. that it is the Custom of vulgar Men to call Fiddlers and Singing-men to Feasts, for want of good Discourse and pleasant Talk, with which Men of Understanding know how to regale one another. *Varro* requires this in great Entertainments, Persons of graceful Presence, and agreeable Conversation, that are neither mute nor Rattles; Neatness and Delicacy both of Place and Provisions, and fair Weather. A good Treat is neither slightly artificial, nor a little voluptuous; neither the greatest Captains, nor the greatest Philosophers, have disdained the Use and Science of eating well. My Imagination has delivered three to my Memory, which

* *Diog. Laert.* in the Life of *Chrysippus*, lib. vii.

Fortune rendered sovereignly sweet to me upon divers Occasions, in my most flourishing Age. My present State excludes me from more. For every one, according to the good Temper of Body and Mind wherein he then finds himself, furnishes to his own Use a particular Grace and Liking; I, who but just crawl upon the Earth, hate this inhuman Wisdom, that will have us despise and hate all Culture of Body. I look upon it to be as unjust to hate natural Pleasures, as to be too fond of them. *Xerxes* was such a Fool that when environed with all human Pleasures, he proposed a Reward to him that could find him out a new one; and he is not less so, who denies himself any of those Pleasures that Nature has provided for him. A Man should neither pursue nor fly, but receive them. I receive them I confess a little too affectionately and kindly, and easily suffer myself to follow my natural Inclination. We need not exaggerate their Vanity, they themselves shew it, and make us sufficiently sensible of it. Thanks be to our sickly Minds that pall our Joys, and put us out of Taste with them, as with themselves, they entertain both themselves and all they receive, one while better, and another while worse, according to their insatiable, vagabond, and variable Essence.

*Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit *.*

All Pleasures shun with Sorrow in their Train,
For tainted Vessels sour what they contain.

who boast that I so curiously and particularly embrace the Conveniences of Life, do find, when I nicely consider them, but very little in them more than Wind. But what? We are all Wind throughout; and moreover, the Wind itself loves to bluster and shift from Corner to Corner more discreetly than we, and contents itself with its proper Offices, without desiring Stability and Solidity, Qualities that nothing belong to it.

* *Hor. lib. i. Ep. 2. v. 54.*

*In what Rank
be placed the
Pleasures of
the Imagination
and those
of the Body.*

The pure Pleasures, as well as the pure Displeasures of the Imagination, say some, are the greatest; as was expressed by the Balance of *Critolaus* *. 'Tis no Wonder; it makes them to its own liking, and cuts what it pleases out of the whole Cloth; of which I every day see notable Examples, and peradventure to be desired. But I, who am of a mixt and heavy Constitution, cannot snap so soon at this one simple Object, but I negligently suffer myself to be blindly carried away with the present Pleasures of the general human Law. Intellectually sensible, and sensibly intellectual. The *Cyrenaick* Philosophers will have it, that as corporal Pains, so corporal Pleasures are more powerful, both as double, and as more just. There are some, as *Aristotle* says, who out of a savage kind of Stupidity pretend to disgust them: and I know others, who out of Ambition do the same. Why do they not moreover forswear breathing? Why do they not live of their own, and refuse Light because it shines gratis, and costs them neither Pains nor Invention? Let *Mars*, *Pallas*, or *Mercury*, afford them their Light by which to see, instead of *Venus*, *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*. Will they not seek the Quadrature of the Circle, even in their conjugal Embraces? I hate that we should be enjoined to have our Minds in the Clouds when our Bodies are at Table; I would not have the Mind rivetted there, nor that it should be roving, but I am willing it should apply itself to that Place, that it should sit, but not lie down there. *Aristippus* pleaded only for the Body, as if we had no Soul; *Zeno* stickled only for the Soul, as if we had no Body. Both of them were in the wrong. *Pythagoras*, say they, adhered to a Philosophy that was all Contemplation; *Socrates* to one that was all Manners and Action. *Plato* found out a Medium betwixt both; but they only say so for Talk sake; for the true Mean is found in *So-*

* In my Opinion *Montaigne* here applies this Balance to a Purpose very different from that which *Critolaus* applied it to, if we may judge of this Balance by what *Cicero* says of it. *Tusc. Quæst. lib. v. c. 27.*

crates; and *Plato* is more Socratick than Pythagorean, and it becomes him better. When I dance, I dance; when I sleep, I sleep. Nay, and when I walk alone in a beautiful Orchard, if my Thoughts are some part of the Time taken up with foreign Occurrences, I call them back again to my Walk, or to the Orchard, to the Sweetness of the Solitude, and to myself.

Nature has with a motherly Tenderness observed this, that the Actions she has enjoined us for our Necessity should be also pleasant to us, and invites us to them, not only by Reason, but also by Appetite: and 'tis Injustice to pervert her Laws. When I see both *Cæsar* and *Alexander* in the most weighty Concerns of their great Business, so fully enjoy human and corporal Pleasures, I do not say that they unbent their Minds, but strained them higher; subjecting those violent Employments and laborious Thoughts by the Strength of Courage, to the Custom of common Life. Wise, had they believed that the former was their ordinary, the latter, their extraordinary Vocation. We are great Fools. He has past over his Life in Indolence, say we: I have done nothing to-day. What! Have you not lived? 'Tis not only the fundamental, but the most illustrious of your Occupations. Had I been put to the Management of great Affairs, I should have made it seen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate, and manage your Life? You have performed the greatest Work of all. For a Man to shew, and set himself off, Nature has no Need of Fortune; she equally shews herself in all Degrees, and behind a Curtain, as well as without one. Have you known how to compose your Manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed Books. Have you known how to take Repose? You have done more than he who has taken Cities and Empires.

The glorious Master-piece of Man is to know how to live to Purpose: All other Things *viz.* to reign, to lay up Treasure,

Nature has rendered those Actions agreeable which Man is under a Necessity of performing.

What is Man's true Master-piece.

and

and to build, are at the most but little Appendixes, and small Props. I take a Delight to see a General of an Army at the Foot of a Breach he intends presently to assault, give himself up entire and free at Dinner, to talk and be merry with his Friends; and to see *Brutus*, when Heaven and Earth conspired against him and the *Roman* Liberty, stealing some Hour of the Night from his Rounds to read and abridge *Polybius*, void of all Fear. 'Tis for little Souls, that are crushed under the Weight of Affairs, not to know how cleverly to disengage themselves, and not to know how to lay them aside, and take them up again.

O fortes, pejoraque passi,
 Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas.
 Cras ingens iterabimus æquor *.

Brave Spirits, who with me have felt worse Sorrow,
 Drink Cares away, we'll sail again To-morrow.

Whether it be in Jest or Earnest, that the Theological and Sorbonical Wine, and their Feasts, are turned into a Proverb, I think it but reason, they should dine so much more commodiously and pleasantly as they have profitably and seriously employed the Morning in the Exercise of their Schools. The Conscience of having well spent the other Hours is the just and savoury Sawce of Tables. The Sages lived so, and that inimitable Emulation for Virtue, which astonishes us both in the one and the other *Cato*, that Humour of theirs, severe even to Importunity, is thus gently submitted, and made pliant to the Laws of the human Condition, both of *Venus* and *Bacchus*; and according to the Precepts of their Sect, that require the perfect wise Man should be as expert and intelligent in

* *Her. lib. i. Ode 7. v. 30.*

the Use of Pleasures, as in all other Duties of Life. *Cui cor sapiat, ei et sapiat Palatus* *.

Relaxation and Affability do, methinks, wonderfully honour, and best become a great and generous Soul. *Epaninondus* did not think, that to dance, sing, and be intent upon Play with the Boys of his City, derogated from the Honour of his glorious Victories, and the perfect Reformation of Manners that was in him. And amongst so many admirable Actions of *Scipio*, the Grandfather, a Person worthy the Opinion of a heavenly Extraction, there is nothing that gives him a greater Grace than to see him indolently and childishly trifling, in gathering and chusing Shells, and playing at Quoits upon the Sea-shore with *Lælius*: And, if it was foul Weather, amusing and pleasing himself in writing Comedies, representing the meanest and most popular Actions of Mankind: And while his Head was full of that wonderful Enterprize of *Hannibal* and *Affric*, visiting the Schools in *Sicily*, and being present at the philosophical Lectures, even so as to attract the blind Envy of his Enemies at *Rome*. Nor is there any thing more remarkable in *Socrates*, than that, old as he was, he found Time to learn dancing, and playing upon Instruments, and thought it well spent; nevertheless, this very Man was seen in an Extasy standing upon his Feet a whole Day and a Night together in the Presence of all the *Grecian* Army, surpris'd and transported with some profound Thought. He was the first, who among so many valiant Men of the Army, ran to the Relief of *Alcibiades*, overpowered by the Enemy, screened him with his own Body, and disengaged him from the Crowd, by absolute Force of Arms. It was he who, in the *Delian* Battle relieved and saved *Xenophon*, when dismounted from his Horse; and who, amongst all the People of *Athens*, enraged as

Relaxation and Affability specially becoming Great and Generous Souls.

* *Cicero de finibus, Bon et Mal, lib. ii. c. 9.*

he was at so unworthy a Spectacle, first presented himself to rescue *Theramenes*, whom the Thirty Tyrants were halving to Execution by their Guards; and he desisted not from his bold Enterprize, but at the Remonstrance of *Theramenes* himself, though he was only followed by two more in all. He has been seen, when courted by a Beauty, with whom he was deeply in Love, yet maintain a severe Abstinence in time of Need. He has been seen continually to go to the War, and with his bare Feet to travel upon the Ice; to wear the same Garb Winter and Summer; to surpass all his Companions in bearing Hardships; and to eat no more at a Feast, than at his own private Dinner. He was known 27 Years together to endure Hunger, Poverty, the Untractableness of his Children, and the Scratches of his Wife, with the same Countenance; and in the end Calumny, Tyranny, Imprisonment, Fetters, and Poison. But was that Man invited to drink Bumpers by any Rule of Civility? He was also the Man of the Army to whom the Advantage of it remained. And he never refused to play at Cobnut, nor to ride the Hobby-horse with the Boys, and it became him well; for all Actions, says Philosophy, equally become, and equally honour a wise Man. We have enough wherewithal to do it, and we ought never to be weary of representing the Image of this great Man in all the Patterns and Forms of Perfection. There are very few Examples of Life full and pure, and we wrong our Instruction to propose to ourselves every day, such as are weak and imperfect, scarce good for any one Service, and such as draw us rather back, and that are rather Corrupters than Correctors of Manners. The People deceive themselves; a Man goes much more easily indeed by the ends, where the Extremity serves for a Bound, a Stop, and a Guide, than by the middle Way, which is large and open, and more according to Art, than according to Nature; but withal much less nobly and commendably.

agnanimity consists not so much in
 sitting and in proceeding forward, as in
 seeing how to govern and circumscribe

*What discovers
 the Greatness
 of a Soul.*

It takes every thing for great, that is enough;
 demonstrates itself better in moderate, than eminent
 goods. There is nothing so handsome and lawful, as
 and duly to act the Part of the Man; nor any Science
 difficult, as well to know how to live this Life; and of
 our Infirmities, 'tis the most savage, to despise our

5. However has a Mind to send his Soul ab-
 when the Body is ill at Ease, to pre-
 it from the Contagion, let him do it if
 n: But otherwise on the contrary, let
 Soul favour and assist the Body, and
 refuse to participate of its natural Plea-

*It ought not to
 shun natural
 Pleasures, but
 to taste them
 with Modera-
 tion.*

and with a conjugal Complacency; using withal, if
 a wise Soul, Moderation, left by Indiscretion they
 should be confounded with Vexation. Intemperance is
 the worst of Pleasure, and Temperance is not its Scourge,
 rather its Seasoning. *Eudoxus* *, who therein esta-
 blished the sovereign Good, and his Companions, who set
 a high Value upon it, tasted it in its most charming
 sweetness by the Means of Temperance, which in them
 singular and exemplary †.

Enjoin my Soul to look upon Pain and
 pleasure with an Eye equally regulated and
 just; *Eodem enim vitio est effusio animi in
 a, quo in dolore contractio* ‡: i. e. The

*How we ought
 to behave with
 regard both to
 Pain and
 Pleasure.*

flowing of the Heart in Mirth, is as bad as
 the contracting of it in Sorrow; but on the one gaily, and on
 the other gravely, and as far as it is able, to be as care-

As *Diog. Laert.* affirms in the Life of *Eudoxus* (lib. viii. § 88) on
 the report of *Nicomachus*, the Son of *Aristotle*. † *Aristotle* po-
 sses says that *Eudoxus* was distinguished by his extraordinary Tem-
 perance. Moral, ad *Nicomachum*, lib. x. c. 2. ‡ *Cicero Tusc.*
 c. 31.

ful to extinguish the one, as to extend the other. The judging rightly of Good, brings along with it the judging soundly of Evil. Pain has something not to be avoided in its tender Beginning, and Pleasure has something that may be avoided in its excessive End. *Plato* couples them together *, and will have it that it should be equally the Office of Fortitude to fight against Pain, and against the immoderate and charming Blandishments of Pleasure. They are two Fountains, from which whoever draws, when and as much as he needs, whether City, Man, or Beast, is very happy. The first is to be taken physically, and upon Necessity more sparingly; the other for Thirst, but not to Drunkenness. Pain, Pleasure, Love and Hatred, are the first Things that a Child is sensible of; if when his Reason comes they are applied to it, that is Virtue.

The Use Montaigne made of Life.

I have a Dictionary to myself, I squander away my Time when it is ill and uneasy; but when 'tis good, I will not squander it away. I run it over again, and stick to't; a Man must run over the Ill, and settle upon the Good. This ordinary Phrase of Pastime, and passing away the Time, represents the Custom of those wise People, who think they cannot fare better than to let Life run on and slide away, to pass it over, to kill it, and as much as they can, to take no notice of it, and to steal from it, as a Thing of a troublesome and contemptible Quality: But I know it to be another kind of Thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in its latest Decay, wherein I now enjoy it: And Nature has delivered it into our Hands in such and so favourable Circumstances, that we need only thank ourselves if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitably away. *Stulti vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur.* †. i. e. *The Life of a Fool is uneasy, timorous, and wholly bent upon Futurity.* Nevertheless, I

* In his Dialogue of the Laws, lib. i. p. 636.

† *Seneca*, Epist. 15.

compose myself to lose mine without Regret, but withal, as a Thing that is perishable by its Condition, not that it is troublesome or uneasy to me. Neither does it properly well become any, to welcome Death, excepting such as are fond of Life. There is good Husbandry in enjoying it. I enjoy it double to what others do; for the Measure of the Fruition depends more or less upon our Application of it. Now, especially, that I perceive mine to be so short in time, I am inclined to extend it in Weight: I will stop the Quickness of its Flight *, by the Suddenness of my grasping it: and by the Vigour of using it, make myself Amends for the Haste in which it runs away. By how much the Possession of Life is more short, I must take the deeper and the fuller Hold of it. Others are sensible of the Sweetness of Contentment, and of Prosperity; I feel it too, as well as they, but not as it slides and passes by; for a Man ought to study, taste, and ruminate upon it, to render due thanks for it to him that grants it to us. They enjoy the other Pleasures as they do that of Sleep, without knowing them; and to the end, that even Sleep itself should not so stupidly pass me unnoticed, I have formerly caused myself to be disturbed in it, to the end that I might take a View of it. I ponder with myself upon Contentment; I do not skim over it, but sound it, and bend my Reason, now grown perverse and disgusted, to recover it. Do I find myself in any calm Situation? Is there any Pleasure that tickles me? I do not suffer it to cheat my

* This perhaps furnished the Hint for the following merry *French Catch*, viz.

Plus inconstant que l'Onde et la Nuage,
Le Temps s'ensuit: pourquoi le regretter?

Malgré la pente volage
Que l'oblige à nous quitter,
En faire l'usage c'est l'arrêter.

Goutons mille douceurs:
Et si la vie est un passage,
Sur ce passage au moins semons des fleurs.

Senses. I associate my Soul to it, not to be absorbed in it, but to take delight in it; not to lose itself, but to find itself in it; and I employ it on its part to view itself in this prosperous Estate, to weigh, esteem, and amplify its Happiness. It computes how much it stands indebted to Almighty God that its Conscience, and other intestine Passions are at rest, that the Body is in its natural Disposition, orderly and competently enjoying the delicate and flattering Functions, by which he is graciously pleased to recompense the Sufferings wherewith his Justice in its Turn scourges us. How great a Benefit is it to Man to have his Soul so seated, that which way soever she turns her Eye, the Heaven is calm about her? No Desire, no Fear or Doubt, that troubles its Aspect, nor any Difficulty past, present, or to come, which his Imagination may not pass over, without Offence. This Consideration takes great Lustre from the Comparison of different Conditions; and therefore it is, that I propose to myself in a thousand Faces, those whom Fortune, or their own Error, torments and carries away; and moreover those, who more like to me, so negligently and carelessly receive their good Fortune. They are Men who pass away their Time indeed, they run over the present, and that which they possess, to give themselves up to Hope, and to the Shadows and vain Images, which Fancy places before them,

*Morte obitâ quales fama est volitare figuras,
Aut quæ sopitos deludunt somnia sensus* *;

Such Forms they say as dead Men's Spirits have,
Or which in Dreams our drowsy Sense deceive.

and which hasten and prolong their Flight, according as they are pursued. The Fruit and Aim of their Pursuit is

* *Æneid*. lib. x. ver. 641.

to pursue; as *Alexander* said, that the End of his Labour, was to labour.

Nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum *.

Thinking nought done, if ought was left to do.

For my part therefore I love Life, and cultivate it, such as it has pleased God to bestow upon us; I do not offer to wish it had no Necessity of eating and drinking; and I should think my Offence as inexcusable, to wish it had been double to what it is. *Sapiens divitiarum naturalium quæstor acerrimus* †. i. e. *A wise Man hunts sharply after natural Riches*. Nor that we should support ourselves by putting only a little of that Drug into our Mouths by which *Epimenides* took away his Appetite, and kept himself alive; nor that a Man should stupidly produce Children, with his Fingers or Heels, but rather with Reverence I speak it, that he might voluptuously produce them with his Fingers and Heels; nor that the Body should be without Desire, and void of Delight. These are ungrateful and wicked Complaints. I accept kindly and gratefully, what Nature has done for me; am well pleased with it, and proud of it. A Man does wrong to the Great and Almighty Giver of all Things, to refuse, disannul, or disfigure his Gift; He has made every thing well. *Omnia quæ secundum naturam sunt estimatione digna sunt* ‡. i. e. *All Things that are according to Nature are worthy of Esteem*.

* *Lucan*. lib. ii. v. 657. The Poet speaks here of *Cæsar*, who was altogether as active and indefatigable as *Alexander*.

† *Seneca*, Epist. 119. ‡ *Cicero* de finib. lib. iii. c. 6. We find the Sense here to be the same, tho' not the very Words as quoted by *Montaigne*.

*His Discourses
like his De-
portment.*

Of philosophical Opinions, I more willingly embrace those that are most solid, that is to say, the most humane, and most our own: My Discourses, are suitable to my Manners, low and humble: Philosophy brings forth a Child to my liking, when it puts itself upon its *Ergo's*, to prove that 'tis a savage Alliance to match Divine with Earthly, Rational with Irrational, Severe with Indulgent, and the Honest with Dishonest; that Pleasure is a brutish Quality, unworthy to be tasted by a wise Man; that the sole Pleasure which he extracts from the Enjoyment of a fair young Wife, is the Pleasure of his Conscience to perform an Action according to Order: As to put on his Boots for a profitable Journey. Oh, that his Followers had no more Right, nor Nerves, nor Juice, in getting their Wives Maidenheads, than there is in his Lectures.

Corporal Pleasure has its Value, tho' 'tis inferior to that of the Mind.

This is not what *Socrates* says, who is both his Master and ours. He values, as he ought, bodily Pleasure, but he prefers that of the Mind, as having more Force, Constancy, Facility, Variety and Dignity. This according to him goes by no means alone, he is not so fantastic, but only it goes first. Temperance in him is the Moderatrix, not the Adversary of Pleasures. Nature is a gentle Guide, but not more gentle, than prudent and just. *Intrandum est in rerum naturam, et penitus quid ea postulet, pervidendum* *. i. e. *A Man must search into the Nature of Things, and examine thoroughly what she requires.* I every where search for the Print of her Foot, but we have confounded it with artificial Traces. And that sovereign academic and peripatetic Good, which is to live according to Nature, becomes by this means hard to limit and explain: And that of the Stoicks, bordering upon it, which is to consent to Nature. Is it not an Error to esteem any Actions less worthy, because they are necessary? Yet

* *Cicero de fin. lib. v. c. 16,*

they shall not beat it out of my Head, that it is not a suitable Marriage of Pleasure with Necessity, to which says an Antient, the Gods do always consent. To what end do we dismember by Divorce, a Fabric connected by so mutual and fraternal a Correspondence: Let us, on the contrary renew it by mutual Offices, let the Mind rouse and quicken the Dullness of the Body, and the Body stop and fix the Levity of the Soul. *Qui velut summum bonum, laudat animæ naturam, et tanquam malum, naturam carnis accusat, profecto et animam carnaliter appetit, et carnem carnaliter fugit, quoniam id vanitate sentit humanâ, non veritate divina* *. i. e. He who commends the Nature of the Soul as the Supreme Good, and accuses the Nature of the Flesh as Evil, does certainly both carnally affect the Soul, and carnally flies the Flesh, because he is possessed by such Belief through human Vanity; and not by divine Truth. In this Present that God has made us, there is nothing unworthy our Care; we are strictly accountable for it. And 'tis no slight Commission to Man, to conduct Man according to his Condition. 'Tis express, simple, and the principal of all; and the Creator has seriously and severely enjoined it. Authority has alone the Power to work upon common Understandings, and is of more Weight in a foreign Language, and therefore let us again charge with it in this Place. *Stultitiæ proprium quis non dixerit, ignavè, et contumaciter facere quæ facienda sunt; et aliò corpus impellere, aliò animum, distrabique inter diversissimos motus* †? i. e. Who will not say, that it is the Property of Folly, slothfully and contumaciously to perform what is to be done, and to bend the Body one way, and the Mind another, so as to be distracted betwixt the most different Motions? Which to make apparent, let any one some day tell you what Whimsies and Imaginations he puts into his own Pate, and upon the

* *Aug. de civitate Dei, lib. xiv. c. 5.* where he has a View properly to the *Manichees*, who held the Flesh and the Body to be the Production of the Evil Principle.

† *Senec. Epist. 74.*

Account of which he diverted his Thoughts from a good Meal, and complained of the Time he spends in eating : you will find there is nothing so insipid in all the Dishes at your Table, as this fine Talk of his, (for generally we had better sleep than wake to the Purpose we do :) and that his Discourses and Notions are not so good as your Fricassee. Though they were the Raptures of *Archimedes* himself, what were they worth ? I do not here speak of, nor mix with the Rabble of us ordinary Men, and the Vanity of the Thoughts and Desires that divert us, those venerable Souls, elevated by the Ardor of Devotion and Religion, to a constant, and conscientious Meditation of divine Things, who, by a lively Endeavour, and vehement Hope, having a Foretaste of the eternal Nourishment, the final Aim, and last Stop of Christian Desires, the sole, constant, and incorruptible Pleasure, disdain all Regard to our beggarly, frothy, and ambiguous Conveniencies, and easily resign to the Body the Care and Use of sensual and temporal Food. 'Tis a privileged Study. I have ever amongst us observed supercelestial Opinions, and subterranean Manners to be of singular Accord.

*The Folly of
that Man who
aspires to be
above what
he is.*

Æsop, that great Man, saw his Master pifs as he walked : What, said he, *must we dung too as we run ?* Let us manage our Time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle, and ill employed. The Mind has not other Hours enough by its Choice, wherein to do its Business, without disassociating itself from the Body, in that little Space it requires for its Necessity. They aim to put themselves out of themselves, and to escape from being Men. What Folly is this ! Instead of transforming themselves into Angels, they transform themselves into Beasts, and instead of elevating themselves they sink. These transcendent Humours affright me, like Places that are high and inaccessible : And nothing is hard for me to digest in the Life of *Socrates* but his Ecstasies and Communication with Dæmons. Nothing is so human in *Plato* as that for which they

they say he was called divine. And of our Sciences, those seem to be the most terrestrial and low that are highest mounted. And I find nothing so humble and mortal in the Life of *Alexander* as his Fancies about his Immortalization. *Philotas* pleasantly jeered him in his Answer. He congratulated him by Letter upon the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*'s having placed him amongst the Gods; *For thy sake I am glad of it*, said he, *but the Men are to be pitied*, who are to live with a Man, and to obey him, who exceeds, and is not contented with the Measure of a Man. [*Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas* *.] i. e. *Because thou carriest thyself lower than the Gods, thou dost command Men*. The pretty Inscription wherewith the *Athenians* honoured the Entry of *Pompey* into their City is conformable to my Sense.

*D'autant es tu Dieu, comme
Tu te recognois homme †.*

So much thou hast of Deity
As thou dost own of Man in thee.

'Tis an absolute, and as it were, a divine Perfection, for a Man to know how to enjoy his Being, as he ought. We seek other Conditions, by reason we do not understand the Use of our own; and go out of ourselves, for want of knowing what we do. 'Tis to much Purpose to go upon Stilts, for when upon Stilts, we must yet walk with our Legs: And when seated upon the most elevated Throne in the World, we are but seated upon our Breech. The fairest Lives, in my Opinion, are those which regularly accommodate themselves to the common and human Model: yet without Miracle, and without Extravagance. But old Age stands a little in need of a more tender Treat-

* *Hor. lib. iii. Ode 6. v. 5.*

† In the Life of *Pompey*, by *Plutarch*, ch. 7.

ment. Let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wisdom, but withal, let it be gay and sociable :

*Frui paratis et valido mihi
Latoe dones, et precor integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec Cytbara carentem *.*

Grant this *Apollo*, and I ask no more,
A Mind to use my present Store
With Health and Life, but not so long
As brings Contempt, and cramps my Song.

* *Horac*, lib. i. Ode 31. v. 17. &c.

*The End of the Third and last Book of Montaigne's
E S S A Y S.*

T H E

T H E
A P P E N D I X:

Containing Six Letters from *Montaigne*, which never appeared before in any Edition of his *Essays*, nor any where else, except in a small Collection, now extremely scarce, which *Montaigne* published with the Royal Privilege at *Paris*, A. D. 1571.

L E T T E R I.

An Introduction of Boetia's Translation of XENOPHON's Treatise, intituled OECONOMY; To Monsieur de Lansac, Knight of the King's Order, a Member of his Privy Council, Superintendent of his Finances, and Captain of the Hundred Gentlemen of his Household.

S I R,

I SEND you *Xenophon's* Oeconomy translated into French by the late Monsieur de la Boetia, a Present which I thought very proper for you, not only for its coming in the first Place, as you know, from the Hand of a Person of Distinction, a very great Man both in War and Peace; but for having taken its second Form from that Person, whom I am certain you both loved and esteemed as long as he lived. This Treatise will be a constant Inducement to the Continuance of your favourable Opinion and Good-will to his Name and Memory, And I will be bold to say that you need not fear the making any Addition to your Regard for him, since as you took a Liking to him only from the public Testimonies of his Character, 'tis incumbent on me to assure you that he had so many Degrees of Ability beyond common Fame, that you are very far from knowing him thoroughly. He did me the Honour, which I rank with the greatest Blessings of my Fortune, to form so strict and close a Connection of Friendship with me, that unless my Sight at any time failed me, there was not a Bias, Mo-
tive

tive or Spring in his Soul, which I could not discern and judge of. But without Offence to the Truth he was, take him altogether, so wonderful a Man, that lest my Word should not be taken for any thing, if I once transgress the Bounds of Probability, I am forced in speaking of him to constrain and contract myself short of the Extent of what I know of him. And for this time, Sir, I shall barely content myself with intreating you, for the Honour and Veneration which you owe to the Truth, to believe and testify that our *Guyenne* never saw his Fellow amongst the Gentlemen of his Robe. In hopes therefore, that you will render him that which is most justly due to him, and with a View to keep him fresh in your Memory, I present you this Book, which at the same time will satisfy you on my part, that had not my Insufficiency laid me under an express Prohibition to do it, I should have been as ready to present you with something of my own, as an Acknowledgment of the Obligations which I am under to you, and of that Favour and Friendship which you have for a long time shewn to our Family. But, Sir, for want of better Coin I offer you in Payment the sincerest Tender of my humble Service to you.

Sir, I beg God to protect you, and am

Your obedient Servant,

Michael de Montaigne.

LETTER II.

An Introduction of Boetia's Translation of Plutarch's Rules of Marriage, A Monsieur Monsieur de MESMES, Lord de Roissy et de Mal-Affize, a Member of the King's Privy Council.

SIR,

TIS one of the most remarkable Follies which Men are guilty of to exert the whole Force of their Understanding to give a Shock and an Overthrow to Opinions, that are commonly received, and such too as yield us Satisfaction and Content. For whereas every thing under Heaven employs the Means and Instruments with which Nature has furnished it, for the Ornament and Convenience

ncy of its Being, these Men, that they may seem to
 of a more gay and sprightly Disposition, not capable of
 mitting and entertaining any thing but what has been
 thousand times touched and poised in the nicest Balance
 Reason, shake their Minds out of a calm and easy Si-
 tion for the sake of possessing them, after a long En-
 ury, with Doubt, Uneasiness and Fluctuation. 'Tis not
 hout reason that Childhood and Simplicity have been
 much recommended by Truth itself. For my part, I
 d rather be more at my Ease, with less Ability; more
 tented, with less Understanding. Therefore, Sir, tho'
 e Men of most refined Parts laugh at our Concern for
 at may pass in the World after we are departed from it,
 if the Soul when lodged elsewhere had no longer any
 eling for Things below, yet I think 'tis a great Com-
 t with respect to the Frailty and short Space of this
 fe, to think that 'tis capable of being strengthened and
 dlonged by Fame and Reputation; and I most heartily
 e into so pleasant and favourable an Opinion, which is
 ate in us originally, without a curious Enquiry into
 e How or the Wherefore. From hence it is, that as I
 ed no Mortal so well as *M. de la Boetia*, the greatest
 an of this Age in my Opinion, I should think it a gross
 ilure of my Duty if I wittingly suffered a Character so
 grant and so worthy of Recommendation as his to va-
 h and slip out of my Remembrance, and if I did not
 on that score attempt to revive and raise him again to
 fe. I believe that he is sensible of it in some measure,
 d that these Efforts of mine affect and please him. In
 ith, he still lodges in my Breast so entire and so lively
 at I cannot think him so deeply under Ground, nor
 totally removed from our Correspondence. Now,
 e, because every fresh Discovery which I make of his
 rson and Character is as a Multiplication of this se-
 nd Life of his, and because his Name is ennobled
 d honoured from the Place that receives it, 'tis in-
 mbent on me not only to cause it to be propagated
 the utmost of my Power, but also to recommend it
 the Care of Persons of Honour and Virtue, in the
 umber whereof you have so high a Station, that in
 order

order to afford you an Opportunity of receiving this new Guest, and giving him a good Welcome, I chose to present you with this small Work, not for any Service that you may reap from it, being very sure that you have no need of an Interpreter, to converse with *Plutarch* and his Companions ; but 'tis possible that *Madame de Roissy*, when she sees the Decorum in her Household, and your good Harmony represented to the Life, will be well pleased to find her natural Disposition, not only to have attained to, but even to have surmounted what the wisest Philosophers have been able to conceive of the Duty and Laws of Marriage. And in all Cases, I shall ever esteem it an Honour if it lies in my Power, to do any thing that may give You or Yours a Pleasure ; such is my Obligation to serve You.

Sir, I pray God to give You a Life long and happy, being

Montaigne,
April 30, 1570.

Your humble Servant,

Michael de Montaigne.

LETTER III.

Printed before Boetia's Translation of Plutarch's Letter of Consolation to his Wife, and inscribed by Montaigne,

TO MADAMOISELLE DE MONTAIGNE, my Wife.

YOU know, Wife, very well that according to the Fashion of the fine Gentlemen now a-days, you are not to expect to be still courted and caressed. For they say, that a Man of Parts may indeed take a Woman, but that he is a Fool if he marry her. Let them say as they list ; for my own part, I keep to the plain Fashion of old Age, of which I now and then wear the Beard. And in truth Novelty is so expensive even now to this poor State (and yet I know not whether it may not still rise higher) that in all Cases and Places I wash my Hands of it. Let you and I, Wife, live after the old

French

way. You may remember how that dear Brother
 inseparable Companion of mine, M. de la Boetia, did
 his Death-bed give me his Papers and Books, which
 afterwards my most favourite Furniture. I neither
 e nor deserve that they should be applied solely to my
 own Use. For this Reason I have resolved to give
 of them to my Friends. And, because I think I
 none more intimate than yourself, I send you his
 Translation of *Plutarch's Letter of Consolation to*
Life, being very sorry, that Fortune has rendered this
 itable a Present for you, and that though you have
 no Child but one Daughter, after long Expectation,
 we had been married four Years, you were forced
 art with her in the second Year of her Age. But I
 it to *Plutarch* to console you, and to admonish you
 our Duty in this Case, desiring that you would for
 sake give him credit: For he will discover my Inten-
 s to you, and what may be urged upon this head,
 h better than I should. To conclude, Wife, I ear-
 ly recommend myself to your Favour, and pray God
 reserve you. I am

Paris,
 10, 1570.

Your good Husband,

Michael de Montaigne.

LETTER IV.

ted before some Latin Verses of Stephen de la Boetia.
 o Monseigneur, Monsieur de l'Hospital, Chancellor of
 rance.

MONSEIGNEUR,

I AVE a Notion that such Gentlemen as you, to
 whom Fortune and the Reason of Things have com-
 ed the Administration of the public Affairs, are not
 e curious in any Enquiry, than how you may attain
 OL. III. G g to

to the Knowledge of the Men in your Offices; for there is scarce any Community so barren, but it has Matter enough in it for the commodious Discharge of all its Functions, provided its Department and Jurisdiction can be justly laid out. And when that Point is once gained, there would be nothing remaining to hinder the perfect Composition of a State. Now the more desirable this is, the more difficult it is, forasmuch as neither your Eyes can see so far, as to try and chuse in so great and so distant a Multitude, nor can they penetrate to the Bottom of Men's Hearts, to discover their Intentions and their Capacities, the chief Articles to be considered; so that there was never yet any Establishment ever so good, in which we have not often observed the Mistake of such Allotment and Election. And in those, where Ignorance and Malice, Dissimulation, Bribery, Intrigues and Violence carry the Point, if any Election is made meritoriously, 'tis undoubtedly to be ascribed to Fortune, which by the Inconstancy of its various Turns happened this one time to fall into the Train of Reason. This Consideration, Sir, has often been my Comfort, knowing *M. Stephen de la Boetia*, one of the most proper and necessary Men for the chief Offices in *France*, to have lived all his Days unemployed and neglected by his own Fireside, to the great Damage of our Commonweal; for as to his own part I must tell you, Sir, that he so abounded in those Possessions and Treasures which defy Fortune, that never was any Man more satisfied or more contented. I know indeed that he was advanced to those Dignities of his Neighbourhood, which are reckoned great; and I know moreover that never was any Man better qualified for them, and that at 32 Years of Age when he died, he had acquired greater Reputation in that Class than any of his Predecessors. But surely 'tis unreasonable to let a Man who would make a good Officer, remain a common Soldier, and to employ those in mean Offices who would act well in the chief. The Truth is, that his Abilities were not employed to the best Advantage, nor sufficiently exerted; so that over and above his Office, he had a Surplus of great

Talents that were idle and unprofitable, which have been of Service to the public Affairs, and an honour to himself. But, Sir, since he was so backward to thrust himself into the Grand Monde, it not being the Office of Virtue and Ambition to lodge in one Breast; and he lived in Times so stupid or so full of Envy, that he could not possibly have any Assistance from another's Testimony of him, I long prodigiously, that at least his Memory, which alone must now and ever lay claim to the Office of our Friendship, may receive the Reward of his Merit, and that it may have a Place in the Recommendation of Persons of Honour and Virtue. For this Reason, Sir, I was desirous of bringing him to Light, and presenting him to you by these few *Latin* Verses that he left behind him. Quite contrary to the Mason who puts the gayest Part of his Edifice towards the Street, or the Mercer who makes a Shew and Parade of the best Sample of his Goods, the Things most to be valued in my Friend, the very Juice and Marrow of his Wisdom, went away with him, and we have nothing left of him but the Bark and the Leaves. The Man who is capable of displaying the well-regulated Sallies of his Imagination, his Piety, his Virtue, his Justice, the Vivacity of his Temper, the Weight and Solidity of his Judgement, the Sublimity of his Conceptions, so far exalted above those of the Vulgar, his Learning, the Gracefulness that usually accompanied all his Actions, the tender Compassion which he had for his wretched Country, and his natural and avowed Aversion to every Vice, but especially to that base Traffick which is screened under the venerable Name of Justice, would certainly kindle a peculiar Affection for him in the Breast of all good Men, and with a wonderful Regret for the Loss of him. But, this is so far out of my Power, that he never had a Chance of leaving any Evidence to Posterity of the Fruits of his Studies, and nothing remains thereof but what he wrote now and then to pass away the Time. Be this as it will, I intreat you, Sir, to receive him with a good Remembrance; and as we often judge of the Greater by the Lesser, and as the very Pastimes of great Men give an Honour-

honourable Idea to the clearfighted, of the Source from which they spring, I hope you will by this Work of his rise to the Knowledge of himself, and by consequence love and embrace his Name and Memory. In so doing, Sir, you will but render an Equivalent to the very settled Opinion which he had of your Virtue, and also accomplish what he exceedingly longed for whilst he lived. For there was not a Man in the World, in whose Acquaintance and Friendship he thought himself more happy than in yours. But if any one takes it ill that I make so bold with other People's Concerns, I must tell him, that never was any thing more exactly written or delivered in the Schools of the Philosophers, concerning the Prerogatives and Duties of sacred Friendship than what was the Practice betwixt this Personage and Me. For the rest, Sir, this trivial Present, like killing two Birds with one Stone, will serve, if you please, to shew you the Honour and Veneration in which I hold your Abilities, and singular inherent Qualities; for as to such as are external and fortuitous, 'tis not my Fancy to bring them into the Accompt.

Sir, I pray God to grant you very happy long Life,

Montaigne,
April 30, 1570.

Your obedient humble Servant,

Michael de Montaigne.

LETTER V.

Or rather an Extract of a Letter, which Monsieur the Counsellor de Montaigne, wrote to his Father Monseigneur de Montaigne, containing some Particulars which he observed, of the Sickness and Death of the late M. de la Boetia.

AS to his last Words, if a good Account of them is to be expected from any Hand, 'tis undoubtedly from mine; not only because all the Time of his Sickness, he was not so fond of conversing with any-body as with me, but also because, such was the singular and Brotherly Love

Love we bore to one another, that I had a most certain Knowledge of his Designs, Opinions, and Temper, all his Life-time, as much no doubt as it was possible for any one Man to know of another, and because I knew them to be sublime, virtuous, determinate, and withal wonderful: I foresaw, that if his Distemper would give him Strength to express himself, nothing would come from his Lips but what was great, and very worthy of Imitation; therefore I gave the utmost Attention to it. 'Tis true, Monseigneur, that as my Memory is very short and moreover bewildered by the Trouble of my Mind for so heavy and important a Loss, it is impossible but I may have forgot many Things which I could wish were known; but as for those which I recollect, I will send you them with the strictest Regard to Truth that is possible. For in order to represent him thus cruelly stopped in his worthy Progress; to shew you his invincible Courage in a Body broke down and demolished by the furious Efforts of Pain and Death, would, I confess, require a much better Style than mine, because, tho' when he talked of grave and important Subjects he mentioned them in such a manner that it was difficult to write them down so well, yet it seemed at this Time as if there was an Emulation betwixt his Thoughts and his Words which should do him the last Service. For sure I am that I never observed him to have so many and such fine Imaginations, and those uttered with so much Eloquence as his were all the time of his Illness. Presuming, Monseigneur, that you would not dislike it, I have chose to bring into my Narrative his most trivial and common Topicks, which having been delivered by him at that time, and in the Height of so great an Affliction, are a singular Evidence of a Mind quite at Ease, tranquil and secure.

On *Monday* the 9th of *August*, 1563, after I was come home from the Palais, I sent to invite him to dine with me. He returned me for Answer, with Thanks, that he was a little out of Order, and that I should do him a Pleasure if I would but spend an Hour with him before he set out for *Medor*. Soon after I had dined I waited on

him. He was lain down on the Bed with his Cloathes on, and I found his Countenance strangely altered. He told me that he had a Looseness on him, attended with the Gripes, ever since the Day before when he played with *M. d'Escars*, and wore only a Doublet under a silk Garment; and that often when he caught a Cold it was attended with such Fits. I thought it proper that he should undertake the Journey he had intended, but advised him to go no farther that Evening than to *Germignan*, which is but two Leagues out of Town. I did this the rather, because the Place where he lay was close to some Houses that were infected with the Plague, of which he was somewhat afraid, since he returned from *Perigord* and the *Aginois*, where it raged in all Parts; and besides I had formerly myself found Benefit in such a Distemper as his was, by riding on Horseback. Accordingly he set out accompanied by his Wife and his Uncle *M. de Bouillonas*.

Early the next Morning behold one of his Domesticcs came to me from *Mademoiselle de la Boetia*, to acquaint me that he had been seized that Night with a violent Dyssentery; she sent for a Doctor and an Apothecary, and desired me to come to him, which after Dinner I did.

He was overjoyed to see me, and when I was taking my Leave of him in order to return home, with a Promise to visit him again next Day, he desired me, with more Affection and Importunity than ever he had begged any thing in his Life, to be with him as much as possible; this touched me a little to the quick. Yet I was actually going away when *Mademoiselle de la Boetia*, who had already a foreboding of I know not what Calamity, intreated me with Tears in her Eyes that I would not stir from him that Night. Accordingly she prevailed on me to stay, at which he was very much cheered. Next Day I returned home, and on *Thursday* I went to see him again. His Distemper was worse, and his Flux of Blood, with the Gripings, which weakened him very much, increased every Hour.

On the *Friday* I saw him again, and on *Saturday* I found him very low-spirited, He then told me that his Distemper was of the contagious Kind, and moreover, that it was disagreeable and choleric; that he very well knew my Temper, and desired me to visit him but now and then, yet as often as I could. After this I did not leave him. Till the following *Sunday* he had said nothing to me of what he thought of his Being, and we discoursed only about the particular Circumstances of his Malady, and what the antient Physicians said of it. We had very little Talk about public Affairs, which I found from the very first Day, he had an Aversion to. But on the *Sunday* he fainted away: and as he came to himself, he said that all Things appeared to him in a Confusion, and that he had seen nothing but a thick Cloud and an obscure Mist, in which every thing was confounded and disordered; but that nevertheless all this Fit had given him no Displeasure. Death, said I then to him, has nothing worse than this: Nay, nothing, replied he, so bad.

Having had no manner of Sleep since the first Attack of his Distemper, and growing still worse notwithstanding all Remedies, so that certain Draughts were now taken by him which are never ordered but in Cases of the last Extremity, he began from this Time to despair altogether of his Recovery, and communicated his Thoughts to me. That same Day, because he was in good Temper, I said to him, that considering the extraordinary Affection which I bore to him, it would ill-become me if I did not take care, that as all his Actions in Health had been very prudent and well weighed, he should continue to act with the same Prudence in his Sicknefs; and that if it were God's Will that he should be worse, I should be very sorry that for want of Advice he should leave any of his Domestic Affairs unsettled, not only by reason of the Damage which his Relations might suffer by it, but for the sake of his Reputation; which piece of Advice he took very kindly at my Hands; and after having solved some Difficulties which kept him in Suspence, he desired me to call his Uncle and his Wife singly to him, that he might

give them to understand, what he had resolved on as to his Will. I told him that would cast them down. No, No, said he, I will comfort them, and give them much better Hopes of my Recovery than I entertain myself. And then he asked me whether the Fainting-fits which he had, did not a little surprise us. That's of no Moment said I to him, these are Fits which are common to such Distempers. True Brother, replied he, 'tis of no Significance, tho' what you are most afraid of should be the Consequence. To you alone, said I, it would be a happy Turn, but the Hurt would be to me, who should thereby lose the Company of so Great, so Wise and Sure a Friend, whose Equal I am certain I should never find. 'Tis very possible, he added, that you never may; and I assure you, that what makes me somewhat solicitous for my Recovery, and not to hasten to that Passage to which I am gone already halfway, is the consideration of the Loss you will sustain, as well as that poor Man and poor Woman there (alluding to his Uncle and his Wife) whom I love intirely, and who, I am sure, will have much Difficulty to bear the Loss of Me; which indeed will be a very great one, both to Them and You. I am also concerned for the Regret it will be received with by many People, who have hitherto had a Love and Value for me, and whose Conversation verily, if I could help it, I own I should be glad not to lose as yet. And if I go off the Stage of this World, I intreat you Brother, as you know them, to give them a Testimony of the Friendship I retain for them, to the last Breath of my Life: And moreover Brother, I was not born perhaps to so little Purpose, but I have had it in my Power to serve the common Cause. But be this as it will, I am ready to depart when it shall please God, being very sure that I shall enjoy the Ease you have foretold to me. And, as to You my Friend, I know you to be so wise, how much soever it affects you, that you will nevertheless conform patiently and willingly to whatever it shall please his Divine Majesty to order concerning me; and I beseech you to take care that the Mourning for my Departure may not drive
that

that Good Man and Good Woman out of the Pale of their Reason. He then asked me how they behaved already, I told him very well considering the Importance of the Case. I suppose so, said he, now that they have still some Hopes; but should I once deprive them of any Hopes, you will be much perplexed to keep them in Temper. In pursuance of this Regard for them, he always concealed from them the certain Persuasion he had of his Death, as long as he lived, and earnestly begged me to behave in the same manner. When he saw them near him, he affected to look brisk and gay, and fed them with flattering Hopes.

I now left him to go and call them. They composed their Countenances the best they could for a while; and after we were seated round his Bed, we four being all alone, he spoke as follows with a settled Countenance, as it were quite gay: ‘ My Uncle and my Wife, I assure you upon my Credit, that no fresh Attack of my Distemper, or Misapprehension that I have of my Recovery, has put it into my Head to call you, in order to apprise you of my Intention; for God be praised, I am very well and full of Hopes; but having long been convinced, both by Experience and Study, of the little Security that is to be placed in the Instability and Inconstancy of human Affairs, and even of the Uncertainty of that Life whereof we are so fond, which is nevertheless but Smoke and a meer Nothing; and considering also, that because I am sick, I am so much the nearer advanced to the Danger of Death, I am resolved to put my Domestic Affairs in Order before I die, after having first taken your Advice.’ And then addressing his Discourse to his Uncle. ‘ My good Uncle, *said he*, were I at this Hour to give you an Account of the great Obligations I have to you, I should not know where to end. ’Tis enough for me that hitherto wheresoever I have been, and with whomsoever I have talked, I have always said that whatever a wise, good and most bountiful Father could do for his Son, all this have you done for me; both for the Care that was necessary to
‘ give

• give me good Learning, and when you were pleased to
 • push me into public Employments; so that the whole
 • Course of my Life has been full of great and praise-
 • worthy Offices of your Friendship towards me: In
 • short, whatever I have, I hold from you, and acknow-
 • ledge that I am obliged for to you, who have been
 • to me a Father indeed; so that as the Son of the Fa-
 • mily, I have no Power to dispose of any thing, un-
 • less you are pleased to give me Leave.' He then was
 silent, and staid till Sighs and Sobs gave his Uncle Lei-
 sure to answer him, that whatever he thought fit would
 be always very acceptable to him. Having purposed at
 the same time to make him his Heir, he desired him to
 accept of his Estate.

And then turning his Discourse to his Wife, ' My
 • Likeness, *said he*, (for so he often called her on account
 • of some antient Relation betwixt them) as I have been
 • joined to you by the sacred Tye of Marriage, which is
 • one of the most respectable and inviolable Obligations
 • which God has laid upon us here below for keeping up
 • human Society, I have loved, cherished and esteemed
 • you as far as I was able; and am fully assured that you
 • have returned me a reciprocal Affection, which I can-
 • not sufficiently acknowledge. I desire you to take that
 • Share of my Goods which I give you, and to content
 • yourself therewith, tho' I know indeed that 'tis very
 • little compared with your Deserts.

After this, addressing himself to me, ' My Brother,
 • *said he*, whom I love so dearly, and whom I have cho-
 • sen out of such a Multitude, in order to renew that vir-
 • tuous and sincere Friendship with you, the Exercise of
 • which has by the Vices of the Age been so long unknown
 • to us that there are only some old Traces left of it in the
 • Memory of Antiquity, I beseech you as a Token of my
 • Affection for you, to accept of the Gift of my Library
 • and Books, a Present very small, but given with a good
 • Heart, and which is the fitter for you considering you
 • are a Lover of Learning. This will serve you as a
 • *μνημόσυλον*, or a Remembrancer of your Companion.'

Then

Then addressing himself to all three of us in general, he blessed God that in a Case of such Extremity he was accompanied by all those that were the dearest to him in the World, and said, he thought it a very goodly Sight to see four Persons assembled together so well agreed, and united in Friendship, not doubting, he said, that we all loved one another unanimously, each one for the sake of the others. And after having recommended us to one another, he proceeded thus: Having now settled my Temporal Affairs, I must also think of my Spirituals. I am a Christian; I am a Catholic; Such I have lived and such I am determined to die. Send for a Priest to come to me, for I am not willing to be deficient in this last Duty of a Christian.

With this Particular he ended his Discourse, which he had carried on with such a steady Countenance, such a Strength of Language and Voice, that whereas when I entered his Chamber, I found him weak, mighty slow, in the Utterance of his Words, his Pulse very low, as if he had a lingering Fever, and tending to Death, his Countenance quite pale and wan; he seemed now, as if it had been by a Miracle, to have resumed fresh Vigour, with a more ruddy Complexion and a stronger Pulse, so that I made him feel mine in order to compare them together. At that Instant my Heart was so sunk that I could scarce answer him a Word. But two or three Hours after, in order to keep up his noble Courage, and also because I wished, from the tender Concern I had all my Life long for his Honour and Glory, that there were more Witnesses of so many strong Proofs of his Magnanimity, by having a larger Company in his Chamber, I said to him, that I blushed for Shame to think that my Courage failed me in the Hearing of what he, who was so great a Sufferer, had the Courage to tell me; that hitherto I had thought, that God scarce ever gave us so great an Advantage over human Incidents, and could hardly believe what I had read of it in some Histories; but that having now seen such a Proof of it, I praised God that I had found it in a Person, by whom I was so much beloved, and who was
to

to me so dear, and that this would serve me as an Example to act the same part in my Turn.

He interrupted me by desiring I would behave so, and demonstrate by the Effect, that the Conversation we had had in the time of our Health, was not only oral but deeply engraved on our Hearts, and ready to be put in Execution upon the first Occasion that offered, adding, that this was the true Practice of our Studies, and of Philosophy. Then taking me by the Hand, ‘ My Brother, ‘ my Friend, *said he*, I assure thee I have done many ‘ Things, I think, in my Life, with as much Pain and ‘ Difficulty as I do this. And when all is said and done, ‘ ’tis a long while ago since I was prepared for it, and ‘ that I had got all my Lesson by Heart. But is it not ‘ enough to have lived to my Age? I was just entering ‘ into my 33d Year. By God’s Grace all my Days ‘ hitherto have been healthy and happy; but thro’ the ‘ Inconstancy of human Affairs they could not continue ‘ so longer. It was now Time to launch into serious Affairs, and to expect to meet with a thousand unpleasant ‘ Scenes, as particularly the Inconveniencies of old Age, ‘ of which I am by this Means quit: And besides, ’tis ‘ probable that I have lived to this Hour with more Innocence and less Ill-nature than I should have done, if ‘ God had permitted me to live till my Head had been ‘ filled with the Care of getting Wealth and Ease. As ‘ for my part, I am certain that I am going to God, and ‘ the Seat of the Blessed.’ But now, because my Countenance betrayed some Uneasiness at these Words of his, *What Brother*, said he, *would you possess me with Fear? If I had any Terror upon me, whose Business should it be to take it off, but yours?*

The Notary, who was sent for to receive his last Will and Testament coming in the Evening, I made him commit it to Writing, and then went to ask him whether he was not willing to sign it: Not sign it, said he, I will sign it with my own Hand. But I wish Brother that they had given me more Time, for I find myself extremely weary, and so weak that I am in a manner spent. I was
going

going to change the Discourse, but he recovered himself on a sudden, and said to me, that he had not very long to live, and he desired of me to know whether the Notary wrote a swift Hand, for he should scarce make any Pause in dictating. I called the Notary to him, and he dictated his Will to him on the Spot, so fast that he had much ado to keep Pace with him. When he had made an End, he desired me to read it to him, and said to me : See, what it is to take care of that fine Thing our Riches. *Sunt hæc quæ hominibus vocantur Bona*, i. e. These are the Things that Men call Good. After the Will was signed, his Chamber being full of People, he asked me if Talking would do him any Harm ; I said No ; *provided he spoke softly*.

Then he called Mademoiselle *de Saintquentin*, his Niece, to him, and spoke to her thus. ‘ My dear Niece, I think that ever since I have known you, I have seen the Rays of a very good Nature sparkle in your Countenance ; but these last Offices which you perform with so much Affection and Diligence in my present Necessity, give me very great Hopes of you, and really I am obliged to you and thank you, most affectionately. Now in order to discharge my Conscience, I advise you in the first place to devote yourself to God, for this is no doubt, the principal Part of our Duty, and that without which no other Action of ours can be either Good or Goodly ; and when such Devotion is hearty, it necessarily draws after it all other virtuous Actions. Next to God, you must love and honour your Father and your Mother, even your Mother my Sister, whom I take to be one of the best and most prudent Women in the World ; and desire you to regulate your Life by her Example. Don’t suffer yourself to be drawn aside by Pleasures. Avoid as a Pestilence those silly Familiarities with which you see the Women sometimes indulge the Men ; for tho’ there may be no Harm in them at first, yet by little and little they corrupt the Mind, and lead it to a thoughtless State, and from thence to the abominable

able Sink of Vice. Believe me, the surest Protection of a young Woman's Chastity is Gravity. I desire you, (and expect you will remember me by frequently recollecting the Friendships I have shewed you) not to complain and grieve yourself for the Loss of Me; and as far as is in my Power, I lay all my Friends under the same Prohibition, since it would look as if they envied the Happiness of which by the Favour of Death, I shall soon see myself in Possession; and assure yourself, my Girl, that if God was now to indulge me with the Choice, whether of living my Life over again, or of finishing the Journey which I have begun, I should be actually at a Loss which to chuse.' My dear Niece, *Adieu*.

He then called to Mademoiselle *d'Arfat*, his Daughter in Law, and said to her: ' My Daughter, you have no great need of Admonitions from me, as you have a Mother whom I have found so prudent, so very conformable to my Temper and Inclinations, that she never once offended me. You will be very well instructed by such a Tutorefs: And don't think it strange if I, who am not related to you by Blood, have a Care and Anxiety for you. For since you are the Daughter of a Person so near to me in Alliance, 'tis impossible but I must also be touched with whatever concerns you. At the same time I have ever taken as much Care of the Affairs of M. *d'Arfat* your Brother, as if they were my own. You have enough both of Wealth and Beauty. You are a Gentlewoman of a good Family. You have nothing more to do than to grace them both with the Talents of the Mind, which I desire you would not fail of doing. I do not forbid you that Vice which is so detestable in Women; for I am not willing so much as to think you can ever entertain a favourable Thought of it, nay, I am of Opinion that you abhor the very Name of it.' My Daughter in Law, Farewell.

Though the whole Chamber was full of weeping and wailing, it did not interrupt the Thread of his Discourses, which were pretty long. But after he had made an End,

he

he ordered every one to quit his Room except his Garrison, which was the Name he gave to his Maid-servants. And then calling to my Brother *de Beauregard*, he said to him ;
 ‘ *M. de Beauregard*, I thank you very heartily for the
 ‘ Pains you take for me. I have something very much
 ‘ at Heart, which I long to tell you, and will therefore
 ‘ with your Leave discover it to you.’ And being encouraged by my Brother, he proceeded thus. ‘ I swear
 ‘ to you that of all who have set about the Reformation
 ‘ of the Church, I never thought there was any one
 ‘ Man that entered upon it with better Zeal and a more
 ‘ intire, sincere and undisguised Affection than you :
 ‘ And I verily believe, you was excited to it merely by
 ‘ the Vices of our Prelates, who undoubtedly stand in
 ‘ need of great Amendment, and by certain Imperfec-
 ‘ tions, that have in a Course of Time crept into our
 ‘ Church. I do not wish at this Juncture to dissuade you
 ‘ from it, as I do not willingly desire any-body to do any
 ‘ thing whatsoever against his Conscience. But I would
 ‘ fain caution you, that in regard to the good Reputation
 ‘ which your Family has acquired by their perpetual
 ‘ Agreement, a Family than which not one in the World
 ‘ is dearer to me. (Good God, where is such another Fa-
 ‘ mily as this, which never did an Action unbecoming an
 ‘ honest Man!) in regard to the Will of your Father,
 ‘ that good Father to whom you are so much obliged,
 ‘ and of your Uncle, and for the Sake of your Brethren,
 ‘ you would avoid coming to Extremities ; Be not so
 ‘ sharp and so violent ; accommodate yourself to them.
 ‘ Make no separate Combination nor Party ; but unite
 ‘ yourselves together. You see what Ruin these Dis-
 ‘ sentions have brought upon this Kingdom, and I can assure
 ‘ you that they will be attended with still greater Mischiefs :
 ‘ And as you are not deficient either in Wisdom or Good-
 ‘ ness, be cautious of bringing your Family into these
 ‘ Inconveniencies, for fear they should deprive it of the
 ‘ Honour and Happiness which it has enjoyed to this
 ‘ Hour. Take what I say to you, Sir, in good part,
 ‘ and for a sure Testimony of the Friendship which I bear

‘ to you. For with this View I hitherto reserved my
 ‘ mention of it to you; and perhaps the Condition in
 ‘ which you now see me speaking it will give my Words
 ‘ more Weight and Authority with you.’ My Brother
 thanked him very much.

On the *Monday* Morning he was so bad that he quitted
 all Hopes of Life; insomuch that the very next Time he
 saw me, he in a very deplorable Tone said: ‘ Bro-
 ‘ ther, have you no Pity for the many Torments that I
 ‘ suffer? Don’t you now see, that all the Relief you give
 ‘ me serves only to prolong my Pain?’ Soon after this he
 fainted; so that we began to give him over for dead: At
 length by the Power of Vinegar and Wine he was re-
 vived. But he did not live long after, and hearing us la-
 ment about him, he said: *My God, who is it torments me*
so? Why was I robbed of that profound and pleasant Rest
which I had? Pray leave me to myself. And then hearing
 me, he said, *And you too, Brother, are not willing neither*
that I should be cured. Oh, what Ease do you deprive me
of! At last being a little more come to himself, he
 desired a little Wine, and liking it well, said to me,
 ‘ ’twas the best Liquor in the World. No surely, said I,
 for Argument sake, *Water is the best.* Yes, without doubt,
 replied he, Water is an excellent Thing, ὕδωρ ἀριζον.
 His extreme Parts even to his Face were now become as
 cold as Clay, attended with a Death-sweat, which ran
 down all his Body, and he had scarce any Sign of a Pulse
 left. This Morning he confessed to his Priest, who did
 not bring all the Necessaries with him, and therefore could
 not celebrate the Mass. But on *Tuesday* Morning M. de
 la Boetia sent for him to assist him as he said, in the Per-
 formance of the last Duty of a Christian. Consequently
 he heard Mass and received the Sacrament. And when the
 Priest was taking Leave of him, he said: ‘ My spiritual
 ‘ Father, I humbly beseech it of you, and those who are
 ‘ under your Charge, to pray to God for me, that if it
 ‘ be ordered in the most sacred Rolls of the Decrees of
 ‘ God that I should now end my Days, that he would
 ‘ take Pity on my Soul, and forgive me my Sins, which
 are

are without Number, as it is not possible for so vile and base a Creature as I am, to perform the Commands of so High and Mighty a Master; or if it seemeth good to him, that I should tarry longer in this World, beg of him to put a speedy Period to the Agonies which I suffer; and that he would be so gracious to me, as to guide my Steps hereafter in the Path of his holy Will, and to make me better than I have been.' At this Period he stopped a little to take Breath, and seeing that the Priest was going away, he recalled him, and said to him: 'I am willing to declare this also in your Presence: I protest, that as I have been baptised and have lived, so I am willing to die, in the Faith and Religion which Moses first planted in *Egypt*, which the Patriarchs received afterwards in *Judea*, and which in the Progress of Time has been handed down to us in France.' It seemed as if he would fain have, spoke a little more if he had been able to have held out; but he concluded with desiring his Uncle and me to pray to God for him; this being, he said, the best Office that Christians can perform for one another. In speaking he happened to uncover his Shoulder, and desired his Uncle to cover it again, tho' he had a Valet nearer to him: And then looking upon me, he said, *Ingenui est, cui multum debeas, ei plurimum velle debere.* 'Tis the Quality of an ingenuous Mind to desire to be under still greater Obligation to the Person whom we are much obliged to already. In the Afternoon M. de Belot came to visit him, and taking him by the Hand, said to him, 'My Friend, I came hither, Sir, on purpose to pay my Debt, but I have found a worthy Creditor, who has forgiven it me.' A little after, starting suddenly out of a Doze, he said *Well, well, come when it will, I wait for it with Serenity and Pleasure.* Words which he repeated two or three Times in his Illness. Afterwards as they were forcing open his Mouth to take a Draught, he said, turning himself to M. de Belot, *An vivere tanti est?* Is Life worth all this ado? In the Evening Death begun indeed at Night to strike him with its Arrows, and as I was

at Supper, he sent for me, being nothing now but Skin and Bones, or as he called himself, *Non homo sed species hominis*. Not a Man but of the human Race. And he said to me with the utmost Struggles : *My Brother and Friend, God grant that I may see the Imaginations that I have just been entertained with, realised.* After he had stopt a while, and laboured hard with the deepest Sighs for Utterance, for then the Tongue was beginning plainly to deny him its last Office. I said, *what were those Ideas, Brother? Great* said he, *very great.* It never happened before, I added, that I had not the Honour of being made acquainted with all your Ideas; will you not let me still enjoy that Confidence? *Yes surely, Brother,* said he, *but 'tis not in my Power to discover them; they are wonderful, infinite and unspeakable.* There he stopped, for he could proceed no farther; insomuch, that a little before he would fain have talked to his Wife, when he said to her, with the most chearful Countenance he could put on, that he had something to tell her; and he seemed to strive to speak, but his Spirits failing, he called for a little Wine to raise them, but it signified nothing; for he fainted away on a sudden, and for a good while lost his Sight. Being now just on the Confines of Death, and hearing the Lamentations of his Wife, he called her, and spoke thus to her : ' My Image, you torment yourself before the Time; wont you pity me? Take Courage. Verily I am more in Pain for what I see you suffer than what I feel myself, and with reason, because as for the Evils which we feel of our own, 'tis not, properly speaking, we who feel them, but certain Senses which God has planted in us; and, what we feel for others, we feel by a certain Judgment and Faculty of Reasoning. But I see I am going.' This he said because his Spirits failed him. Now being afraid that he had frightened his Wife, he recovered himself and said : *I find myself inclined to sleep : Good Night Wife, go your ways.* This was the last Leave he took of her. After she was gone, *Brother,* said he to me, *keep close by me, if you please;* and then either feeling the Darts of Death come thicker and sharper, or else the Force of some hot Medicine which

which they made him swallow, he spoke with a stronger and more audible Voice, and turned himself in Bed with perfect Violence, so that all the Company began to have some Hopes, because hitherto he had been so very weak that we despaired of him. Then amongst other Things he begged me again and again, with the greatest Affection, to make room for him, so that I was afraid he was delirious. Moreover, when I had gently remonstrated to him that he was overpowered by his Distemper, and that these were not the Words of a Man in his right Senses; he did not seem to be convinced, but repeated it still more strongly. *Brother, Brother, what wont you give me room?* insomuch that he forced me to convince him by Reason, and to say to him, that since he breathed and talked he had by consequence his Place. *Yes, yes* said he, *but that is not what I want; and besides, say what you will, I have no longer a Being.* God will give you a better very soon, *said I.* Would to God *Brother, said he,* I was there now; I have longed to be gone these three Days past. In this distressed State he often called to me, in order, for most part, to know whether I was near him. At length he inclined a little to rest, which confirmed us still more in our good Hopes; so that I went out of his Chamber to congratulate thereupon with Mademoiselle *de la Boetia*; but about an Hour after naming me once or twice, and then fetching a deep Sigh, he gave up the Ghost about 3 o'Clock on *Wednesday* Morning, the 18th of *August* 1563, aged 32 Years, 9 Months and 17 Days.

L E T T E R VI.*

To Monseigneur Monseigneur de Montaigne,

MONSEIGNEUR,

IN obedience to your Commands last Year at your House at *Montaigne*, I have with my own Hand put that great

* I met with this Letter by way of Dedication of *Raymond Sebon's* Natural Theology, Translated into *French* by *Michael Seigneur de Montaigne*, Knight of the King's Order, and Gentleman in ordinary of his Privy Chamber. Printed at *Roan* by *John de la Mere*, A^o. 1641.

Spa-

Spanifh Divine and Philosopher *Raymond de Sebon* into a *French* Drefs, and have as much as lay in my Power ftripped him of that rough Mien and unpolite Afpect, which he firft appeared in to you; fo that in my Opinion he is comely and complaifant enough to appear in the beft of Company. 'Tis poffible that fome delicate curious Readers may perceive, he has a little of the *Gafcogne* Turn and Byafs; but they may be the more afhamed of their own Negligence, in fuffering a Perfon quite a Novice and a Learner to get the Start of them in this Work. Now Monfeigneur, 'tis but Reafon that it fhould be publifhed to the World, and have the Credit of your Name, becaufe what Amendment and Reformation it has is all owing to you. Yet I plainly perceive, that if you fhould pleafe to fettle Accompts with him, you will be very much his Debtor, fince in exchange for his excellent and moft religious Difcourfes, of his fublime, and as it were divine Conceptions, it will appear that you have only brought him Words and Language, a Merchandife fo mean and vulgar, that he who has the greateft Stock of it is peradventure the worfe for it.

Monfeigneur, I beg God to grant you a long and happy Life,

Your moft humble and moft obedient Son,

Michael de Montaigne,

N. B. *Mr. Coſte has inserted a Letter before this, which is addrefſed to Mademoifelle de Paumier, but 'tis only a ſhort one, of meer Compliment.*

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